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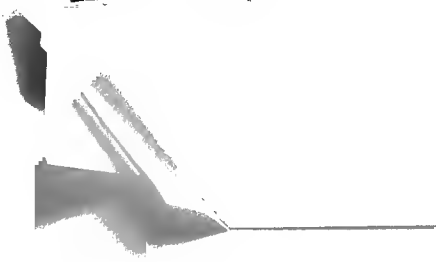
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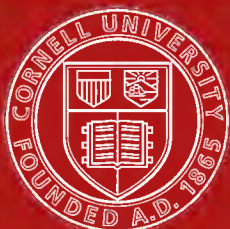
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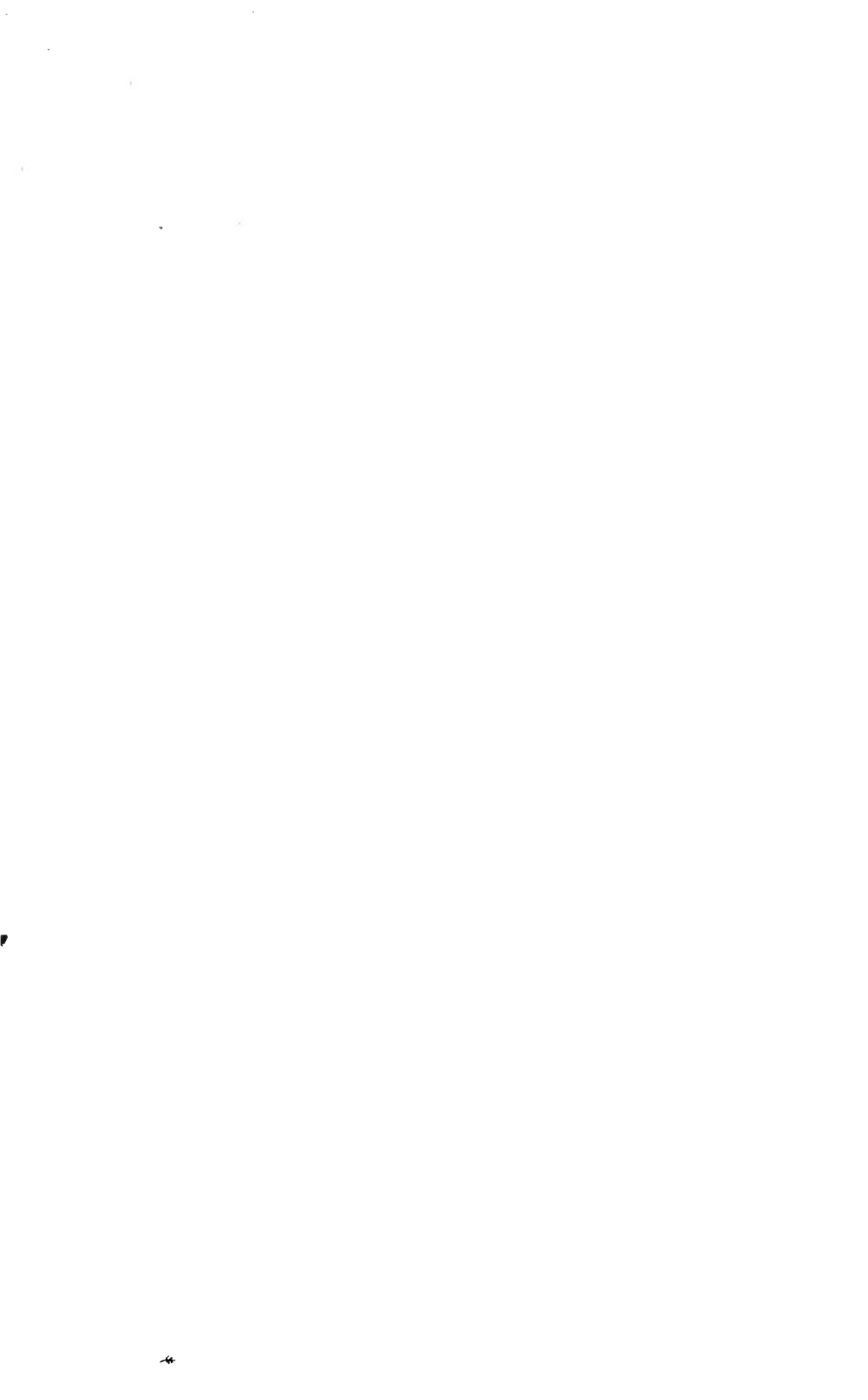
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THE  
INNS OF OLD SOUTHWARK  
AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS







THE INNS  
OF  
OLD SOUTHWARK  
AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS

By WILLIAM RENDLE, F.R.C.S.

AUTHOR OF 'OLD SOUTHWARK AND ITS PEOPLE'

AND

PHILIP NORMAN, F.S.A.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

'Our minds fixed on the future, our lives busy in the present,  
may God preserve to us our hold on the past'

LONDON  
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.  
AND NEW YORK: 15 EAST 16TH STREET

1888

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## PREFACE

THAT portion of *Old Southwark and its People* devoted to the Southwark Inns has evidently pleased a great number of readers, among them my esteemed colleague, who appears with me on the title-page of this work. It led him as an antiquary to devote much study to the subject, and as an artist to gather many original drawings and copies of old and authentic representations of the inns. Happily the sources are not scanty—the British Museum, the Guildhall Library, and the wonderful private Collection of Mr. Gardner, are full of interesting examples; those which are public can of course be easily seen, and ready help is always afforded to the student. Mr. Gardner's Collection is thrown open with great liberality to every serious inquirer, and by his kind permission we have freely availed ourselves of it.

I had already got together a large quantity of interesting material, intending, so far as I could, a more elaborate account of the inns, the breweries, and their associations, than is contained in the pages of *Old*

*Southwark.* Mr. Norman and I have happily agreed together, and have spared no trouble to make as good a book as our labour—a labour of love—could produce. And here I would add that my friend has the advantage over me, for while I have done little or nothing to help him in his illustrative pictures he has done a great deal to help me, with many valuable additions, hints, and corrections of the letterpress; he has also compiled the Index. In short, we have been fellow-workers, with mutual satisfaction, for years.

Now at length our labour is over, and the book put forth; and we venture to hope that the public appreciation which can alone reward us, and which we have endeavoured to deserve, will not be withheld.

WILLIAM RENDLE.

1888.

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## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

IN a book crowded with facts and figures a few slight mistakes are almost inevitable. We subjoin a list of those observed too late for correction in the text, and also one or two additional notes.

Page 4, note 2, *for* 'J. Dawson Turner,' *read* 'T. Hudson Turner.'

„ 18, line 13, *for* '1648,' *read* '1648-49.' The king's execution took place on the 30th of January 1649, according to our present reckoning, but at that time the English year began on the 25th of March. The trade tokens marked 1648 are supposed to have been issued after the former and before the latter date.

„ 35, line 4 from foot, *for* 'Green,' *read* 'Greene.'

„ 86, line 12 from foot, *for* 'A Ram, in the meat market,' *read* 'A Ram, in the meal market.'

„ 94, line 10, *for* '1789,' *read* '1757.'

„ 94, line 12, *for* 'nearly one hundred years,' *read* 'ministers of the congregation which originally met at Horselydown, for the long period of 116 years, from 1720 to 1836.'

„ 115, last line, *for* 'Hithenson,' *read* 'Hichenson.'

„ 118, line 6, *for* '1740,' *read* '1746.'

„ 119, line 13. Mr. Julian Marshall, *the* authority on Tennis, kindly suggests that 'Tenys place' should be 'Tenys plays:' thus it is on record that there was a grant 'of the portership of Ludlow Castle, and of the tennis play there.' He also thinks that 'Clossh-bane' should be 'Clossh-banc' or bank, a protecting boundary, most likely of use in the game, for varying the direction of the ball.

„ 124, note, *for* '1740,' *read* '1720.'

„ 130, line 5, *for* '1749,' *read* '1746.'

„ 133, line 11, omit 'etc.'

„ 133, note 2, *for* 'Roll,' *read* 'Rolls.'

„ 134, line 12 from foot, *for* 'Was,' *read* 'was.'

Page 136, note 3, *for* 'Fastolf,' *read* 'Fastolfe.'

„ 151, line 8, *for* '1600,' *read* '1608.'

„ 151, line 9, omit 'c. 1609.'

„ 156, note, *for* 'Chaloner,' *read* 'Challener.'

„ 182, line 10. John Salcote, Sulcot, or Saltcoat (Saultcot on his seal, engraved in the Monasticon), alias Capon, D.D. of the University of Cambridge, was translated to Hyde Abbey from the Abbey of Hulm, Norfolk, in 1529, and promoted 19th April 1534 to the bishopric of Bangor, which he obtained leave to hold in commendam with the abbacy. After readily yielding up this latter at the dissolution, he was preferred, 31st July 1539, to the bishopric of Salisbury, which he held for eighteen years, when deceasing 6th October 1557, he was buried in that cathedral. See a memoir of him in Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, vol. i. p. 171.

„ 184, line 14, 'Aubrey, in 1719.' This is misleading. Aubrey's topographical notes on Surrey were begun in 1673, and ended in 1692, but not published till 1719, when they were incorporated in Rawlinson's *Natural History and Antiquities of Surrey*.

„ 205, note 2, *for* 'Chaloner,' *read* 'Challener.'

„ 226, line 6, *for* '1580,' *read* '1588.'

„ 276, line 4 from foot, *for* 'Travels, among twelve signs,' *read* travels among the signs.

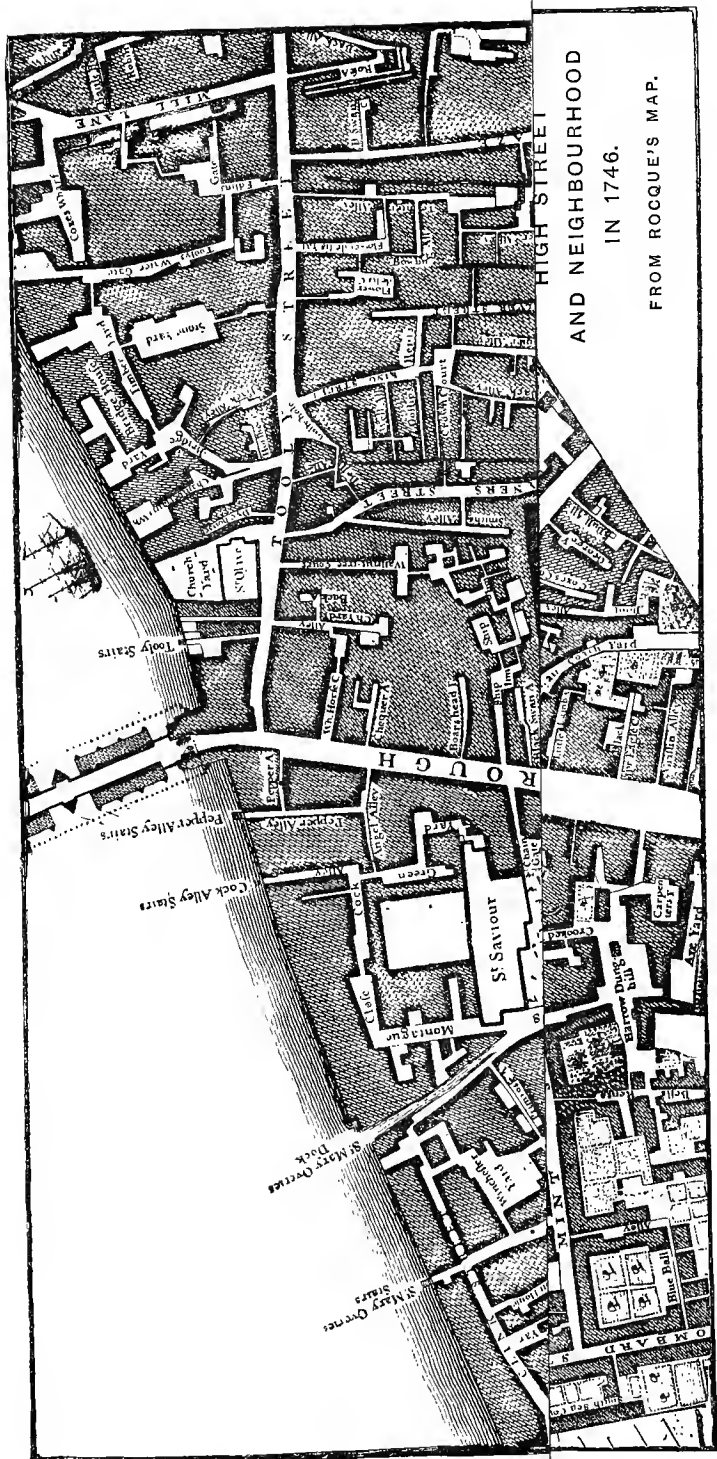
„ 301, line 6 from foot, *for* '1722,' *read* '1622.'

„ 305, line 5, *for* 'Stafford,' *read* 'Strafford.'

„ 327, line 5 from foot, *for* 'Olifant,' *read* 'Oliphant.'

„ 336, line 1, *for* 'dramatist,' *read* 'Water Poet.'





AND NEIGHBOURHOOD

IN 1746.

FROM ROCQUE'S MAP.

# THE INNS OF OLD SOUTHWARK

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

IN early days, that which is now Southwark, and the land about even to the hills, was either marsh, or a waste of waters with a few small islets or elevations scattered at intervals here and there. The Romans embanked the river—probably some partial work of the kind had been attempted before they came,—they shaped the ways or roads, made a station for military and social purposes, built villas, and formed here indeed an important settlement, of which traces have in later years frequently come to light. A recent writer, W. J. Loftie,<sup>1</sup> while discussing a passage of Ptolemy the geographer, seems to affirm that Roman London itself was south of the Thames, in Cantium; that, however, is an opinion which cannot be decided off-hand. There are many reasons for and against; among the chief of the latter

<sup>1</sup> *Historic Towns*, p. 5. London.

I place the interments so common in Southwark, which would be, of course, without the walls.

By whatever name they knew it, the place grew into a town ; and at length new invaders—Saxons and Danes—came, and left, in a far less degree than the Romans, material marks of their existence in Southwark—a little pottery, the best but rude in comparison with Roman ware, and the obscure signs of Canute's trench, are almost all that have come down to us. In other ways, however, we find traces of them. The name Southwark—variously spelt in early chronicles—which implied a fortification bearing that aspect from London ; St. Mary Overy, meaning probably over the water, or, as later lights say, on the river bank ; Bermondsey, or Bermond's isle ; certain manorial names of the Bank-side ; the 'custumarie,'<sup>1</sup> and other items of minor import, tell of these old invaders.

The Normans on their first advance destroyed Southwark by fire. Soon, however, they made it their home, founding priories, churches, and hospitals, still represented in our own time. A bridge had been built which followed the old line of the ford connecting London with this outwork, and nearly in the same place. London Bridge has from time to time been largely repaired and renewed, so far as might be making Southwark one with London. In successive invasions, in religious and other troubles abroad in after time, ingenious artificers and other earnest people came and settled by the river, carrying on their trades. Thus Southwark grew and prospered, and for a long time consisted of that vill or accumulation of houses

<sup>1</sup> See *Antiq. Mag.*, August 1882, my article on the 'Stews on Bankside.'

known as the gildable manor—the manor next the river Thames. The same, no doubt, implied in a petition of the thirtieth year of Edward III., in which the burgesses of Southwark state that they had a charter of franchise, which had been destroyed by fire, and they pray an exemplification of enrolment of the same; to which petition the King answered in the form, ‘Let right be done.’ In the fourteenth century is note of a market held at the gates of St. Thomas’s Hospital for these burgesses, or ‘men of Southwark town;’ and at the same open place justice was administered by the King’s Court of the Marshalsea.<sup>1</sup>

For a long time the neighbouring land was very much of a waste and a forest, and annoyed the city greatly by the fact that it afforded shelter for bad characters of all sorts, the access across the water being so easy, and the hiding-places many and at hand. Even as late as 1578, Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, writes to Burleigh, that the south side is dark and shadowed with trees, and is, he says, an admirable place for ‘such doings, . . . a bower for conspiracies, a college of male counsell.’

Before 1327 the citizens had petitioned the King, informing him that felons, thieves, and other malefactors privily departed from the City into the town of Southwark, and they asked of him jurisdiction in the town. From this time the city steadily sought to increase its rights over Southwark, and obtained valuable but always limited powers, which at last culminated in the important letters

<sup>1</sup> *Hospital Muniments*, MS. Ashburnham, now in B. M. *Index Rolls, Parliament*, vol. ii. p. 348, sect. 148.

patent of 23d April 1550 (3 Edward VI.), and in the appointment by the city of Sir John Ayliffe, Knight and Barber-surgeon, as the first alderman of Southwark, now designated Bridge Ward Without.<sup>1</sup>

Southwark, however, grew steadily more and more important. It was the chief thoroughfare to and from London for the southern counties, and by the coast for the busiest parts of the Continent; a place for 'birds of passage,' 'for great receipt of people and trade, from divers shires of the realm,' and so necessarily occupied by inns in number out of all proportion to ordinary shops and dwellings. The Borough, according to a State Paper of 1619, 'consists chiefly of innkeepers.' Honest John Stow in his Survey (1598) implies almost as much. In a well-known passage he says, 'From thence (the Marshalsea), towards London Bridge on the same side, be many fair inns for the receipt of travellers; by these signs: the Spurre, Christopher, Bull, Queen's Head, Tabard, George, Hart, King's Head,' etc.

Although, as we know, some of these had been in existence between five and six hundred years ago, yet a very competent critic<sup>2</sup> doubts if there were so early any houses of hospitality in London which supplied, besides drink, food and beds. On the other hand, when we consider the number of travellers of all sorts who, long before Chaucer's time, were continually using this thoroughfare, and found it most convenient in many

<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding, Southwark has never been really a ward of the city, nor its inhabitants citizens.

<sup>2</sup> J. Dawson Turner, *Domestic Architecture to thirteenth Century*, p. 122. 1851.



cases to spend the night outside the city walls, one cannot but come to the conclusion that resting-places—hostelries—were a very early institution in Southwark; probably however, the inn, as we understand it, was a mere exception until the middle of the fourteenth century. A very early one, doubtless, was that in Friday Street,<sup>1</sup> where Chaucer in his youth saw the Grosvenor arms hanging out; probably he did not make his acquaintance with the Tabard in Southwark until some years afterwards.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as Mr. Riley tells us in his Introduction to *Liber Albus*, the persons whose business it was to receive guests for profit were called 'Hostelers' and 'Herbergeours.' The line of distinction between them is not very evident; they are classed together in City ordinances. For instance, 1365, 'No hosteler or herbergeour shall make bread for his guests in his house, but shall buy of common bakers;' also 'all the hostelers and herbergeours who keep hostellrys and herbergerys in the City of London, and in the suburbs thereof, shall sell hay and oats at a reasonable price,<sup>2</sup> that is to say, they shall not take more than two pence for finding hay for one horse for a day and a night, and if they sell their hay by boteles they are to make them in proportion to the same price.' Hence the old saying,

<sup>1</sup> The Saracen's Head, Friday Street, is said to have come into the possession of the Mercers' Company as early as the year 1401. At first, however, it was only described as a tenement. It was next the church, and the site is now occupied by Boyd's warehouse.

<sup>2</sup> In Lambarde's *Eirenarcha* there is record of a similar ordinance in 1582: 'Innholders not to take money for litter, nor excessively for hay, nor above one halfpenny on a bushel of oats over the common price in the market.'

'bottle of hay.' On the sale of a quarter of oats they are to gain twopence and no more. Keepers of wine-taverns and alehouses, and victuallers (who merely sold provisions), do not appear to have lodged their guests any more than the cooks who supplied the public, according to Fitz-Stephen, with cooked dinners at their own houses, and to whose tables strangers and wayfarers were in the habit of resorting.

The Hostellers had their gilds like other trades. The City Company of Innholders still flourishes. The earliest recorded date of it is 1446, when it was known as 'the Misterie of the Hostillars of the City.' A petition in 1473 complains that 'the members of the fraternity in being called hostellers and not innholders, had no title by which to distinguish them from their servants, and prayed that they might be recognised as the misterie of innholders.' The Vintners' Company was incorporated earlier.

It may be incidentally mentioned that in the Middle Ages travellers were constantly entertained at religious houses, making, no doubt, if they could afford it, some compensation for the hospitality extended to them. Even now, in out-of-the-way places on the Continent, the old custom is kept up; for instance, at the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble. In the face of a constant necessity, the shelter of bare walls, if nothing more, would no doubt be found at these houses in the earliest times.<sup>1</sup> John Aubrey,<sup>2</sup> writing in 1678, says,

<sup>1</sup> The word mystery, or its old-fashioned form misterie, signifies trade or craft, being derived from the Latin 'ministerium,' not from 'mysterium,' a secret.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Collection, Ashmol Mus., Oxford, quoted in Hone's *Table Book*.

‘Before the Reformation public inns were rare; travellers were entertained at religious houses for three days together if occasion served.’ The word Inn, Saxon *Inne*, literally, a dwelling or abiding-place, was first applied generically. Not to mention the Inns of Court, which still retain the name, the abiding-places of great people, religious and secular, were often so called. Thus we had in Southwark town houses of nobles, bishops, abbots, and priors. There were the inns of the Bishop of Rochester and of the Abbot of Waverley, south of Winchester House; of the Abbot of Hyde, within the Tabard, and his chapel there; that of the Abbot of Battle and of St. Augustine (the latter now covered by Chamberlain’s Wharf), close to the river, between London Bridge and Mill Lane; the hostelry of the Prior of Lewes, in Walnut Tree Alley, otherwise Carter Lane, bestowed with the church of St. Olave in 1205 by Bishop Peter of Winchester, ‘in usus et refectionem hospitum,’ for the purposes of hospitality, and so approximating to the inn proper, but with nothing to pay. There was the Green Dragon in Foul Lane, in 1309 the inn of the Cobhams, still known in 1562 as Cobham’s Inn, the place called Green Dragon Court to this day.

It is, however, of the Inn, as defined by Bailey, ‘a publick house for the entertainment of travellers,’ that we shall chiefly discourse. Dr. Johnson has a choice little selection of quotations from great writers on the subject of inns—the two sadder ones touch me most; from Spenser, where the word is perhaps used in its more extended sense—

“Palmer,” quoth he, “death is an equal doom  
To good and bad, the common inn of rest ;”

from Dryden, who seems to paraphrase Spenser—

‘Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend ;  
The world’s an inn, and death the journey’s end.’

Archbishop Leighton takes this view with much serenity, as we all may ; his expression is, ‘Were I to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. It looks like a pilgrim going home, to whom the world was all an inn, who was weary of the noise and confusion of it.’ He had his desire, ending his days at an inn. Quarles, in the *Divine Fancies*,<sup>1</sup> tells us quaintly—

‘Our life is nothing but a winter’s day,  
Some only break their fast, and so away ;  
Others stay dinner and depart full fed ;  
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed ;  
He’s most in debt who lingers out the day,—  
Who dies betimes, has less and less to pay.’

This implies that, as to the world, we are well rid of it—a bad world, a bad world, my masters. But our old Methodist Atherton in my hearing gave us, from his pulpit in Southwark, the truth as to this. ‘A bad world ! not so, a good, a very good world, I say. The world is good, but the rascals who live in it are bad ; not the world, not the world !’

We need not, however, trouble ourselves with this phase of divinest melancholy ; we shall see the inn as a place of busy resort, its guests thinking much of living, of social enjoyment and business, and very little indeed

<sup>1</sup> Edition 1678, p. 121.

of dying. We pass sentiment and come as nearly as we can to daily life in these houses of entertainment, with special reference to Southwark, or, as it is often called, the Borough, so peculiarly the place of old English inns.

Harrison,<sup>1</sup> in 1577, might be thinking of Southwark when he says, 'Those towns that we call thoroughfares have great and sumptuous inns for such travellers and strangers as pass to and fro;' and then he tells us about them. 'The manner of harbouring<sup>2</sup> is not,' he says, 'like to that of some other countries, in which the host or goodman dooth challenge a lordlie authoritie ouer his ghests. . . . Here in England everie man may use his inne as his owne house, and have for his monie how great or little variety of victuals, and what other service himself shall thinke expedient to call for. . . . Our innes are also verie well furnished with naperie, bedding, and tapisterie, especially with naperie, for beside the linnen used at the tables, which is commonlie washed daily, is such as belongeth to the estate and calling of the ghest. . . . Each commer,' he proceeds to say, 'is sure to be in cleane sheets. If the traveller have an horsse his bed dooth cost him nothing, but if he go on foot he is sure to paie a penie for the same. If his chamber be once appointed he may carie the kaie with him. If he loose ought whilest he abideth in the inne, the host is bound by a generall custome to restore the damage.'<sup>3</sup> The horse is

<sup>1</sup> *Description of England*, by William Harrison, afterwards Rector of Badwinter and Canon of Windsor, Book iii. chap. xvi., 'Of our Innes and Thorowfares.' (New Shakspeare Society's Publications.)

<sup>2</sup> *Herberge, Herbergeour.*

<sup>3</sup> These conditions are reflected in the old laws which grew up gradually touching inns. Thus, in 1718 it is recorded that 'in ancient times there

attended to by *hostelers* or hired servants appointed at the charge of the goodman of the house, who, in hope of extraordinarie reward, will deal verie diligentlie after outward appearence in this their calling.' As if this might, after all, be too good to be true, Harrison thinks it needful to say that the ostlers, unless well looked after, may cheat the horses of their food, and with the tapsters may even be in league with robbers.

Our chronicler magnifies the English inns. 'They abound in beer, ale, and wine, and some of them are so large that they are able to lodge two or three hundred persons and their horssees at ease.' He must, however, tell the truth; the inns of London are not so good as the country inns, but even they compare well with those abroad. It will be seen by and by in our account of the Bear at the Bridge Foot, and the Tabard among others, that the Southwark inns were of very high class indeed. Warming to his subject, Harrison says, 'Ech owner contendeth with other for goodnesse of enterteinment of their ghests, as about finesse and change of linnen, furniture, of bedding, beautie of rooms, service at the table, costliness of plate, strength of drinke, varietie of wines, or well-using of horses.' Almost too good to be true, one might think. The very signs at their doors are gorgeous, costing £30 or £40 perhaps—'a meere vanitie,' in his opinion.

were no inns but those which were allowed in Eyre (that is by the justices itinerant), but at this day if a man puts up a sign at his door and harbours guests, it shall be deemed a common inn, and he shall be chargeable for the goods of those he entertains if they happen to be lost.'

I must quote another most interesting authority upon these points. Fynes Moryson of Peterhouse, Cambridge, a student in 1617, is somewhat of a traveller; he makes himself well acquainted with his subject, and writes a book telling all he knows about the inns,—and perhaps a little more. He says, ‘The world does not afford such inns as England hath, either for good, cheap entertainments for guests in search of pleasure, or for humble entertainments for passengers, even in poor villages. These could eat at the host’s table and pay accordingly. The gentleman might have his chamber, and eat alone or with friends. In the case of eating together, they might have plenty of good meat, choice fish, and no more than sixpence per man; but this was a different sixpence to our modern one. As to horse-meat, hay, oats, and straw, that might be twelve to eighteen pence for a night; in the summer the horse might be put out to grass for threepence, and the grass was at hand,’ for much of Southwark was still unbuilt, the fields extending even to the river, and indeed not far from London Bridge.

‘The Englishman may,’ Moryson says, ‘as fully command and be attended as at home, perhaps better, the servant hoping for some small reward in the morning.’ The fussy routine on the arrival of a respectable traveller is somewhat thus. ‘As soon as he comes, servants run and take his horse, walking him up and down until he cools, rubbing him down and giving him his meat. Not too much trust; here the eye of the master is needful. Another servant shows the passenger his private chamber, kindles the fire and pulls off his boots.’ After

that, the host or hostess comes in to inquire, 'Will he eat with the host or at a common table?' This last he could do for fourpence or sixpence; but as the host says, 'It is not used by gentlemen.' If he will eat in his chamber his meal will be according to his appetite, and be as much as he wants; indeed, the kitchen is open to him, that the meat may be dressed to his liking, and he may, if he pleases, have what is left for breakfast. The host or hostess will give him their company, and will take it as a favour if asked to sit down. To make things more agreeable, 'they inquire if he will have music. . . . Finally, when the guest leaves, the host will, if desired, set out the reckoning in writing; if he thinks it unreasonable, he shall be satisfied. At parting, if a few pence be given to the chamberlain and ostler, they will wish the going guest a happy journey.' A very pleasant state of things indeed!—if true.

As to music, we know from other sources before and after 1600, that 'minstrells, musicians, and chawntors' were to be had—they are so named in the registers of St. Saviour's; and players were always moving about among the inns, giving a taste of their quality, dramatic and musical, shows and entertainments of all sorts.

This was indeed life to those who wanted to revel in pleasure at the inns. And now we see how it comes about that Decker gives the ironical advice in his *Gul's Horn-booke* (1609)—the poets of the Bank were well qualified this way. 'Go,' he says to the young man who has money in his purse, 'take thy continual diet at a tavern;' he is to inquire out these which are best customed, whose masters are oftenest drunk, proving



*they* have the choicest wines.<sup>1</sup> He is to be familiar with the drawers and their habits, as say, 'with one who keeps a gelding, that he may visit his cockatrice.' He is not to drink of only one particular liquor, troubling his head with sucking at one grape, 'but have a lick at all sorts.' And so the gull's education is completed.

Southwark, full of inns as it is, has no monopoly of drink and its dealers. In 1309 London is represented as possessing 354 taverns and 1334<sup>2</sup> brew-houses. We must remember that as yet there was neither tea nor coffee, that beer was the common drink, and that wine also was largely consumed. I cannot, however, square the figures given with those of 1522, when at the visit of Charles V. note was taken of the stock of wine, showing 11 wine merchants, 28 chief taverns, and a total stock of wine, 809 pipes only. Southwark alone could have furnished a large proportion of the 28 taverns; there must have been many more. Later in the next century Pepys the diarist, not by any means a tippler, in the sense of a drunkard, visited at least 120 such places in London and the suburbs. In 1843 London contained 4400 public-houses, 330 hotels, and 960 wine and spirit shops. The wine-cellars of the London Docks extended to three acres, containing 22,000 pipes of wine.

<sup>1</sup> The red nose of the landlord at the door was as good as a sign or red lattice. Heine mentions the same characteristic. 'How often,' he says, 'I saw her standing in front of her shop with her red swollen tobacco nose, a living advertisement which attracted many a sailor.'

<sup>2</sup> It may be noted that in *Liber Albus* (1319) the brewing business is described as of low estimation (*de vile juggement*). It was then chiefly in the hands of women, who were also retail dealers.

I am afraid to quote the figures now : the present state of things may easily be seen in the London Directory year after year.

### OF SIGNS AND TOKENS

Before streets with numbered houses came into existence, when the continuity of shops and dwellings was interrupted here and there by gaps and even by fields, it was necessary—a matter of course in fact—for some method to be adopted, that a man's friends and customers might surely find and others be drawn into dealings with him. Numbering would manifestly be useless or inconvenient. Even so late as 1818 a small house was built by my father, the only one in the midst of a field, not more than seven minutes' walk from London Bridge. It is worth while to note the existence of that field some seventy years ago, as suggesting the condition of the suburbs of London at an earlier date. A very interesting little article in *Notes and Queries*, 10th July 1886, on this subject will repay perusal.

Signs would be as useless now as numbers then. The older maps of London are in this respect worth a study. The reputation of a good chapman, of a house or inn noted for its commodities, had to be kept up, and the connection, as we term it, increased ; each house, certainly each house of business, was therefore distinguished by a sign. The sketch near the town hall, of 1600, and that of the High Street from Visscher, in 1616, will make this clear as to Southwark. The system is now mainly confined to inns, but is still kept up to a certain extent

by barbers, pawnbrokers, goldbeaters, and tobacconists. Down to the end of the fifteenth century signs appear to have been usually of simple construction, but in process of time it called for much ingenuity to contrive a device by which each house should be effectually distinguished. The ironwork which supported the more costly signs was often of artistic design, and we know that some of the carvings and pictures had considerable merit. Finally, indeed, this preliminary expenditure was felt to be somewhat of a burthen. In a curious little book called *A Present for an Apprentice*, by a late Lord Mayor of London (1747), the writer gives the following advice to young men: 'Beware, likewise, of an ostentatious Beginning; a huge, unweildly, tawdry Sign, and of laying out as much to adorn a Shop as to fill it.' Some signs were worth notice from their size and position; they stood out openly in front of the inn, or on the highway near at hand, and would not be overlooked. A few of this kind may still be seen on a miniature triangle of a green, in front of a village or wayside inn; ponderous posts, upright with a cross beam which supports the swinging creaking portrait, say of the Marquis of Granby, or any other temporary hero. One of the olden time is shown in our copy of the Tabard, taken from Urry's *Chaucer*, which is probably a picture of that, or of some notable wayside inn, appropriate as an illustration. A rough woodcut, heading a Roxburghe ballad, 'The Coaches Overthrow,' gives another illustration: they abound.

I would observe generally, and only by way of illustration, that to find a man in the period before numbers

had become general, it might be needful to give some very lengthened and particular direction, much as that in the Scripture text for the finding of Peter at Joppa, 'he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the sea-side.' In 1666, whoever wants to do business with the milliners spoken of, will find the man and his wife at the Death's Head, Southwark; in the *Little London Directory* (1677) we are told that Will Jones is at 'Bankside neer the Wind-mill;' and so on, down to the present time, when our simple direction would be, say, James Thompson, 10 Long Lane, London, S.E.

We observe that the invention of signs was a study of some importance, and the selection of fitting ones a trying task. They were taken or adopted from diverse sources: some were of ecclesiastical origin, some heraldic, some grotesque, witty or unexpected; some had special allusions, the arms of the Lord of the Manor, a royal name or a trade device. Of the last class several still exist characteristic of Bermondsey, as the Woolpack,<sup>1</sup> the Fellmongers' Arms, and Simon the Tanner; the Three Tuns till lately in the Boro High Street is another specimen. Of ecclesiastical or sacred reference, we have the Crossed Keys, the Holy Water Sprinkler, the Pope's Head, the Christopher, the Salutation, etc.; of heraldic, we have Blue Boars, Red Lions, Black Bulls, and Golden Falcons; of the grotesque, for example, the Tumble-down Dick, the Naked Boy, and the Three Loggerheads, one of the three being the spectator; the Death's Head may perhaps be included in this category. Some of our well-known signs in Southwark will be specially re-

<sup>1</sup> Formerly the Cock and Pie.

membered from their association with noted persons or historical events: the Tabard with Chaucer, the Boar's Head with Fastolfe, the White Hart with Jack Cade, the Bear at the Bridge Foot with a well-known officer of Cromwell's who was once its landlord, and with Pepys now and again one of its customers; the Dancing Bears on the Bankside, the Bull's Head in St. Saviour's Churchyard, and many another, with Edward Alleyn; these resorts being within his method of settling disputes pleasantly and without law, and of facilitating business. It is not always easy to decide in our early accounts whether particular signs referred to were signs of inns, of business places, or of private houses; in this case there is no difficulty; we have so large a selection of undoubted and indeed of notable inns, that we need not stray outside, except by way of illustration. So far for the signs.

Another aid to business much used, chiefly in the seventeenth century, was the Trade Token. When as yet there were no newspapers or other modes of effectually advertising the house and its trade, a small token made of copper, lead, or other metal, or even of leather, which rapidly passed from hand to hand, was eminently useful, containing as it did the name of the dealer, the sign of the house, the locality, the trade, and often the date. It served also as small change or local money among the customers, and among those who had confidence in the man. Here is a typical specimen of a copper token drawn for this work—



*O. George. Corfield. at. ye. Lyon. & . Lambe. in. Southwark. G. K. C. R. HIS. HALF. PENNY. 1666 = A lion and lamb.*

But the use of tokens was earlier than this.

The need for small change being urgent about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, leaden tokens<sup>1</sup> generally of mean workmanship came into use, and continued to be issued by tradesmen until 1613, when a patent for farthings only was granted by James I. to John, Baron Harington, which was renewed in 1625. Unfortunately these patents granted by James I. and Charles I. led to gross abuse, the Harington family issuing farthings in unreasonable quantities and of a merely nominal intrinsic value. In 1648, on the death of the King, as the Government no longer claimed the exclusive right to coin copper and brass, there was a large and immediate issue of trade tokens, chiefly farthings and halfpence. Evelyn, disgusted, remarks that every tavern and tippling-house presumed to stamp and utter their coin tokens.<sup>2</sup> They supplied a genuine want however. In 1639 there is a great noise and demand for brass or copper money to come out:<sup>3</sup> there is even a cry for a further issue. In 1651 some ingenious reasons were given 'for a more plentiful supply of small pieces ministering to means of frugality, where poor men could have a farthing or half farthing's worth, not constrained to buy more of anything than they stand in need of, their feeding being from hand to mouth.' Moreover, 'some,' it was urged, 'who could not give a larger, would give a small coin to the poor.'<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> One such, with the Fleur de Lis, dated 1578, is given in C. R. Smith's Catalogue.

<sup>2</sup> C. R. Smith's Catalogue. Museum. 1854.

<sup>3</sup> Hist. MSS. Comm. App., 9th Report, p. 499.

<sup>4</sup> Cal. Dom.

The use of trade tokens must have had its drawbacks ; the advantages I have already noted. On the other hand, the coins, one imagines, could only have circulated close to their place of issue, and the traders responsible for them, who were often in a small and insignificant way of business, must occasionally have disappeared altogether. The variety of specimens is surprising. 'It is,' said a French traveller in 1672, M. Poirevin de Rocheford,<sup>1</sup> 'a remarkable thing that not only in cities, towns, and villages, but even in the streets of the same town, were issued small copper or brass money called a farden, usually marked with the name of the shopkeeper.' An ingenious soapmaker has in our time advertised his wares upon a French coin, almost identical with our penny ; this, however, was a little too unfair, and so the evil wrought its own cure. The circulation and gathering up of smaller tokens or coins became almost a trade, if one may judge by an interesting entry from St. Saviour's death register : 'Dec. 5, 1662, burial, Elizabeth Dyer, wife of John, a crier of brass money.' Again we have a token with this inscription, 'H. E. M. at the White Bare in Kent streete a farthing changer.' I am not sure whether Decker in his *Gul's Horn-booke*, 1609, referred to tokens or no, probably he did, when he advised the gallants who crossed the Thames to the theatres on the Bankside, 'No matter whether you have money or no, you may swim in twenty of their boats upon the river upon ticket.' And hence may arise the modern expression 'on tick.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cited by C. R. Smith.

<sup>2</sup> However, there is high authority for this phrase. In Kerr's *Blackstone*,

A Royal issue of copper farthings having been determined on, the use of tokens as money was prohibited 16th August 1672. 'All persons who should, after the 1st day of September, make, vend, or alter any other kind of pence, halfpence, or farthings, or other pieces of brass, copper, or other base mettall other than the coins authorised above, or should offer to counterfeit any of his Majesty's halfpence or farthings, were to be chastised with exemplary severity.' My friend says the offence was stayed; I had thought it lingered on, and although not materially connected with this exact phase of the subject and time, the fact that somewhat similar tokens were issued in great numbers at the end of last and beginning of this century is good as an illustration: certainly scores of these have passed through my hands. The earliest date of what are known as seventeenth-century trade tokens, which alone concern us, is 1648 and on to 1672, and as they were much used by publicans they have been frequently called tavern tokens. Some of these will be particularly specified and figured in the following pages; the contractions used are *O* for the obverse side of the token, *R* for the reverse, the mark = signifies that what follows it is in the field or central part of the token; 1,  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and  $\frac{1}{4}$  refer to the value, namely, a penny, halfpenny, or farthing. The most extensive work on the subject is that of Boyne, published in 1858, of which a new edition has been promised. He describes chap. xv. p. 468, Chief Justice Holt is reported as saying, 'If a man send his servant with ready money to buy goods, and the servant buy upon credit, the master is not chargeable; but if the servant usually buy for the master *upon tick*, and the servant buy some things without the master's order, yet if the master were trusted by the trader, he is liable.'



390 Southwark tokens. Since his time many fresh types have been discovered.

### COACHES AND WAGGONS

Let me say a few words about coaches and waggons, as connected or identified with inns. At the beginning of the seventeenth century wheeled carriages were of a lumbering sort, as we may judge from the sketch by *Vischer*, of one standing before an inn door in Southwark, near the Bear at the Bridge Foot, a jug raised to the driver by the servant for a drink. In the rude woodcuts of ballads of that time they had the same appearance, indeed they were as yet scarce and seldom used. In the early part of this century even, our common hackney coaches, such as I remember, looked like gentlemen's cast-offs, and appeared to be seldom made purposely for the traffic. Ordinary travelling, except among the wealthy—and for them there was ample provision at the great inns—was by horse or waggon, or by the well-known *Shanks' pony*—this last the most common conveyance.

In *Fynes Moryson's* day stage-coaches had hardly begun even in London, and it was not till the end of the century that they were used for long stages. 'Carriers,' says he, 'have long covered waggons carrying passengers from city to city.' This kind of travelling must have been insufferably tedious, impossible with our habits. These waggons in his time made only about fifteen miles in a long summer's day, departing in the early morning and coming late to the inns, 'for that none but women, people of inferior condition, *Flemings*, their

wives and servants, used to travel in this sort.' From the great number of carriers' inns in Southwark, no small part of the travelling and carriage of goods to and from the home counties must have been done in this way. Another generation will scarcely know what the waggons were like, they have so rapidly become almost extinct, but pictures of them standing in the yards of the inns of Southwark are given in this book, and they have been drawn by such famous artists as Hogarth, Rowlandson, and others. Taylor, in his *Carriers' Cosmographie*, 1637, gives us a long list of 'the Inns and lodgings of the Carriers which come into the Burrow of Southwarke out of the countries of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey,' to which I shall later on have occasion to refer.

Our readers might wish to see what English waggon-travelling in the last century was like. Smollett's story in the eleventh and twelfth chapters of *Roderick Random* is to the life, I should think. This is how a modern writer<sup>1</sup> speaks of the broad-wheeled waggon as he remembers it, 1830-40. 'The old broad-wheeled waggon, wheels about ten inches broad in the tire, and worked by eight or ten horses, constituted the conveyance of poor persons having to move any distance from one part of the country to another. If not travelling more than four miles an hour, these waggons could carry passengers without incurring any excise duty for license or mileage. A picturesque object was the old stage-waggon on the road with the bells on the harness of the leading horses, and frequently the driver in his smock frock riding by the side on a small pony, with his long waggoner's whip,

<sup>1</sup> *Old Coaching Days*, by Stanley Harris.

and a horn lantern hanging up in front to be lighted up when night came on.'

An apparently complete list of stage-coaches and carriers for London, collected down to the year, is given in the *New Remarks of London*, 1732, which contains also various particulars useful to local travellers and others, as to water carriage, fares of chairmen, watermen, etc. An extract from it will be found in the Appendix. In another interesting book, *A New Description of the Counties in England and Wales*, published by J. Hodges at the Looking Glass, London Bridge, over against St. Magnus Church, 1752, we find a list of fifteen Southwark inns frequented by coaches and waggons, but of the former two only are mentioned.

As the years go by traffic increases. About the middle of the eighteenth century coaches become common enough and prosperous enough to be taxed. Now the railways have almost entirely superseded waggons and coaches, and many of the inns have in one way or another been adapted to the new state of things, and have resumed in another form their carrier trade, namely, as receiving and collecting houses and local offices for the great railways: for instance, the Dun Horse for the South-Western, the Catherine Wheel, or rather its site, for the Midland, the Nag's Head for the Great Western, and the George for the Great Northern, all in the High Street of the Borough of Southwark.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At one of them a hundred tons or so of goods per diem are weighed and passed.

## CHAPTER II

### ALE AND THE BREWERS

WE have Chaucer's authority for the fame of our inns ; he also praises the goodness and strength of our ale. Swampy old Southwark could not have been attractive for a long stay, but it was convenient for wayfarers ; at any rate you might be made very comfortable for the time. To linger long would likely enough end in an ague, a fever, or plague, and the confiding traveller might, so to speak, catch his death ; a wise man would stay as he must and hasten on. Our ale was nappy and strong, sleepy and heady, 'headstrong ale,' as they called it ; 'it kept many a gossip from the kirk,' and was the cause of many offenders being presented for punishment by the churchwardens, whose duty it was in those days to look after the doings of their neighbours in church-time. 'Fines of the alle howses uppon the Sabothe daye' have been recorded again and again ; individual instances are given in these pages. The cook's apprentice, like many another, 'loved best the taverne than the schoppe ;' so business and religion were both neglected for the seductive Southwark ale. The people going on pilgrimage are not

insensible to its charms ; the miller before he begins his Canterbury tale deprecatingly tells that he is ‘dronke ;’ with drunken gravity he infers that it is so, from the sound of his own voice, and excusing himself asks pardon, ‘wyte it the ale of Southwark I you preye.’

In the Roxburghe and other collections of ballads we find ourselves among the actual scenes ; rude woodcuts head them, and may be taken as more or less true to nature, although for cheap productions of the sort the blocks must have done service again and again. In one, behind the lattice, the idlers take down ‘the barley broth, which is meat and drink and cloth,’ and may be seen carousing, dicing, and singing their ditties. Here is an old ballad in praise of ale, but showing the consequences of too free indulgence. Its very quaintness justifies the quotation ; it is from the life, and is not without its moral—

‘Three Gallants in a Tauerne  
Did brauely call for Wine ;  
But he that loues those Dainty Cates  
Is sure no friend of mine ;  
Giue me a cup of Barley broth,  
For this of truth is spoke,  
These Gallants drunke so hard that each  
Was forct to pawne his Cloake ;  
The oyle of Barley neuer did  
Such injury doe to none,  
So, that they drinke what may suffice  
And afterwards be gone.’

Here also are some lines to the point, on ‘The little Barly-corne’—

‘It is the cunningst alchemist  
That ere was in the land ;

'Twill change your mettle when it list,  
 In turning of a hand.  
 Your blushing gold to silver wan,  
 Your silver unto brasse ;  
 'Twill turne a taylor to a man,  
 And a man into an asse.  
 'Twill make a weeping widdow laugh  
 And soon incline to pleasure ;  
 'Twill make an old man leave his staffe,  
 And dance a youthful measure.  
 And though your clothes be ne'er so bad,  
 All ragged, rent and torne,  
 Against the cold you may be clad  
 With the little Barly-corne.'

Our object being to see life of all sorts in our old inns and taverns, the kind reader will excuse a few digressions.



Here we give drawings from contemporary pictures, which will help us to realise the subject in hand. This, for instance, is the happy-go-lucky rascal scoring at the public-house. The score was made with chalk on a hanging board by a servant or by the rascal himself. 'Score at the bar' was one of the cries of tapsters at taverns, as witness the following rhyme, date 1614—

'When all is gone we have no more ;  
 Then let us set it in the score,  
 Or chalk it up behinde the dore,  
 And ever tosse the pot.

*Chorus*—Tosse the pot,' etc.<sup>1</sup>

A cut to the ballad 'A pennyworth of Good Counsell' <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Halliwell MS. Tavern Book, p. 98.

<sup>2</sup> Roxburghe Collection, vol. ii. pp. 297, 298.

shows the tippler or jolly companion leaving his wife and family possibly to starve: 'He keeps me short of everything, he goes to playes, heares fidders singing, and spends his coyne at ale or wine; my husband hath no forecast in him.' Here he is with his pot companions, and the cry ever repeating, 'Come, tapster, fill us some ale.' Here is the drawer,<sup>1</sup> hastening with jug and goblet. We might supply the last picture from a well-based imagination: here is the drunkard gibbering in Bedlam, or fatuous in the workhouse, or dead in the gutter, or rotting in gaol. An ap-



propriate pendant to this is a grim illustration in Halliwell's folio Shakespeare, of the cheating alewife with her fine headdress and her short measure dragged away by fiends to hell-mouth, which is open ready to receive her.

There were, of course, regulations, ever-recurring regulations, as to the making and selling of ale, 'typhyle' as it is sometimes named, and the sellers, not the drinkers, 'typellars.' At an old High Wycombe fair no one was to brew 'typhyle,' but he was to send it to the 'typellar' to be sold at assayer's price. What the price of beer 3s. 4d. per barrel implied, may be judged by the order of 1573 that 'the peny white loaf shall be 14 oz. for the present,'

<sup>1</sup> Copy of a woodcut at the head of a ballad of the seventeenth century. The jug shown is a distinctly-drawn greybeard or bellarmine, so called from the celebrated Cardinal of that name, a zealous hater of Protestants, whom it was originally intended to caricature. This humorous type of jug was very common in London in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Many specimens are to be seen in the Guildhall Museum—one is before me now

and the wage of skilled workers was from 6d. to 1d. a day. Two centuries before, a gallon of clear ale and of the best was sold at 1½d. ; of second, probably known as fulstale, the gallon at 1d. ; every vessel brought to the brewery was to be filled full of ale, and to stand a day and a night for the working ; on the second morning, when taken away, it was to be filled with good and clear ale. Even down to the last century there was little sale, apparently, except for new ale. 1760.—We have this account from the *Annual Register*, p. 174, ‘So little idea had the brewer or his customers of being at the charge of large stocks of beer, that it gave room to a set of moneyed people to make a trade by buying these beers from brewers, say for 22s., keeping them some time and selling them when stale (*sic*) to publicans for 25s. or 26s. per barrel.’ It says further that some people drank mild beer and *stale*, others threads (hence thread shops and tape shops), at 3d. ‘and many stale at 4d. per quart.’

Whatever the quality or condition, the dealer believes in his wares, as may be judged from the following ‘exaltation of ale’—

‘Who buys good land, buys many stones,  
Who buys good meat, buys many bones,  
Who buys good eggs, buys many shells,  
Who buys good ale, buys nothing else.’<sup>1</sup>

From the *Liber Albus* we learn that in early days assayers regulated prices in accord with quality. Our forefathers were always regulating prices and qualities, and did what in them lay to make people deal fairly and be virtuous by order and Act of Parliament—a difficult,

<sup>1</sup> *Gent.’s Mag.*, Selections ‘Signs of Inns,’ etc., p. 303.



nay, impossible task then as now. 1542.—‘Ale is made of malte and water, and they the whiche do put any oder thyng to ale than is rehersed except yest, barme or godes good doth sofysticat theyr ale.’ Hops were probably known in England long before this, in spite of the well-known lines about them, but at first they were not in favour. The Godes-good noted here, or Allgood,<sup>1</sup> is the herb ‘Good King Henry, or English Mercury,’ of very great repute among the old herb doctors. ‘Be thou sick or whole, put Mercury in thy koole,’ so the proverb runs. Why good King Henry I know not, the French say after Henry IV., the English, after Henry VI. Further as to the materials out of which in old time ale was made. In the *Hundred Roll*, Southwark, c. 1289, is this illustrative passage touching those who make ale and collect garbs, *i.e.* sheaves of grain, in this case used for brewing purposes. In the autumn they say that Roger le Bribur, while he was summoner (sumpnour) to the Dean of Southwark, collected garbs by custom, and made thereof ale which is called fulstale.<sup>2</sup> The sub-bailiff also is engaged in the same work. ‘They say that John de Holebourne collected garbs in the autumn and made thereof ale, while he was sub-bailiff of Southwark.’

Chaucer gives us a picture of the sumpnour with his red face, and his garland ‘like to that of an alehouse’—a suitable man, one might say, to have for his specialty the making of ale. In the St. Saviour’s accounts of

<sup>1</sup> A chenopodium. The *Chenopodium Quinea* of Peru when fermented is said to yield a pleasant beer.

<sup>2</sup> Public Record Office. I am greatly indebted to Mr. Walford D. Selby for these and many another hint. Ful, perhaps common or inferior ale, from Anglo-Saxon, Fúl, foul, impure, muddy.

wardens we find 'the Sumpnour serving the citation to those who had not paid their tithes.' As tithes would be mostly paid in kind, the sumpnour would be the very man to gather garbs and push trade. No doubt these garbs went to housewives, as well as to alewives and brewers, and to such of the innkeepers as were also brewers. Housewives in the olden days had need of quite other gifts and practised other duties than are called for now, although, if the truth were told, some of the old useful accomplishments which are gone out of sight might still be studied with advantage. Even in my own time a notable change has occurred in this respect. I had specimens of flaxen and woollen homespun presented to me on my 'settling' fifty years ago; some of these providings were blankets, spun in the yarn and finished by the lonely weaver who lived on the cliff of Lansallos by the sea-side. The spinning wheel which was used is still at our old home. The mistress made candles with the small rushes, tinder with the oldest linen, matches with wood split at home and the melted brimstone. She understood the art of preparing home-made wines, pickles, and preserves, and was well instructed in economical and dainty cookery. Such knowledge as this was common among average middle-class and even poor housewives: it has now to a great extent become a thing of the past.

Porter is a modern invention, first made in the earlier half of the last century by Harwood, a brewer on the east side of High Street, Shoreditch, its specialty being malt highly kiln dried, with the addition of some burnt ingredient as colouring matter—

‘Harwood my townsman, he invented first  
Porter to rival wine and quench the thirst,’

writes Gutteridge, a fellow-parishioner. I append a very instructive note from the *Dictionary of Dates*, Article ‘Porter.’ ‘The malt liquors formerly in use were ale, beer, and twopenny, and it was customary to call for a pint or tankard of half and half, *i.e.* half of ale and half of beer; half of ale and half of twopenny; or half of beer and half of twopenny. In the course of time it also became the practice to ask for a pint or tankard of three-thirds, meaning a third of ale, beer, and twopenny; and thus the publican was obliged to go to three casks for a single pint of liquor. To avoid this trouble and waste, a brewer of the name of Harwood conceived the idea of making a liquor which should partake of the united flavours of ale, beer, and twopenny. He did so, and succeeded, calling it entire, or entire butt beer, meaning that it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt, and being a hearty nourishing liquor, it was very suitable for porters and other working people. Hence it obtained its name of porter, and was retailed first at the Blue Last, Curtain Road, Leigh.’

The three largest brewers of porter in London were, with the number of barrels recorded, in

1760.		1815.	
Calvert & Co.	74,734	Barclay & Perkins	337,621
Whitbread	63,408	Meux, Reid & Co.	282,104
Truman	60,140	Truman, Hanbury & Co.	272,162
1840.			
Barclay & Perkins	.	.	361,321
Truman, Hanbury & Co.	.	.	263,235
Whitbread & Co.	.	.	218,828

Southwark brewers have from the first naturally sought to establish themselves on or near the banks of the Thames. Thus Pickle-Herring, St. Olaves, was a notable brewing centre; later on we have a landing-place, Pickle-Herring Stairs, a wharf and a street of the same name. Several seventeenth-century trade tokens were issued from here; Boyne describes eight. Among the signs which appear on them are an Elephant and Castle, an Anchor, the Woodmonger's Arms, the Baker's Arms, and a sailing boat or hoy. Touching the Woodmonger's Arms, old London maps show large piles of wood by the river-side, the woodmongers' stock in trade. We forget when we so readily order coals of the coal merchant the old condition of things when wood was the principal firing. 1596<sup>1</sup> John Welshaw, a brewer, had taken a house and yard 'on backside at Pikell Herringe,' the yearly rent being £7, payable quarterly, at the "ffeaste of St. Mychell Tharchangell, the birth of o<sup>r</sup> Lord God, Thannñañon of o<sup>r</sup> Ladie, and the ffeaste of St. Jhn. Baptist,"—the common way of denoting the quarter-days.

Much of the Horselydown district was at one time in the possession of the renowned Sir John Fastolfe. His great house in Stoney Lane, Tooley Street, was of such pretensions as to be called a palace; here the mother of the Duke of York, afterwards Edward IV., and her family were lodged once, on occasion. Again, William of Worcester, a distinguished chronicler of the time, and Fastolfe's retainer, tells us that 'the Parliament being dissolved, the King, Henry VI., held the feast of

<sup>1</sup> Chancery Proceedings, Elizabeth.

Christmas at Leicester; but James Ormond, Count of Wiltshire, remained at the same feast at the house of Sir John Fastolfe in Southwark.' What occurred there during the Cade rebellion will be told presently in our description of the White Hart. There are many later allusions to 'ffostal' or Fastolfe's place on the site of the old palace. Mill Lane takes its name from his mills—'ffostalles mylles at Battle-bridge.' No less than 377 deeds relating to his possessions in Southwark are, it has been said, still kept at Magdalen College, Oxford, to which foundation he was a magnificent donor at least in intent.<sup>1</sup> In these deeds mention is made of the High Bere House, le Bores Head, le Harte Horne *alias* le Bucke-head, water-mills and dough-mills, tenements and gardens called Walles, and le Dyhouse.

In a map of Horselydown, 1544, belonging to the Governors of St. Olave's School, are shown the Mills of St. John of Jerusalem and the 'Knights Hows' adjoining, a little west of St. Saviour's<sup>2</sup> or Savory's Dock. This 'Knights Hows' was afterwards known as the

<sup>1</sup> See *Notes and Queries*, 2d Series, vol. v. p. 84. It has been said not: that, however, is because, although it was Fastolfe's property, it reached the College through its founder, Bishop Waynflete, who was the knight's executor. 'Sir John gave 1500 libs. per ann. in Norfolk and Suffolk to the college, it is certain also that he gave to the senior seven demies a penny a week for augmentation of their vests, which being now but a small pittance those who have it are called by those who have it not, Fastolff's "buckram men."'—Hearne's *Diary*.

Some trace of the connection of Magdalen College with Southwark is shown in Magdalen Street and in Maudlin Lane, the Morgan's Lane of later maps, an old tavern, the Brewers' Arms, is still here.

<sup>2</sup> So called from the Abbey of St. Saviour, Bermondsey, to which it had been attached. To be carefully distinguished from the dock next to St. Saviour's Church, which is usually called by the same name.

Manor House; in Corner's account of Horselydown we are told that the noted modern brewery of Courage and Co. occupies the site. Apparently at the very spot, so far as it can be made out from older maps, was a great house of entertainment at the river-side, opposite to and a little east of the Tower. A considerable enclosure, with trees, gardens, and space for walks, is shown in Braun and Hodenberg's map of 1572, marked with the word 'Beere Howse.' We have seen that on a list of Southwark property at Magdalen College, Oxford, left by Sir John Fastolfe, this same place, the High Bere House, is mentioned. It is also referred to in some early Chancery proceedings—14 Edward IV.—as the 'High Biere-howse and gardeyn, lately known as ffastolfe's.' A picture by Hoefnagle, dated 1590, affords us a fine chance of seeing this old beer-house *en fête*. The Tower appears across the river, and may, although in some respects produced from the painter's imagination, be taken as a fairly accurate view,<sup>1</sup> showing the company in the costume of the period, tables laid, people waiting, cooks at their work, and musicians. Archery is going on; a horseman with a hawk on his wrist is there; and, not to be lacking in anything, there is one unfortunate in the stocks, and near him church-like buildings—perhaps the Hermitage, which is known to have been at hand. Altogether it presents a most animated scene, and is well worthy of study.

I must enlarge a little upon Pickle Herring, finding

<sup>1</sup> Corner, *Hist. Horselydown*, p. 18, *et seq.*, gives a copy of the picture, and apparently from it as well as from other sources, an account in detail.

more items of interest in the subject than I at first expected. A writer of 1580<sup>1</sup> sees great profit to the State, relief to the poor, reformation of rogues and the idle, wealth to thousands that know not how to live, by facilitating the sending away fish, and bringing back French wines for the English market. In his book are two illustrative plates: one shows the fisherman pursuing his vocation on the sea, the other, ready for embarkation — ‘the vintage for London,’ with the significant label, ‘no wines from Bordeaux but for gold;’ and so we come into contact with the subject of supply for our wine-shops and vintners, and with *pickle herring*. As the Roxburghe ballad puts it, ‘Herrings pickled must be tickled down to draw the liquor.’ They are kin commodities.

It seems that the art of pickling herrings was known in this country as early as the fourteenth century, and further, that fishermen, here being snubbed, settled in Holland, and drew the attention of the Dutch to this valuable industry. Afterwards came suggestions, notably these of Hitchcock’s book, for the recovery of the trade. ‘Pickle herring and Anchovey rare’ (Taylor) were prized delicacies. Robert Green is said to have died of a surfeit of the dainty relish. I have not yet discovered the origin of the name as applied to Pickle Herring, St. Olave’s. It may be that Charles II., in his order

<sup>1</sup> *Robert Hitchcockes Politique Platt, a New-yeses gift to England*, black letter, imprinted by John Kyngston, London, 1580; a rare book, priced 12 guineas in Mr. Quaritch’s Catalogue. In 1586 a Mr. Hitchcocke in connection with St. Olave’s School is ‘counseylour to Mr. Goodyer.’ —Corner, *Horselydown*, p. 15. Further, one Hitchcocke, late a brewer, and a governor of St. Olave’s School, is ‘put out,’ being one of the disaffected, 26th January 1662.—Harleian MS. 6166.

of 1660, anticipating as to the herring bus<sup>1</sup> fishery, established storehouses furnished with nets, barrels, salt, and other needful appliances here by the river Thames, and that thus the name of Pickle Herring, Pickle Herring Stairs, was applied to the headquarters of the trade. I think, however, that the origin is much earlier. One curious fact deserves mention first. In the registers of St. Olave's Parish, 1584, is recorded the death of Peter Van Duraunte, *alias* 'Pickell Heringe, brewer,' concerning whom I have a very interesting letter from the late Colonel Chester, speculating upon the name and its origin as applied to the place. At the Probate Office, Somerset House, is a will of the same date, in which Peter Van Durant, 'alias Pickle-hearing,' leaves directions for his own burial in the chancel of St. Olave's Church. Whether this brewer obtained for himself and for his place at Horselydown the nickname of Pickle Herring it is impossible to be sure; to say the least of it, the *alias* is very curious. I am, however, inclined to think that the *Paston Letters* may afford the clue.

Exactly at this spot—that is, at Stoney Lane, Horselydown, not to be confused with the street of that name by the Borough market—from the year 1447, 25 Henry VI., was, as we have seen, the noble residence of Sir John Fastolfe, and here was, likely enough, in his time a centre for the herring trade. In one of the letters from Botoner the writer urges that Sir John's auditors should show him 'the great damage he beareth in disbursing money about shipping and boats, keeping an house up at Yarmouth to his great harm.' He was, we

<sup>1</sup> Bus, a boat specially used for herring fishing.



may say, somewhat of a general trader, and among the rest a Yarmouth fish merchant, and London would most probably be a great market for his herrings. In another letter it is noted that just as Calais is a staple of wool, so is Bordeaux a staple of wine for England. This may on both points illustrate Robert Hitchcock's New Year's gift—his herring 'platt,' fish for wine, wine for fish. The herring fishery on the coast of Norfolk was an object of great importance in the fourteenth century. 'The herring<sup>1</sup> fair at Yarmouth was so considerable that it was regulated by statute.' Fastolfe's herring business at Yarmouth and the water-side premises by Stoney Lane might then have appreciable connection. Let me say a few words in support of my theory. Fastolfe, born in 1377, at or near Yarmouth, is early interested in general trade, exchanging corn and wool for fish, 'chaffer and ware' at Yarmouth,<sup>2</sup> and by and by doing a large business in herrings. He was fifty-one at the Battle of Herrings, and I think it fair to conjecture that the choice of such an article of food for the relief of Orleans might be partly owing to his pecuniary interest in it. Certain it is, as we read him afterwards, that he rarely missed an opportunity of making money. True, he did not come into actual possession of the locality since called Pickle Herring, St. Olave's, until 1447, when he was seventy years of age; but he had, as one would say, been a long time in the business, and the actual possession would probably come out of a previous use

<sup>1</sup> I draw these conclusions from the letter of Botoner, *i.e.* William of Worcester, to Paston, about Fastolfe's business. Knight's *Paston*, vol. i. pp. 80, 81.

<sup>2</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 7th Series, vol. i. p. 453.

of the place for the herring trade. Other curious facts occur to me. 'Hanswurst, the Dutch Pickel-herringe, was noted for his gormandising appetite and Falstaffian dimensions.' Pickel Herring was the popular name of a buffoon among the Dutch.<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare uses the word in *Twelfth Night*, where Sir Toby Belch is made to say:—'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring!' Between herrings, pickled herrings, Pickle Herring at St. Olave's, and Fastolfe, and again between Pickle Herring as Jack Pudding, and Falstaff, Shakespeare's prince of Jack Puddings, the suggestive coincidences are very curious. The discussion of the character of Fastolfe in all its bearings will be attempted farther on. He is perhaps as noted a man, save Shakespeare, as we have had residing among us in Southwark. Fastolfe's compact property in St. Olave's, on the banks of the Thames, lies in the very way of trade; handy for woodmongers' and fishermen's stores, and for brewers, into the possession of whom his wharves, mills, water-power, and storehouses, at length chiefly come.

Five minutes or less will bring us from Stoney Lane to the town mansion or inn of the Abbot of Battle, hence Battle Bridge, which was between Mill Lane, as we now name it, and the Bridge House. The site is

<sup>1</sup> *Der Geist von Monsieur Pickle-Hering* is the title of a little book of 1666, containing some two hundred flighty tales, comic speeches, witty thoughts, questions, replies, and what not; a sort of Dutch Joe Miller, I suppose. My attention has just been called to a picture by Jan Steen in the Lonsdale Sale of 18th June 1887. It is called the Hurdy-gurdy Player, and the scene is laid in front of a tavern, the sign of which is inscribed 'Pecul Harings.'

now covered by Hay's Wharf and Dock. In some proceedings of 1568<sup>1</sup> I find many curious particulars; in fact, they contain a living picture of places and people of the sixteenth century. William Browne, a parishioner, is now occupying the Abbot's House, known as Battell House, which, descended from its high estate, is jostled by a dye-house and a woodyard. Battell House is represented as in length 80 feet, in breadth 44 feet. The Abbot's Close had been before the dissolution 'one open place of about an acre in extent,' and had been freely used for purposes of recreation. Oliff Burr, coppersmith, M.P. for Southwark, 1571-72, knew the Close well, and had, when a youth, played there at quoits divers times. People were free to go in and out. 'About three years ago,' he says in 1571, 'it has been made into gardens and bowling alleys, of which there are two there.' The brewers had pleasant and appropriate surroundings, with plenty of open space down to the river bank at Battle Bridge. Things, however, were changed since the days of the old ecclesiastics, who had been great entertainers, and indeed very agreeable neighbours, always providing that people believed as they did.

The district along the river-side immediately east and west of London Bridge in Southwark became in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a ready refuge for people from the Low Countries; not only from civil dissensions, but also and chiefly from religious persecution. Busy notable men they often were, friends of

<sup>1</sup> Court of Requests, Elizabeth Atkins, defendant, William Browne and William Bridger named in suit. Catalogue, No. 542.

freedom and of education. It was said in 1563 that the 'empty houses got filled, to the glory of the English nation and to the great advantage of landlords and leasemongers.' These refugees were so many that a special burying-place in Southwark became necessary—'the Flemish burying-ground,' by the first St. Olave's Grammar School, to which I shall have occasion to refer later on. The site is under the London Bridge Railway station. In St. Saviour's the Dutch were also very numerous, and had their almshouse in Horse Shoe Alley, Bankside. Of these refugees, some of the most skilful of brewers, 'Almanic,' *i.e.* German, armourers, weavers, glass-painters, and others, were to be found in Southwark, to its great advantage as well as to the lasting disadvantage of the countries out of which these people were driven. I have here to do with brewers only. It has already been noted how famous old Southwark was for its ales; many times Chaucer indicates their quality. Not the less the refugee brewers, now to be noticed, improved the trade. They seem to have promptly recognised what was more or less known before, the marked suitability of the Thames water for the process; indeed, the Flemings extended their breweries along the Bankside, from the Bridge Foot to Horselydown, as we shall now see. They were said to have brought over with them great improvements in the trade, among other things the use of hops for beer, as distinct from ale, which continued for a time to be brewed in the old manner. But there are two sides to this. Moryson in 1617 says, 'English beer made of barley and hops is famous in the Netherlands, and

although the cities of lower Germany forbid the selling of English beere, in this way satisfying their own brewers, yet privately they swallow it like nectar.'

Henry Leake, brewer, chief founder of the St. Olave's Grammar School, was one of the refugees referred to, but before the persecution under Alva. Among the cluster of breweries and beerhouses at Battle Bridge and Horselydown was an Aungell, about which there were some Chancery proceedings in 1585. 'Henry Leake, bearebrewer, took of Sir Robert Copley<sup>1</sup> the Aungell, and a piece of ground called Shayer Shawe, a dyke by the Highe House (that is, the High Beerhouse), near ffoستalle mylles, belonging to Maudelyn College,' from which a grant, 33 Henry VIII., had been made to a former Leake to construct 'a bridge over a small water dytche, as way to Battlebridge.' In this suit we find mention of three Henry Leakes, the grandfather, whose will is dated 1560; the father, who died soon after in 1563; and the grandson, heir to the others, and party to this suit. In 1554 the first Henry is owner of the inn and brewhouse known as the Dolphin, and the Beare at the Bridge Foot, south-west. In the will of 1560 this Leake, of Southwark, beerbrewer, gives of certain rents and profits in St. Martin's le Grand, £20 a year to the poor of St. Olave's and to other Southwark parishes; and to the maintenance of a free school £8, with preference to St. Olave's, but only if within two years of his death a free school should be established in that parish, otherwise in St. Saviour's.' The school thus started in Tooley Street has, from various sources,

<sup>1</sup> Owner of the Maze and other property in Southwark.

become richer and greater. Notwithstanding the number of other benefactors, Henry Leake, the Flemish refugee, must be considered its virtual founder; he would wonder greatly could he see (perhaps he does) what his very moderate bequest has been the means of effecting; at the present appearance and position of the renowned school in Horselydown, instead of by the graveyard of the old Flemish refugees, south of St. Olave's Church; at the great number of children there educated, and at the greatly-advanced education they receive. In this same will of 1560 Henry Leake left to Miles Coverdale 40 shillings that he might preach a sermon on his burial at St. Olave's Church; and to his own clerk, Nicholas Weblyng, £20 in token of satisfaction for true and faithful service. This is the first mention we have found of the successful brewing family, the Weblyngs. In 1574 one of them is a large contributor to a city loan of £4900 for 'stranger refugees, and at the same time Wassell Weblyng, bearebrewer, is paying a considerable rent as tenant under St. Thomas's Hospital.' In 1578 the Governors of the Hospital contract with him to supply good beer at the rate of 3s. 4d. for the barrel of 36 gallons; shortly afterwards, however, they naively record at one of their meetings that 'the house beer is too strong and begets a taste; the poor go abroad especially on Sabothe day, and abuse themselves in taverns and alehouses, to the great displeasure of Almighty God, and the misliking of the Governors; they take order that no strong beer shall be allowed, and none fetched except a pynte at a tyme, by order of the physician.' Even the matron is weak as to

drink, and has to be admonished again and again. 'She is very faulty of late,' they mildly say, 'but promises amendment, if she fails again,' etc. etc.. There was no stint in the usual supply; not long before these governors order that the poor may have 'every one, a day, three pyntts of bere for two months, a quart at dinner and a pint at supper, and after that their olde ordenary allowance wych is 1 quarte.'

1617.—The authorities<sup>1</sup> take note of complaints that 'beer is strong and leads to drunkenness;' they threaten as to price, and observe that 'the brewers replenish the tippling houses with headstrong beer for their own private lucre.'

In 1658 the Rector of Bermondsey preaches at St. Saviour's before Mr. Justice Hale and others; as his sermon deals faithfully and eloquently with the subject of drink, I here append an extract. 'There is one grievance more,' he says, 'you must help this country in, and rid the country of those innumerable pest houses; we mean the tippling houses, that pester the whole Nation and ruine whole families. . . . Sirs, you that are the standing magistrates of the County, will it be for your honour, think you, to give license to such?—so many? Some you say must be; but why so many?' Further, 'If you mean not to suppress them, let these mottoes be on the sign and over the Door, "Here you may buy beggery and disgrace at a deare rate: here you may learn the way to the Stocks, the Gaol, the Gallows, and to Hell."' No doubt this man was sincere and impassioned; but such appeals serve not long, except perhaps

<sup>1</sup> *Remembrancia of London*, p. 28. 1878.

in individual cases ; the trade will always be, the remedy, what?—that the dealers shall be good men, and of standing, that the commodity shall be pure, under penalty, —the best of its kind. After all, if it be not impertinent here to say so, the habits of temperance in all things, and the spirit of a good conscience, must begin almost from the cradle ; there would then be no need of patch-work pledges.

Let me say a few more words concerning the Weblyngs. In 1611 we have a grant to Nicholas Weblyng and his heirs of a messuage called 'Fastolphes,' devised to them by Wassell Weblyng, stranger denizen, on which account, that of his being a 'stranger,' one-third of the value went by law to the King. This same Weblyng bequeaths a rent charge of £4 to the Grammar School. In 1623 Nicholas is in trouble, refusing to pay the groat tax : he is committed to the Marshalsea prison. It should be noted that the brewers were not always well treated by the Court. In 1629 they complain that their beer and ale, and the use of carts and horses, are taken for the King's house, and 'they can get neither payment nor content for the same ;' as we say, neither money nor promise.

Another brewing family of note was that of the Nicholsons, like the Weblyngs and Leakes refugees from the Low Countries. In 1632 their place of business is in Montague Close. Overman, soap-boiler and local magnate, to whom most of the property hereabout belonged, was the owner : this name was preserved in our time in the Overman's almshouses by the church, now entirely removed. One of the Nicholsons, as Church-



warden of St. Saviour's, is mentioned in connection with the custom of issuing a license for permission to eat flesh in Lent, usually granted by the Curate, but with the knowledge and consent of the Warden; showing the curious subordination of the people to Church authority;—apparently now we are drifting to the other extreme. The parish records say that 'George West, innkeeper, is, during his sickness, licensed by the curate of St. Saviour's, with the knowledge and consent of Mr. Nicholson, to eat flesh in Lent. . . . 1633.—Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Mr. Michael Nicholson, being sick and weake, may in like manner eate fleshe during the continuance of such her sickness, licensed by the curate with the knowledge and consent of the churchwarden.' Again, 'The curate, by and with the consent of Mr. Nicholson, one of the churchwardens, licenses Stone's wife, who is very sick and weake, to eate flesh.' The Nicholsons continue in the parish some fifty years at least after—the burial of Josiah Nicholson being then recorded—and were perhaps of the Nycolson family of St. Thomas's. Many of the same name, Nycolson, 'from the Emperor's dominions,' made denizen, are mentioned in documents of the sixteenth century; they were glaziers, glass-painters, printers, and what not; some were living in St. Thomas's Hospital precincts at the dissolution.

About 1530 certain brewers of Southwark took from two ecclesiastical owners a lease as to St. Saviour's, then St. Mary Overy's, Dock, an inlet of the Thames, close to the west door of the church. The Bishop of Winchester's palace<sup>1</sup> bounded it on the west, the Priory

<sup>1</sup> Winchester House, a very famous and interesting palace, was built

of St. Mary Overy on the east. The brewers took this lease for the purpose of ensuring a free supply of Thames water. 'The Bishop and the Prior on the one part, and Richard Ryall, John Whyte, Andrew Atkinson, Henry Peach, Richard Kellett, Thomas Philipson, John Howorth, John Syminges, and Jane Bayne, brewers, on the other part.' It is recited that after much suit of these brewers, a passage is granted them for their carts to the Thames between Winchester House and the Priory buildings to fetch water for brewing. Not being a highway, the grant is only by license and sufferance, each brewer paying 6s. 8d. for repair of the way, and 12d. as an acknowledgment. In default the carts might be seized.<sup>1</sup> Stephen Gardiner was at this time Bishop, and Bartholomew Linstead (in a parish document of the time, Syre Bartylmew, ffool or Fowle) was Prior. The comparative purity of the Thames water may be inferred

about 1107 by Bishop William Gifford as a residence for himself and his successors. During the time of the Commonwealth it was used as a prison for the confinement of Loyalists; and after Charles's I.'s death was sold to Thomas Walker of Camberwell. At the Restoration it reverted to the see of Winchester, but having become dilapidated, an Act of Parliament, passed 1663, empowered Bishop George Morley to lease it out. The following year he bought a brick house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, lately built by James, Duke of Hamilton, and adjoining the manor house. The old palace in Southwark gradually became ruinous, but considerable remains were exposed to light in 1814, when a great fire destroyed some modern warehouses surrounding it. Of its appearance immediately afterwards there is a unique drawing in the Guildhall Library; the most striking architectural feature then visible was a circular window at the end of the great hall, pronounced by John Carter, no mean judge, to have been the finest of the kind in England. The name is preserved in Winchester Yard and Winchester Street, and slight fragments of the building have of late years from time to time been found.

<sup>1</sup> Benson MSS. British Museum.

from the frequent and abundant rules and ordinances of the Court of Admiralty<sup>1</sup> with respect to the fish therein, —regulations for hooks, lamperne rods, hebbing<sup>2</sup> nets, white bait, smelt, eels, and salmon, which were then plentiful in the Thames. Incidentally I may note of this same dock in 1785, that it was 'stopt with filth and nastiness, and the landing of great pieces of timber,' which, as the vestry minutes say, 'greatly annoyed the streets.' Once (Domesday Book) it was dignified with the name of a harbour, for vessels of the time; now it is but an insignificant inlet.

In the seventeenth century the question of water supply was beginning to press: that drawn from wells and pumps through a filthy supersaturated soil was never safe, and plague was often visiting the district, carrying off not once only, but many times, it might be a fourth or fifth of the inhabitants. In 1617 comes a project to erect a water-house on London Bridge for Southwark.<sup>3</sup> In 1677 property by Mill Lane passes to Nicholas Chowne and Thomas Cox, brewers, who, primarily for brewing purposes, have 'a passidge under foot to the Thames, for the water to come in and goo oute' to and from their pond and wells, and a mill-house worked by horse-power for lifting the water. It was obvious that the brewers, having the Thames to draw upon, might do a good business by supplying water to the inhabitants. Accordingly Cox entered into an agreement with the Jacksons to form a sort of company, holding 12 shares, to have

<sup>1</sup> 4th October 1590, Cal. Dom.

<sup>2</sup> 'Hebbing—devices or nets laid down for fish at ebbing water.'—Bailey.

<sup>3</sup> *Remembrancia of London*, p. 558. 1878.

liberty to lay down pipes from the waterworks to St. Olave Street, and to contract with the inhabitants of Southwark for water. This was done, and evidently much extended, for in the minutes of St. Saviour's vestry, 12th April 1682, in consequence of the great fire of 1676, is this, 'To agree with Mr. Jackson, master of the water house at Horselydown, for having a ffirecock placed where the meete market was, and at one other place.' I will add that in 1695 a deed and assignment was made by William Patterson, founder of the Bank of England, to transfer to William Sheppard of London, goldsmith, all his 24 shares of springs and waters within five miles of the city and river Thames southward, designed for the supply of Southwark and places adjacent, and that the same 24 shares were afterwards divided into 240. The Waterworks at Bank End, connected first with Mr. Thrale's brewhouse, and afterwards in the hands of a company, under the name of the Borough Waterworks, will be noticed elsewhere. Until quite recent times the Thames, though of course very far from pure, was charged mainly with mere earthy matter, and was with reason celebrated for making good beer. The district in which I lived from 1814 was supplied with water direct from the Thames at London Bridge, which was brought through wooden pipes, *i.e.* trees of fitting size bored and shaped for the purpose. On one occasion I drew a tumbler of the water as it flowed into the butt; the deposit was of brown earth about an inch of the full depth, and small fish frequently passed in. This was the water used for household purposes: it was never in my recollection transparent.

But to return from this water digression to our beer. Nigh to St. Olave's Church was the Bridge House, which was, as its name implies, a storeplace for materials belonging to the City, especially for those which were used in the repair of London Bridge. It came to be occupied as a granary and as a bakehouse with large and many ovens. Cotton's warehouses are now on the site. In 1514 the Mayor, George Monex, gave to the City his old brewery called Golding's, next to the Bridge House, for the enlargement of which, in 1522, another Mayor, Sir John Munday, took the same down, and there was erected instead a 'fair brewhouse for service of the City with beer.'<sup>1</sup> This was not strictly a Southwark brewhouse, being in that part, namely the gildable manor, which had been almost from time immemorial, with some limitations, under the jurisdiction of the City.<sup>2</sup>

A noted brewer was John Crosse of St. Margaret's parish. 'Cros's bruhouse' is shown in a map of 1542<sup>3</sup> as next the market, on the east side of Counter Lane. 1535.—Crosse is one of the parishioners named in the Act for the purchases of land abutting on the highway, for enlarging the churchyard next St. Margaret's; he appears to have been a past warden and a brother of the fraternity of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a gild in whose hands the government of the parish was at this time. His holding was under St. Thomas's Hospital, and he paid for it a rent of £6 : 16 : 8. His will is dated 1544-45, from the Red Lion, apparently the sign of his brewery.

<sup>1</sup> *Stow*, ed. Thoms, p. 155.

<sup>2</sup> See *City Remembrancia*. The case of the Dog and Duck.

<sup>3</sup> The text map of account of old Southwark and its people.

So late as 1746, Red Lion Street is shown in Rocque's map, on the same spot as Crosse's Red Lion Brewery two hundred years before. In this will he directs that his body shall be buried in the Lady Chapel of St. Saviour's. A John Crosse, probably his son, is in 1552 appointed to oversee, as to certain church property of St. Saviour's forfeited to the Crown.

A few more pioneers of the trade are worthy of mention. We have in 1580 John Smythe, like the Nicholsons, of Montague Close; not a small man of his craft, as he takes some twenty-two tokens for the sacrament, each token implying a member of his family or a servant of the age of sixteen years and upwards.

In 1598 Mr. Ironmonger, a leading vestryman of St. Saviour's, was appointed with some others to appear before the Privy Council, and present a petition from the vestry setting forth the abominations of the playhouses of the Bankside, and praying for the suppression of them. The Ironmongers were people of property in St. Saviour's parish. Nigh to Bank End was afterwards Ironmonger's Rent. Strange freaks were played with people's names in those phonetic times, when few could spell except as the sound struck the ear. This family name appears as Ironmonger and Iremonger; I have no difficulty in believing that the brewers Monger were of the same stock. In 1634 a return was made by the Wardens of St. Saviour's to the Earl Marshal, as to new houses and old ones divided into tenements. The authorities were extremely anxious to check building, so that it became very difficult for an increasing people to find houseroom. These restrictions, and the overcrowding which resulted,

not only helped to invite the plague, but made it more deadly when it came. In this return the Wardens report a brewhouse and dwelling in tenure of Mr. Monger, estimated at £20 rent by the year, and built about eighteen years before, that is, in 1616, upon an old foundation, situated by the gate of the park of the Bishop of Winchester, described as a certain great field called Southwark Park, by the Cross Bones burial-place, which was at the corner of Redcross Street. The park had been some 70 acres. As we learn from a Bishop's lease of 1704, it belonged to the see, and was attached to the palace, Winchester House extending from it westward. Monger's brewhouse is noticed in 1638, and appears as abutting upon Deadman's Place and Globe Alley. In a sewar presentment of 1640, 'the brewer, Monger of Deadman's Place, is directed to repair a wharf and sewar from Deadman's Place to his brewhouse.' The wharf was the dry pathway or landing-place bounding the sewar, and the sewar was in plain terms a ditch or waterway of more or less size. The river-side was a place of continuous ebbs and flows, and connected with it were these waterways appearing in a bird's-eye view as a network of arteries and veins along the surface. Close at hand the Cordwainers have in Horse Shoe Alley and Maide Lane some property left to them by a generous member of the craft. Referring to this property at the same time with Monger's, 'the jurie of Sewars present the master wardens, assistants, and others of the Companie of Cordwayners of London, to wharfe with piles and boardes the bank of the cross ditch or sewar against their land in Mayde Lane, over

against the waie by the place where the bowling alley lately was ;' and further to illustrate the character of the neighbourhood at the time, there is 'an indictment of 1688 against an owner for not putting posts and rails along Maid Lane, by the ditches as far as Beggars' Hall.' In the Water Poet's amusing story<sup>1</sup> of Fletcher's Feast, from which I shall presently quote, mention is made of a ditch before his door, which further illustrates the actual state of things.

Immediately east of the Cordwainers' land, close to the spot now known as Bank End, was another brewery, the Vine, upon ground once belonging to the gild of the Blessed Virgin at St. Margaret's. Monger's, the Vine, and the Cordwainers' ground were all either within the space now occupied by Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, or between that and the river. The parish records from the first show this to have been a very favourite spot for the business. At the south-eastern end of the brewery (I apply the words, the Brewery, to the site now occupied by the firm of Barclay and Perkins) was, extending from Counter Lane, afterwards Counter Street, towards the Almshouses of Edward Alleyn at the soap-yard end of Cure's College, another brewery, that of Thomas Malyn, there in 1689. On the same site is shown in a parish map of 1720 Malin's yard, and in Rocque, simply the 'Brewhouse.' In the vestry minutes of 1716 it is represented that 'Thomas Malyn wants to take down the old room where prayers have been usually read and a small house adjoining, belonging to the college, and to

<sup>1</sup> Taylor's Feast at John Fletcher's lodgings in Addison's Rents, by the Bear Garden.



lay the ground into his brewhouse.' They answer, 'He may have a lease of the ground for 61 years at a rent of £4 by the year, he to build at a convenient part of the College yard, at the west end of it, a new chapel and a gateway.'

In 1658 the register shows the deaths of James, Leah, and Samuel Popular, a brewer family. Pople, no doubt one of them, holds the Vine in 1708. Our local historians, Concanen and Morgan, mention other brewers on the Bankside of wide repute, but one by one they apparently disappear, and leave almost alone the great Anchor Brewery to represent them. Aaron's rod has swallowed up all.

In 1698 John Cholmley, brewer, of Morgan's Lane, and Charles Cox of Hay's Wharf, next Mill Lane, were elected Members of Parliament for Southwark; they sat continuously till 1710. A crisis in the affairs of the nation occurred in 1701—people felt a dread of the French King, the Pope, and the Pretender. The City of London and Borough of Southwark had chosen by a great majority two worthy persons, and had given instructions to them, very whiggish instructions, as Macaulay<sup>1</sup> says. In a broadsheet of November 1701, now before me, the deliberate advice of the inhabitants of Southwark is presented to Charles Cox and John Cholmley at the Bridge House Hall, 'not to defer supplies, to be tender of the person of his Majesty (William III.), to endeavour that no indignity be offered to a Prince born for the good of Europe, who has so often and generously exposed his life for the liberty of his country

<sup>1</sup> Oldmixon's *History of England*, p. 249. Macaulay, vol. v. p. 32.

against the common enemy.' 1708.—Our two members are still in favour. The election is the subject of correspondence between two foremost men, Sunderland and Marlborough. 'The campaign,' says Sunderland,<sup>1</sup> 'has begun by the election for Southwark, and one may venture to prophesy a better parliament than the last.' On the death of the brewer Cholmley, Edmund Halsey, also a brewer, and predecessor of Thrale at the Anchor Brewery, was in 1710 declared elected. Southwark had a very lively time over this election. The Marshal of the Bench, with his large following of debtors and others, declares for Halsey, and uses threats to compel votes. One of his Mint prisoners, the well-known Tate (Tate and Brady), hack writer, poet laureate, arranger of plays for Southwark Fair, and paraphrast of the Psalms, wrote the political address for Halsey, who is, however, unseated, and Sir George Matthews is declared duly elected. Halsey the brewer did a great deal of business at the gaols, and in truth Southwark unfortunately had a large minority of its people in gaol and in the rules at this period. These miserables tried to drown sorrow or 'kill time' by drinking. 600 pots of beer were supplied at the Marshalsea on a Sunday afternoon for the purpose—so Howard says in his book on prisons. At the Bench<sup>2</sup> close at hand in the Borough, 500 butts were drawn in a year on the Common Side. In an outbreak, 1771, the prisoners suspecting that the strong beer was unduly weakened, some 50 butts belonging to the Tap were

<sup>1</sup> Hist. MSS. Comm., App., 8th Report, p. 32.

<sup>2</sup> Boyne gives as a token of the gaol tap—

O. ROBERT . STONIER . AT . YE . KINGS . BENCH . IN .

R. SOUTHWARKE . HIS . HALFE . PENY . 1669.

destroyed,<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* by way of impressing the fact upon the authorities. Halsey sells a great deal of beer and is much in favour. Naturally he gives a good word for Acton the gaoler, who is in serious trouble for cruelty to a prisoner, ending in death. The gaols were, in deed and in name, hells.<sup>2</sup> Their condition was at this time drawing the attention of influential personages.

Apropos of the election is the gossip of an amusing meeting at the Horse Shoe, otherwise the 'Sacheverell ale house,' Stone's End, in 1712. 'The question is,' says one, 'shall we vote for Sir George or not? I cannot but say,' he continues, 'that he who brews good drink is a useful member of the commonwealth, for good ale breeds good blood, and good blood breeds good bodies, and good bodies breed good souls, and good souls go to heaven. When I was a lad I went to Margaret's Hill in an election for our borough, when two lawyers and two brewers opposed each other. Some cried, two brewers, some, two lawyers. But my father rode up and said, "Sorry to see you in extremes; keep the golden mean, have one brewer and one lawyer, and you shall have some grains and some brains."' <sup>3</sup> Sir George, a man of experience, and not long since a brewer, was preferred.

<sup>1</sup> Ann. Register.

<sup>2</sup> *The Marshalsea, or Hell in Epitome*, was just then published. 1718.

<sup>3</sup> 'A merry New Year's gift, or the Captain's letter to the Colonel about the late elections in Southwark.' 1712.

## CHAPTER III

### THE ANCHOR BREWERY

HAVING in this irregular way described our earlier brewing trade, and matters connected with it, the leviathan of Southwark breweries alone remains for consideration, and from its notable associations it demands a more particular and lengthened account. THE BREWERY—that title is sufficient in the neighbourhood—was formerly known as Thrale's of Deadman's Place, now with an appearance of finality the Anchor Brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, Park Street, Southwark. Everything favouring, among the rest its proximity to the Thames and to London Bridge, and its position in the midst of friendly people, as I may call the kindly-disposed authorities of St. Saviour's, its growth and prosperity appear not the less stupendous.

The historical associations are in a high degree remarkable; except perhaps the very centres of government and trade, no spot in London might so worthily excite feelings of curiosity and wonder as these few acres, nor, if we were still as superstitious as of old, is there any place to which pilgrims might come with more

fitness from all parts of the English-speaking world. Dr. Johnson, at the sale of the business, vaunted its capabilities in high-flown language. The superstitious old Doctor would doubtless, had he known, have dwelt upon the fact, as an omen of luck, that within the bounds of the brewery had been found the signs of a Roman burial, the remains of a skeleton with a bowl of coins of the lower empire between what once had been the knees—an omen indeed!. The Romans must have been monied people. Over and above the coin for Charon the ferryman, his fare for taking them across to the Elysian fields, or by whatever name they called the home of the hereafter, they usually dropped plenty in with their dead or in their houses. We rarely dig even now a few feet down into our foundations without coming upon some exquisite pottery and coin.

About the time<sup>1</sup> the Globe Playhouse was being built within the now brewery precincts, by the Burbages, who were indeed the first builders of regular playhouses in London, religious reformers—Brownists and others—were holding little meetings in privacy, in widows' houses and in the by places about the Bankside. Shakespeare knew the Brownists, putting into the mouth of one of his characters, 'I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.'<sup>2</sup> South-east within the present limits of the brewery, as nearly as I can judge where the stables now are, was the Dead-man's Place Meeting-house. From this little chapel and its neighbourhood we follow noted names of

<sup>1</sup> 1599-1600.

<sup>2</sup> *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Scene ii.

many who fled for freedom of worship to Holland or to America. Surely a very sacred spot. Incidentally in another way these chapels of two hundred and fifty years ago are worth notice. Their later registers of deaths and baptisms are still preserved at Somerset House (the earlier records having been lost or destroyed). From Deadman's Place there is a book which begins 1st November 1738, evidently a continuation of a previous register, lost, alas! for it would probably have been of great interest to us, knowing what we do of the cruel struggles among these first societies. In this register Guy, who founded the hospital, is curiously but not unnaturally sainted. 1758.—'Mrs. Draper is buried from St. Guy's hospital.' 1770.—'Buried Mr. Cruden, Eslington' (Cruden of the Concordance). 1778.—'Mr. George Clayton.' 1789.—'Richard Harris, St. Saviour's. Æt. 49.' Some remarks worth transcribing are in this case appended. 'There having been a hard frost, so that the Thames was passable and booths were erected thereon. On a sudden thaw a brig broke loose and was carried through London Bridge; her mizen mast brought down some balustrades of the middle arch, and from a too presumptuous curiosity this poor man was killed on the bridge, a stone falling on him.' The register book has a note to this effect, 'The old meeting standing adjoining the burial ground was pulled down in 1788; the congregation removing to their new meeting house in Union St. Borough, Jan. 2, 1788.' A very good ground-plan of the old place and its surroundings is shown in Rocque's map of 1746. A few years since, at the time of the final inclosure within the brewery, I paid

a visit to this spot, and in my mind's eye saw the dust of some of the very first Brownists who were buried here by their chapel, probably at the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century. It continued to be a burial-place for dissenting people even to this century ; long after the removal of chapel and congregation, some disused graves were open and some memorial stones were leaning against the wall. All was being decently buried out of sight. But what wonderful memories and trials are associated with this little spot in Deadman's Place. Here, in the time of the plague of 1603, a great pit referred to in 'the Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie,' was opened for the dead, who were carted to the spot and unceremoniously shot in.

Another, the Globe Meeting-house, Maid Lane, was north-west of the Anchor Brewery. Concerning this, in the register book, apparently in the minister's own hand, is the following curiously particular statement, '1755, Nov. 3. I have been at Globe Alley Meeting, 22 years, 5 months, 2 weeks, and 3 days to this 26 April 1778, in all 420 baptisms, by me Charles Skelton.' The Rev. Charles Skelton died 23d October 1798, aged 73 years. In Deadman's Place there was a headstone to the memory of him, his wife, and five children. A copy of it is given in Wilkinson's *Londina*. The name appears as that of the first pastor of the church of Christ at Salem in New England in 1630. 'Scelton for Christ did leeve his native soile.'<sup>1</sup> Not unlikely, when we consider the

<sup>1</sup> The wonder-working providence of Sion's Saviour, being the relation of the first planting in the yeare 1628.

exodus of known religious people from this neighbourhood, he was even a family connection.

Some time since Mr. Furnivall and I were favoured with permission to inspect some old deeds now at the Brewery, which contain a few important words as to the Globe Playhouse, upon the site and actual foundation of which the Globe Alley Chapel was built. We did find two or three important passages and indications, sufficient, I hope, to encourage the firm, if such has not been already done, to have the deeds and plans thoroughly inspected, so that *everything* bearing upon these points might be written down, making in this way a very important and interesting addition to the archives of the Brewery. The New Shakspeare Society might well obtain permission to publish *every word* and every diagram bearing upon the subject, and so once for all prevent the trouble and annoyance, as it must be, of farther search. In one of the deeds referred to—Sir Mathew Brand<sup>1</sup> to Memprise, 1626—certain messuages conveyed are thus bounded: ‘by the King’s highway called Deadman’s Place on the east; by the brook or common sewer dividing the land from the park of the Bishop of Winchester on the south; by Lombard<sup>2</sup> Garden on the west; and by the alley or way leading to the Globe Playhouse on the north.’ In another deed—1732, Wadsworth to Ralph Thrale—messuages are conveyed ‘fronting

<sup>1</sup> Sir Mathew Brand was the owner of the freehold on which the Globe Playhouse was built; the playhouse was pulled down in 1644, and replaced by tenements.

<sup>2</sup> Land belonging to Humphrey Emerson of St. Saviour’s, occupied by Bartholomew Lambert or Lombard in 1603 for a garden. Associated afterwards with a parish charity, pleasantly known as ‘God’s Providence.’



a certain alley or passage called Globe Alley, in antient times leading from Deadman's Place to the Globe play-house.' Some years after the playhouse had disappeared, the Wadsworths, wealthy people of Globe Alley, built, in 1672, this chapel<sup>1</sup> for their persecuted relative Thomas Wadsworth, the minister ejected from St. Mary, Newington, and from St. Lawrence, Poultney. It is described as a good capacious wooden building, occupying a space of about 2000 square feet, having three large galleries. In 1676-77 Richard Baxter of the *Saint's Rest* occupied the pulpit; his enemies who had persecuted him from place to place suffering him to preach many months in peace, away from Jeffreys and his like. It was very common then for religious people to pour out their feelings in a sort of pious laudatory doggerel; a specimen<sup>2</sup> in favour of Wadsworth will explain what I mean.

'At length by counsel he did come to dwell  
At Peckle-herring, a place known full well;  
But when preached two sermons had at Dead-place,  
His master sent grim death to look him in the face.  
Two sermons he did preach every Lord's Day,  
Each morn in week he did expound and pray;  
Besides he often visited his flock—  
He sought the flock more than he did the fleece.'

The chapel was in use as a Presbyterian meeting until well on in the last century. Sir Harry Trelawney, the head of an old Cornish house, and an eccentric amateur

<sup>1</sup> Named indiscriminately, at first Globe Alley, and then Maid Lane Meeting-house.

<sup>2</sup> Broadsheet. B. M. 29th October 1676. *Memento mori* with death's head, cross bones, shovel, etc., and a lunette at head.

preacher, held forth from this pulpit in 1789. In a contemporary list<sup>1</sup> we have relating to this chapel, 'Globe Alley near the Bear Garden, Presbyterian Independent;' within sight, that is, of the Bear Garden known as the Hope, which had been suppressed, but for a short time was revived.

The general features of the neighbourhood could not have greatly altered in 1746; if so, a fair ground-plan of Globe Alley and its surroundings may be seen in Rocque's realistic map of London and its suburbs. By Acts of Parliament, 26 and 52 George III., a very great, an almost complete change is effected—Globe Alley disappears, the ground in every direction becoming included within the bounds of Thrale's and Barclay's premises.<sup>2</sup> On the south and west the brewery was bounded by Castle Lane, Castle Street, and Castle Court: what this name implies seems to be explained by Salmon in his *Antiquities of Surrey*:<sup>3</sup> he says, 'Where Southwark *Castle* stood, is an office for making vinegar, contrived by the ingenious Mr. Rush, with which he has, by foreign fruit and English manufacture, been able to supply his country without the expence of fetching sauce from abroad. The ground employed in this then great business is computed at about 7 acres.' This statement by Salmon appears well founded, for in 1509 Sir Thomas Brandon gave to Lady Guylford his place in Southwark which he held of the Bishop of Winchester, the same, no doubt, referred to in 1531 as 'Guldeford Castle at Suthwerk, where a com-

<sup>1</sup> List of Conventicles, 1683. 515 L. 18. British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* Acts, published 1812, pp. 4, 32.

<sup>3</sup> 1736, p. 17.

mission of gaol delivery was to be held.'<sup>1</sup> Here, I suppose, we have the origin of the modern Guildford Street and Castle Street. I may remark that Rush was succeeded by Messrs. Arthur and Charles Pott, still represented by their descendants. The Peabody Buildings now occupy a large portion of the ground. It is a curious fact that one Arthur Pott is named in the Token-book of 1600 as of this neighbourhood, *i.e.* of Globe Alley. Another curious fact noticed is that three conspicuous traders were just then three women—in the vinegar trade the widow Rush; in iron, the widow Crawley; in brewing, Lady Parsons. In this century may be also mentioned as successful women of business, the widow Mountain, who kept the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill; the widow Nelson, the Bull Inn, Aldgate; and Miss Fromont, who kept the King's Head, Thatcham—all these three ladies among the largest coach proprietors in the kingdom before the railways, the last notably on the western road.

We see by the map of 1746 how small a place the brewery then was; in 1814 it had enlarged to about six acres, in 1835 to ten acres, in 1875 to probably more than twelve acres, and considering that it is now bounded every way by public roads it is hard to see how it can extend any farther.

But I must retrace my steps a little, and say something of those who made it a brewery, and of those who have succeeded to it. Some good words are due to the proprietors of this princely establishment; no doubt a place with such renowned historical associations must bring a good deal of benevolent trouble upon them—

<sup>1</sup> Letters and Papers. Rolls Publications, s. d.

indeed I have observed as much. Happily they are public-spirited people, so such trouble is perhaps after all a pleasure, and even if it means occasionally some expenditure of time and money, this must be altogether insignificant to the firm of Barclay and Perkins. Those acres are, as it were, of sacred import and interest to the very ends of the English-speaking world—the possession of them involves a sort of duty, I suppose, and indeed is equivalent to a badge of high distinction and honour.

Not long after the disappearance of the noted play-houses, indeed before the Hope had passed away, a good authority<sup>1</sup> tells of one, Child, having a brewery here before Halsey and Thrale and Barclay. A public record<sup>2</sup> of 30th April 1666 appears to confirm and throw light upon Dr. Doran's statement. It is headed, 'The King to the Brewer's Company, and recommends Josiah Child, merchant of London, who has done faithful service in supplying the navy with beer, and has bought a brew-house in Southwark to brew for the household and navy, for admission as a free brother of the same company, for the same fee as the late Timothy Alsop the king's brewer paid,' so that curiously an Alsop appears as a precursor to Barclay and Perkins. It will also appear that a brewery was on the spot before Child came. Josiah Child had extensive dealings as a merchant, he had ships trading to New England and elsewhere, and was a partner with John Shorter who resided on the Bankside, and was, it appears, a friend to John Bunyan. The firm,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Doran, *Notes and Queries*, 16th August 1862.

<sup>2</sup> Cal. Dom., 6 Charles II., 1665, p. 129.

Josiah Child and John Shorter, in 1665<sup>1</sup> supplied the navy with stores, 'masts, yards, bowsprits,' and what not.

I do not know when the brewhouse was first called the Anchor. It is a fair inference, Child being especially an owner of ships and a contractor for the navy, that the sign originated with him. A trade token of the Anchor in this locality is known, issued by Elizabeth Joyne, 'at y<sup>e</sup> anchor in Maide Lane 1667,' but her business was most likely a small affair; and Child's brewery must by this time have been of some considerable extent; certainly this small anchor may have given a hint of the name, and have been absorbed in the brewery; we can only conjecture.

In this Southwark brewery of Child which Dr. Doran calls 'The Anchor,' Edmund Halsey,<sup>2</sup> who had quarrelled with and left his father, a miller of St. Albans, took service as a labourer. He by honesty and hard work, with what we now call 'go' in him, rose to be chief clerk, married his master's only daughter, and succeeded to the business. In 1710 he was elected M.P. for Southwark,

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Shorter was buried in the Lady Chapel, St. Saviour's, with this inscription, 'Here lies Sir John Shorter, Knt., who died Lord Mayor of London, 1688.' The celebrated John Bunyan is said to have been his chaplain, perhaps unofficially. 'He gave a piece of ground to build a house on, and £50 to be improv'd,' for the benefit of Christ Church Parish, Southwark.—Hatton's *New View of London*. See also Corner in *Notes and Queries*, 2d Series, vol. xi., 8th June 1861.

<sup>2</sup> I observe one curious fact which may mean something or nothing. In the Sacramental Token book St. Saviour's, 1634, is this entry, 'John Alsey three tokens,' the very next entry being, 'the Brewhouse four tokens.' Benson, MSS. B. M. Another in the Register St. Saviour's, which may also be of some or no import, burial of 'John Thrale a clarke, Nov. 5, 1669.'

but was unseated; in 1722 he was again elected, this time with another brewer, Meggott of St. Olave's, father of the noted miser Elwes; Halsey continuing to represent Southwark until his death, 23d January 1727-28. The Halseys had but one child. This little Anne Halsey, the brewer's heiress, married Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham, who was the friend of Pope and the creator of the gardens at Stowe. On the death of Halsey, Lord and Lady Cobham inherited the brewery.

Halsey had brought up from Offley in Hertfordshire a poor nephew of his, Ralph Thrale,<sup>1</sup> a good-looking fellow, and as industrious as he was comely. Ralph in course of years became manager of the brewery; he married, and by the marriage seems to have offended his uncle, having indeed obtained the very lady that the uncle would fain have had for his second wife, and so he got nothing at Halsey's death. Thrale having, however, by this time acquired money and much experience, purchased the brewery of the Cobhams, and soon increased the business considerably. At his death it passed to his son Henry Thrale, known more, curiously enough, as Dr. Johnson's friend and benefactor than as the great brewer of Southwark.

I may here incidentally notice the Lades, a family connected by marriage with the Thrales, and in a sinister

<sup>1</sup> Doran, *Notes and Queries*, 3d Series, vol. ii., 16th August 1862. Johnson, who does not mention the relationship, says of the elder Thrale, 'He worked at six shillings a week for twenty years in the great brewery which afterwards was his own.' Blakeway's account (on the authority of the clerk of St. Albans) is that he married a sister of Mr. Halsey. The Thrale family appears to have been of some consideration in the town of St. Albans.

way interesting to students of the past St. Saviour's. They were very busy people there ; Sir John married Ralph Thrale's daughter. They could not have been all bad, but some of these Lades were very bad indeed. The name appears prominently in Guy's will, and one was Member for Southwark in 1713 and 1722. A notorious Lade was chief of the select vestry of St. Saviour's at the time. A petition was presented charging him and his fellows with all sorts of corrupt work, and this was signed by, among others, Edmund Halsey. Most probably the charges were all true, for at the same time that Lade's clique disappeared under pressure of the ecclesiastical court, some very important parish records disappeared also, and have not since been found ; indeed the investigation into past corruption had to be abandoned ; the evidence had apparently been made away with. But for this loss of records from 1628 to 1670, we should probably have known much more of the early brewery, and of other interesting Bankside matters. Miss Burney describes Lady Lade as a showily-dressed woman, tall, six feet high, and on her Dr. Johnson indulges his satirical verse—

‘ With patches, paint, and jewels on,  
Sure Phillis is not twenty-one ;  
But if at night you Phillis see,  
The dame at least is forty-three.’

Her son, the spendthrift Sir John Lade, seems to have brought trouble and disgrace upon every one connected with him.

The business to which Henry Thrale succeeded was a splendid one in esse, and more splendid in posse, al-

though comparing it with that which it has become in the hands of the Barclays, the epithet in relation to the past may seem somewhat of an exaggeration. Henry Thrale was not exactly a good man of business, and was often trying imprudent speculations, which nothing less than the gold mine in Deadman's Place could have carried him through. But for Mr. Perkins, the thrifty superintendent of the brewery, the business might, so to speak, have gone to the dogs, good as it was. At one time there was a debt of £130,000, and more was being borrowed, but through careful management all this, principal and interest, was within nine years paid to the last shilling. Among Thrale's other ventures, in this case, as ministering to the brewery, probably a legitimate one, was the Borough Waterworks, known first as Thrale's, and worked by horses. This was afterwards purchased and carried on by a company; in 1795 there were negotiations with the parish for a new lease of these waterworks, it was urged that the concern was a losing one, and that the place was in rapid decay, the holders could not repair, as the return was but two per cent. The lease was granted, to run from 1795 to 1856, and the rent advanced to £30. In 1822 it seems to be getting more valuable—a new lease for sixty-one years is sought. Thirty-four years of the old lease at £30 being unexpired, the vestry offers the extension at a rent of £70, the lessee to expend £600 on the premises. I have a very racy picture by George Cruikshank referring in caricature fashion to these works. Father Thames is sitting enthroned upon some round structure, 'the source of the Southwark Water Works;' he has a trident in his



hand with dead animals upon the points, and is spilling a filthy liquid from a goblet, sewers are pouring in in all directions, the modern representatives of the 'black ditches' of old time. On a house near is 'Horse Shoe Alley,' and a disgusted spectator is saying, 'What! do they drink that?' the answer being, 'Never mind; any nastiness goes down in the Borough.'

Thrale, who in 1752 had been sheriff of Surrey, was elected Member for Southwark in 1765 on the death of Hume, and again in 1768, heading the poll. 1769 was an eventful time—both the Members being instructed 'to stand by the bulwark of our liberties and to make application for the redress of grievances, shortening parliament, limiting the number of placemen in parliament, and for appointing a standing committee for the purpose of examining public accounts.'<sup>1</sup> Thrale as a matter of course countenanced all the proposals at this meeting. In 1774 he was again elected at the head of the poll. A characteristic of Dr. Johnson was his ready good-humour to people of the lower class. At one of these elections a hatter observing his beaver in a state of decay, seized it with one hand, and clapping him on the back with the other, said, 'Ah! Master Johnson, this is no time to be thinking of hats.'—'No, no, sir,' said the doctor, 'except to throw up in the air and huzza with,' accompanying his words with the true election halloo.<sup>2</sup> And this brings us to the connection between Johnson and the Thrales. Henry Thrale, a man of sense and education, liked intellectual society, in indulging which taste he was

<sup>1</sup> At a large meeting held in the Town Hall. *Ann. Register*, 1769.

<sup>2</sup> Piozzi Anecdotes.

largely helped by his charming little wife. She quite captivated Dr. Johnson, who was introduced by Murphy, a friend of both, at the beginning of 1765.<sup>1</sup> The Thrals and Johnson were soon on terms of perfect intimacy, with great advantage to the health and spirits of the latter, who as long as the husband lived always had with them a second home, where he was surrounded by unwonted comforts; his irregular habits were kept in check and his melancholy diverted by Mrs. Thrale's vivacious talk. Before long a room was set apart for him both in town and at Streatham. Thursday in every week was the day on which the hospitable brewer was in the habit of entertaining his friends at the Southwark mansion. Dr. Thomas Campbell (the Irish doctor, not the Scotchman of that name) gives us a notion of these Southwark dinners. 'First course, soups at head and foot, removed by fish and a saddle of mutton: second course, a fowl they call Galena at head, and a capon larger than some of our Irish turkeys at foot: third course, four different sorts of ices, pineapple, grape, and raspberry: and a fourth. In each remove, there were, I think, fourteen dishes, the two first served in massy plate.'

May 1773 Boswell had left town and does not mention a remarkable dinner given by Thrale at the Brewery. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Baretti were of the party. The table was laid in one of

<sup>1</sup> There have been doubts as to the time of the first acquaintance. Johnson places it in 1765, Mrs. Thrale in her *Anecdotes* says 1764, but these were not written till two years after Johnson's death. In her journal called *Thraliana* she confirms his statement, and fixes the date. Her words are as follows: 'It was on the second Thursday of the month of January 1765, that I first saw Mr. Johnson in a room.'

the new brewing coppers; the principal dish was beef-steaks dressed at the furnace.<sup>1</sup>

1780 was the time of the Gordon Riots<sup>2</sup> when Southwark very notably suffers. Thrale had evidently taken the more just view on behalf of the Catholics, so it was diligently circulated that he was a Papist. The town house at the brewery had been thrice attacked, but was saved by the guards, and by the happy presence of mind of Mr. Perkins. The house threatened with destruction was filled with soldiers, the children, plate, and other valuables having been promptly removed. The obscure little chapel in Crosby Row, Snow Fields, behind the Marshalsea, built by John Wesley,<sup>3</sup> in which I have been always greatly interested, did not quite escape scot free; the cost for damages done in the rioting, as it appears in the accounts, was put down at only 8d. It was in an out-of-the-way corner, but the disturbances reached that corner.

The trouble over, Mrs. Thrale induces her husband to take a fine house in Grosvenor Square. The riots and the soldiers quartered to protect the property had disgusted them with dingy, unfashionable Southwark.<sup>4</sup> Altogether it was too much for Thrale—he very soon died of apoplexy; and truth before everything, this very worthy, sensible man was a little too fond of indulging his appetite, which may perhaps have contributed to the attack.

To retrace our steps a little, the Thrales had many

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Reynolds*, ii. p. 53.

<sup>2</sup> Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge* gives a masterly account of it all.

<sup>3</sup> The same a Sunday School which I attended from 1815-16.

<sup>4</sup> *Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds*.

friends, and a distinguished set they were. Goldsmith, who appears at that hospitable board, had once practised on the Bankside as a doctor, in tarnished second-hand finery, and Reynolds is said to have taken models, notably one for Puck, from the brewery. Among the *habitues* was Topham Beauclerk, according to Wilkes 'shy, sly, and dry,' the husband of a beauty who had been divorced from Lord Bolingbroke on his account. He was commended to Johnson partly by a likeness to Charles II., whose descendant he was, being a grandson of the first Duke of St. Albans. As Lord Macaulay says, 'There were probably never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick,' and they were, I should imagine, matched with a good fifth in Mrs. Thrale. We are most of us more or less familiar with these people and their doings from that most naïve and truthful of all biographers, Boswell. Let those who wish to refresh their memories take a spell at the famous new edition by the Rev. Alexander Napier, now unfortunately taken from us, and by Dr. Birkbeck Hill. Johnson knew the neighbourhood well, and one of the wisest of St. Thomas's Hospital physicians was his friend, and yet he says that 'people live as long in Pepper Alley as on Salisbury Plain,'<sup>1</sup> and further asserts that they are much happier there. The fact is that Johnson was a genuine Londoner; with his defective eyesight it was impossible for him to enjoy the beauties of nature, and he could not imagine pleasure in life without a great deal of commune with his fellowmen. He probably knew nothing of the story of the Harvards,

<sup>1</sup> *Anecdotes*, by Mrs. Piozzi.

when, next door to Pepper Alley as it were, the plague—a fever of filth and bad living—cleared that family out in 1625, and with them a fourth of the people of St. Saviour's parish. However, of course, he was not looking so far back.

But now comes the important day. Thrale is dead, and the brewery is being managed by a somewhat heterogeneous quintet: it must be sold. Mrs. Thrale had told Perkins that if he would find a purchaser she would present his wife with their fine dwelling-house in Southwark and all the furniture;<sup>1</sup> a good bribe, which soon came into the hands of Mr. Perkins. The executors, Mrs. Thrale, Messrs. Cator, Crutchley, Smith, and Dr. Johnson, all of them more or less deficient in the necessary special knowledge, and by no means pulling together, would, one may imagine, soon have wrecked the concern. Dr. Johnson, however, was gifted, where his prejudice did not interfere, with strong common sense; he alone of them all appeared to appreciate rightly the future of the brewery. His delightfully Johnsonese utterance that 'they were not there to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice,' was not, as it appeared to Lord Lucan, mere rhodomontade. The price paid, £135,000, the equivalent of a million now, perhaps, huge as it seems, was not too much; the 32,000 barrels of beer brewed in 1759 and the 500,000 barrels of 1875 tell the story.

The purchaser of the brewery from Thrale's executors was David Barclay, grandson—not son, as Madame

<sup>1</sup> Madame D'Arblay.

D'Arblay says—of the Barclay who wrote the *Apology for the people called in scorn Quakers*; that same Robert who, 'clothed in sackcloth and ashes, walked through the streets of Aberdeen and testified against its people.' The apologist died early, but it says much for the constitutional strength of the parents, that all their seven children were still living fifty years after his death.<sup>1</sup> The first firm known everywhere as Barclay and Perkins consisted then of David Barclay, son of David, the rich City mercer, who entertained three successive kings—the Georges; of his nephew Robert, born in Philadelphia, who married Rachel Gurney; and of Henry Perkins, Thrale's clever manager.

Mrs. Thrale, full, no doubt, of anxiety, went early to town on the day of sale to meet the other executors and Mr. Barclay. 'She told me,' says Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay), 'that if all went well she would wave a white pocket handkerchief out of the coach window,' which she could happily do. The Barclays were indeed wise people. They readily saw how prudent and practical a man Mr. Perkins the manager was, and that to ensure success it was necessary to give him a free hand and the position of partner. So he earned Thrale's house and furniture, and his became the second name in the wonderful firm of Barclay and Perkins. The house, I suppose, was practically the same as that represented in Corner's *Illustrated Manning and Bray's Surrey*,<sup>2</sup> now in the Guildhall Library; it was, I believe,

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* the short account of this remarkable man by Joseph Gurney Bevan. He came of a very ancient family.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. iii. p. 589.

pulled down in 1832. A room<sup>1</sup> over the counting-house was said to have been much used by Dr. Johnson, and on the opposite side of the street was a piece of pleasure-ground, planted with poplars and other trees, where he was in the habit of walking; it was called Palmyra.<sup>2</sup> Before taking leave of the Thrales, I may mention incidentally, for Mrs. Thrale was a Welshwoman, that there was, it was positively said, a Welsh colony connected with the brewery; if so, which is somewhat doubtful, it had been in existence before the Thrales. A certain number of Welshmen are employed there now. For some years, probably since the beginning of the century, a public-house called the 'Welsh Trooper' stood on the Bankside, between Emerson Street and Windsor and Reddin's Wharves. It disappeared quite recently. One use which we hope this book may be put to, is to serve as a budget of hints and starting-points for those who love Southwark sufficiently to add to and elucidate these old memories.

In 1810 a foreign visitor, Louis Simond, describes *inter alia* Barclay's Brewery in these words: 'About 200 men are employed; the stock of liquor is valued at £300,000; the barrels alone used to convey the beer to the customers cost about £80,000; the whole capital amounts to not less than half a million. There is stabling for 100 horses—large fine beasts, capable of much work.' The writer gives an account of the food

<sup>1</sup> Local tradition used to affirm that he here worked at his Dictionary, but of course this was compiled years before he knew the Thrales, in the house still standing on the west side of Gough Square. He may have partly revised it here.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* Concanen and Morgan, *History of St. Saviour's Parish*, p. 231.

and the way the horses are dealt with, and he adds that the business pays to the Excise £400,000 annually.

An episode which I cannot pass, and know hardly how to speak of, is that of the punishment inflicted upon Marshal Haynau on his visit to the brewery, 4th September 1850,—a cruel punishment, no doubt. I cannot, however, at this moment call to mind any other, may I say, untoward event to which the phrase might more fittingly be applied, *vox populi, vox Dei*. It was a case of moral homœopathy, the cure of cruelty by cruelty, or more mildly, that which is known as poetical justice, administered by a mob. The worst of it is that generally the mob—but perhaps we ought not so to call Barclay's employés—is as apt to punish the wrong as the right, and consequently lynch law is not held in repute. It is very probable indeed that here and there one of these administrators of lynch justice and virtuously indignant men did beat their wives sometimes; but that, as some one says, is a purely domestic institution. It has been held in England that you may in reason beat your own wife but not another man's. I have to my horror had occasionally to attend women with face and body mauled by nailed boots; these were almost without exception Irish parish patients in St. George's, Southwark. I mean by all this that Haynau was, alas, not alone in cruelty to women. It appears that the signature of the Marshal in the visitors' book, kept at the brewery, betrayed him. I should like to see among the suggested archives a copy in autotype of this most interesting book. The *Times* of 7th September gives an account of the evidently very savage attack upon this hard old



man, and the *Illustrated London News* of 14th September attempted a pictorial description of it, and of his escape into the George public-house on the Bankside. We are told that the mob rushed after him, but bewildered by the number of doors failed to find him before the arrival of a body of police, by whom 'he was placed in safety in a police galley and rowed to Somerset House, amid shouts and execrations.'

The draymen and the horses at Barclay's were, and I suppose are, fine specimens of their kind; the horses were wonders in size and appearance. The draymen were in my time mostly regular soakers; some more, some less. I attended many of them, notably one gigantic man, for erysipelas, and as it was needful I should know, so as to guide my treatment, how much he took daily, I asked him. 'Why, you see, sir,' said he, 'that I am one of the oldest of the men who go with the drays, and so my journeys are the short ones. I get a little drink at each place (besides what we get at the brewery)—beer and a drop of gin or what not.'—'How much altogether?' I asked. 'About three gallons of beer in the day perhaps, and a little gin now and then besides.' I could scarcely see how he managed to take it all down, but that was what he said. My practical conclusion was, 'Well, to get you over the erysipelas you must go on much the same.' He recovered. I must say the men, so far as the shell was concerned, were often as fine as the horses, but there was a dreamy muddled look about the eyes, and they had a shambling sort of walk. This was many years ago; I practised in Southwark nearly fifty years.

An article in the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* of 20th March 1875, although permeated with strange errors and deficiencies in the early history of the place, contains a great deal of valuable information, among the rest a description of the buildings and brewing operations, from which I shall take the liberty to quote. I may premise that a somewhat minute and illustrated account of machinery and processes of 1841, that is, after the fire, is presented in a number of Knight's *Penny Magazine* for March of that year.

The following particulars are mainly from the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*. 'The ground on which the Anchor Brewery stands is about twelve acres in extent, immediately joining Bankside, and extending from Southwark Bridge and Road to the Cannon Street Railway Bridge, and thence northward through Park Street to New Park Street. Both sides of Park Street are occupied by the brewery buildings, and these are connected by a light suspension bridge. On the north side are extensive ranges of malhouses, and opposite to these, or nearly so, is the principal entrance. Little more than fifty years ago, a great portion of the various ranges of buildings was burned down. This fire gave the much-wanted opportunity of rebuilding in a more substantial and convenient manner. The new premises are for the most part built of iron, stone, and brick.'

The report of this fire, taken from the *Insurance Cyclopædia*<sup>1</sup> of the late much-regretted Cornelius Walford, is as follows: 1832.—'At the fire at Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's Brewery, 22d May, all the premises were

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii. p. 365, etc.

destroyed, with the exception of the Malt lofts, which contained some £60,000 value of Malt. It was reported that the beams on one side of these lofts had caught fire; but that Mr. John Braithwaite, with a gallon of water under his arm, and two pint-pots in his hands, extinguished these early flames, and so kept the fire in check until more efficient help could be brought. At this fire the first steam fire-engine manufactured was brought into play; and it is further stated that beer, from vats containing some 2000 barrels, was poured out for the supply of the engines.'

'Thanks to the good fortune which in days when the clay of London had not yet become far more valuable per square foot than the goldmines of Russia and Brazil—Australia and California were not yet thought of—gave them so extensive an area on which to erect all necessary buildings, Barclay and Perkins, unlike some of their largest rivals, are enabled to be their own maltsters. How great an advantage this is, only a brewer knows; and the malthouses in Park Street are indeed sights to see, and to be followed, from the cranes by which the barley is hoisted from waggons into the building, past the screens where it is cleansed, the cisterns where it is steeped, the couching frames where it is gauged by the exciseman, and the floors where the process of germination is perfected, to the kilns where it is roasted until it receives the required colour, and so on to the bins where it is stored until wanted to be made into beer. In these bins there is storage for a quantity of not less than 15,000 to 20,000 quarters of malt. When required for use, it is passed by somewhat elaborate yet simple

enough machinery to the measuring and crushing rooms, where it is bruised before being sent into the great boxes over the mash tuns. The mash tuns at the Park Street Brewery are capable altogether of mashing about 640 quarters. From these the wort passes into the underbacks, and thence to the coppers, where it is boiled with the hops. And here we may remark in passing, that whatever foundation there may be for unscientific assertions as to the use and abuse of quassia, absinthe, camomile, gentian, and other substitutes for hops, there are no signs of them at Barclay and Perkins's. Here are the hops themselves in evidence, from Bavaria, from Kent, from Farnham, and from Worcestershire, but no trace in all the twelve acres of a substitute. And be it remembered, that in a brewery where the operations are on so gigantic a scale it would be impossible to conceal these things if they were used. But to return. How many barrels can be boiled at one time in the coppers we are almost afraid to calculate; but we are certainly within the mark in placing the united capacity of coppers and pans at 4000 barrels. From the coppers the wort is pumped to the hop backs—mighty vessels these, holding several hundred barrels—and thence to the coolers. From the coolers the wort passes to the refrigerators, and afterwards to the fermenting tuns, when it may for the first time claim a title to the name of beer, though it has yet to be cleansed from the yeast in the squares, which resemble nothing so much as a vast series of swimming-baths, and are calculated to contain something like three-quarters of a million of gallons of beer. From these the beer is conveyed to the racking squares, and

thence, when the process of settling is complete, comes the last stage of the history, the beer being now run into barrels, every one of which is filled full to the bung, fitted with shives, and rolled along the tramroads to the stores ready for delivery. Not quite all of it, however, is thus disposed of; for although the old system of vatting has to a great extent gone out of use, it is by no means entirely abandoned, and in Barclay and Perkins's brewery there are upwards of one hundred and thirty vats, varying in size from about 500 to 4000 barrels each.

‘In an establishment where beer is made on this scale, the stores must be of commensurate capacity. Besides the vats, we see rows after rows of barrels extending for seemingly unlimited distances in the dimly-lighted stores, all of which are filled with beer, and from morning to night are being rolled to the different outlets, where the drays and vans are ever waiting to receive their freight. As soon as one is filled another takes its place, and during the hours of business the delivery goes on unceasingly. In this work are employed the stalwart draymen whose forms are so familiar to all Londoners, and nearly two hundred horses are required to deliver the beer to all parts of London.

‘Another portion of the establishment, which strikes the visitor at once, is the cooperage, through which pass every year about half a million barrels. All these are made, repaired, cleaned, and examined in the yard, under competent superintendence. It is difficult to realise what half a million barrels really mean, so, by way of illustration, let us say that if placed side by side, bilge to bilge, they would extend from the brewery to Dover,

thence to Deal, and back again to Park Street, and then leave enough to surround London with a strong rampart of beer. For many generations London water has had the same fame for the manufacture of brown beer that Burton water has obtained for ale. Indeed, it was long supposed ale could not be brewed with London water, but the attempt being made, the theory was soon exploded, to the great disgust of the country brewers. Messrs. Barclay and Perkins have on their premises an artesian well, which has acquired some mysterious reputation with numerous people as being the source of the peculiar excellence of their stout and porter. This, however, is not the case. The water from the well is used for all purposes except brewing, the beer itself being actually made with the best water in the world for the purpose—that of the Thames, from which river it is drawn at a spot twenty miles above London Bridge.

‘Much now, did space afford, might be said of the vastness, the resources, and the commercial splendour of the Anchor Brewery, but already more than enough has been written to prove that while the nation at large may well be proud of the enterprise of this magnificent association of private traders, the Licensed Victuallers of London, so large a proportion of whom are in personal relations with the house, have every reason to be proud of their share in the prosperity and well-doing of the great firm of BARCLAY AND PERKINS.’

Among our pictorial illustrations is the Anchor, at Bankend, not, as far as we can judge, older than the middle of the last century, but so near the brewery as to be probably one of the recognised taps. In a house of

this immediate neighbourhood Pepys saw the great City fire of 1666. 'When we could endure no more upon the water,' he says, 'we went to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners, and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as



ANCHOR PUBLIC-HOUSE.

far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fair flame of an ordinary fire.' It is impossible to say what alehouse this was, but as opposite the Three Cranes, the site of the Anchor, or of the George hard by, would be a sufficiently exact guess. This corner is sometimes very busy indeed ; see the multitude of stalwart porters landing malt from the barges for the brewery, keeping up the

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large supply necessary for the stores there, which contain say from 16,000 to 20,000 quarters at once. This process would be much the same as that employed at Fresh Wharf for landing oranges. As Pepys might say, it is mighty curious to watch this endless string of men bearing their heavy burdens to the warehouses.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE INNS

ENOUGH has been said of the Southwark brewhouses, let me now devote myself more exclusively to the main subject of our work, the old Southwark Inns. Of these, a few happily still survive, soon, however, to be numbered amongst the things of the past ; the names of others are applied to yards or modern taverns occupying the original sites ; more frequently perhaps all trace of the former conditions has disappeared. Imitating Fynes Moryson, and Taylor the Water Poet, who wrote respectively in 1617 and 1630, I propose to take an imaginary walk among them, and to note as I pass along all that I think worthy of record. This plan admits of divergence into Tooley Street and the regions round about, before visiting the High Street, the head-quarters of Southwark inn life. To begin, then, on the north side of London Bridge. The Ram's Head by the river, next St. Olave's Church, is mentioned in the map of 1542 ; it was an ancient inn and belonged to Sir John Fastolfe, at the last it was devoted to charity or superstition, that masses might be continually said for the soul of the

donor. The Searcher after Claret<sup>1</sup> finds food and sleeping at the Ram's Head, staying not long but hastening 'to the next bush,' the sign of the Leg in Boot. Two seventeenth-century trade tokens of this inn have been found, namely—

*O.* JOHN . HICKS . IN = A ram's head.

*R.* ST . TOOLEYS . STREETE = I . E . H

and,

*O.* THO . BLACKWELL . IN . TOOLY = A ram's head.  $\frac{1}{4}$

*R.* STREET . SOVTHWARKE = T . B . B

In two others, which may or may not belong to this inn, the street is not specified. Here are Taylor's<sup>2</sup> rhymes which he, in his facetious way, makes on each inn as he passes along—

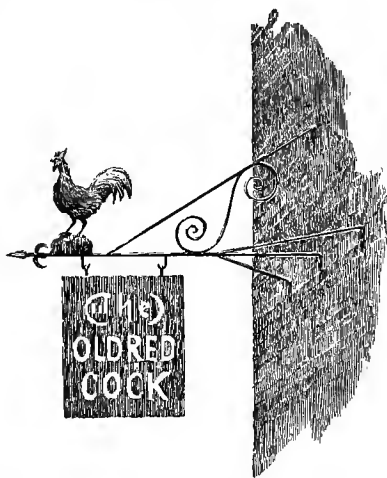
'At Ram or Ram's head be it known to all,  
Are Wines predominant and capitall ;  
To set a Horseman quite beside the Saddle,  
And make a Footman's Pericranium addle.'

A Ram, in the meat market, is in 1634 presented by the wardens for harbouring people during divine service ; but as few inns high or low escaped a presentment, it was not much of a warning. Some other presentments which will be noted in due course may yield instruction and a sad kind of amusement too. Near the Ram's Head, Tooley Street, and also once belonging to Sir John Fastolfe, was a well-known tavern, the 'Cok' or Cock in Mill Lane. It was latterly a noted house for seafaring people, whose vessels, chiefly coasters, came to the wharves at hand, those of Griffin and others. It was a common saying down to my time, in the case of a

<sup>1</sup> Hawkins, 1691.

<sup>2</sup> John Taylor's travels by more than thirty times twelve signs, 1636.

missing mate or captain, 'Oh, he is at the Cock with his jolly companions;' and so it mostly was. In 1620 the Cock belonged to the Copley family. In a money dispute with Copley concerning the inn, the legal instrument was signed at the Church of St. Magnus over the bridge—it being a common custom to sign at the altar of a church, and so add solemnity to the binding act. At the present time there is a modern house in Mill Lane called the Old Red Cock, with a rather good sculptured sign, drawn for this work; it was taken from an older house close to the river, pulled down some years ago.



There had been a fire, but the exact date I do not know. A somewhat old house, the Red Lion and Key, is near. Boyne, p. 452, has a token of it—

*O.* JAMES . TOVCHIN . AT . Y<sup>E</sup> . RED = A lion passant. I . A . T  
*R.* IN . MILL . LANE . 1666 = HIS HALF PENY.

$\frac{1}{2}$

Hard by, in the Maze which had formed part of the garden of the Abbots of Battle, there was, says Stow in 1598, 'an inn called the Flower de Luce, for that the sign is three Flower de Lucas,'<sup>1</sup> evidently a resort for French association and trade. He notes 'other buildings of small tenements thereupon builded, replenished with strangers and others, for the most part poor people.'

<sup>1</sup> From the Royal Arms of France, assumed 1340 by Edward III.; others say, from Earl Digby's Arms, viz. azure, a fleur de lis argent.

Dutch and French refugees and emigrants thronged to the river-side, and as a consequence Bordeaux and Rhenish winehouses were to be found thereabout. The Water Poet tells us that

‘French flowers doth shew there’s good French Wine to sell,  
Which he that tries will find, and like it well.’

In the Royal Charter, 4 Edward VI., granting parcels of land in Southwark to the City, mention is made of the ‘Flower de Luce,’ with other inns which we shall describe in this work; for instance, the ‘Mermaid,’ the ‘Horsehead,’ otherwise the ‘Nag’s Head,’ the ‘White Hart,’ ‘Christopher,’ ‘Crown,’ ‘Blue Mead’ or Maid, and last, not least, the ‘Circot,’ that is, the ‘Tabard.’ It was common for trade to be carried on within the precincts of the larger inns. In 1565, Humphry Royden does his baking business within the Fleur de Lis. I may add that the penny loaf at the time was to weigh fourteen ounces until farther notice. 1634-35 the tenant of the Flower de Luce, Southwark, is to supply diet and provision for the Dean of Canterbury, on his coming to London for audit and other business. The Maze must be imagined, as it is now the railways and warehouses almost cover it all.

A short distance west of the Abbot of Battle’s pleasure-grounds was for centuries the Inn of the Priors of Lewes, ‘lodging,’ as Stow calls it. According to our modern notions lodging is a modest name for a great house built of stone with arched gates, ‘my poor house,’ as the Prior might smilingly say in the manner of the time. Part of this site was at the dissolution occupied by the St. Olave’s School, and part became the Walnut Tree Inn, marked

later by Walnut Tree Alley, so called from a number of walnut trees which stood hereabout.<sup>1</sup> Till the years 1830-32, two beautiful specimens of Anglo-Norman architecture still existed at or near this spot, portions, no doubt, of the ancient dwelling; they were then described by most competent observers, from whom I shall presently quote. Manning and Bray also in their *History of Surrey*, vol. iii. p. 599, published in 1814, allude to these remains, and speak of 'fragments of gates and walls;' and so *ex pede Herculem* we may judge of the whole.

It seems that the De Warrennes, Earls of Surrey, the lords of Old Southwark, had here their manor house, built probably by William, the first earl, who founded the Priory of Lewes, or by his son, and the remains may point to this structure; there are reasons for supposing that the Prior had no lodgings in St. Olave's till later than Earl William's death in 1138.<sup>2</sup> Be this as it may, the property early passed into the hands of the church, and so remained until the dissolution. In 1531, 29 Henry VIII., Michaelmas term, Robert, late Prior of Lewes, levied a fine to the King of all the possessions of the Priory, in which fine the Church of St. Olave, and messuages, gardens, lands, and rents in Southwark, Kater Lane (Carter Lane), comprehending the site of the hostelry, are specified. 16th February following they were granted in fee to Thomas Lord

<sup>1</sup> MS. St. Thomas's Hospital, 9th June 1572. 'Mr. Ware is ordered to survey the gardeyns of Mr. Wylson to se what trespasse he hath comytted by cutting downe of a Walnut tree or other trees there.' Walnut Tree Alley adjoined the hospital.

<sup>2</sup> See the *Graphic Historical Illustrator*, 1834, edited by E. W. Brayley, F.S.A.

Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, the hostelry being valued on the King's survey at £8 yearly.

It appears that on the fall of Essex the hostelry was divided, the Walnut Tree Inn, which occupied its eastern site, coming into the hands of Adam Beeston. Curiously, there is at the Record Office a copy of Thomas Cromwell's will, and in the same inclosure a paper endorsed in pencil, 'a fragment of Cromwell's will,' but probably that of an immediate connection. After certain bequests mentioned in this will the residue is to go to Adam Beeston of St. Olave's, brewer. In 1582, the twenty-fourth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Cuthbert Beeston (probably his son), citizen and girdler of London, died seized of the Walnut Tree Inn, together with its garden and fifteen messuages in the adjoining lane, held of the Queen in chief, and worth yearly £5 : 6 : 8, and he seems to have owned other property, for in some Exchequer proceedings many years afterwards, namely in 1641, mention is made of the Walnut Tree and sixty-five other tenements, 'sometime Cuthbert Beeston's, held in capite by knight's service.' In Cuthbert Beeston's will, dated 1579, is this curious provision, that 'if the gospel is preached as now in the parish of St. Olave, a sermon is to be given quarterly, the preacher to have 5s. ; if not preached as now, which God defend, 20s. to be given to the poor of the parish, or among poor prisoners in the Southwark gaols ; 30s. for bread ; to eight poor maidens, honest and good maidens of St. Olave's, towards their marriage, each 10s.' At his death the Walnut Tree Inn passed to a City company, and to Robert Cursen.

A fine vaulted crypt, destroyed in 1832, doubtless

formed part of this inn; it was drawn and described by Charles Edwin Gwilt, whose paper appears in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxv. He tells us that it was at the south-east end and east side of Carter Lane, about 250 feet south of the body of the Church of St. Olave. It was a vaulted chamber, forming an irregular parallelogram, which averaged about 26 feet by 21, with a plain central column of Anglo-Norman construction; there were traces of windows and a doorway. In the *Graphic Illustrator* for 1834 we are told that it 'was situated beneath some ancient wooden tenements occupied by very poor people, in the place called Walnut Tree Alley.' It was at one time perhaps the cellar of the Walnut Tree Inn. Maitland (1739) says in his day it was used as a cider cellar, and so it continued to be used as late, at any rate, as 1813: what purpose it had originally served can only now be matter of conjecture.

The western portion of the ancient hostelry of the Priors of Lewes had been purchased by the parish as a site for the grammar school,<sup>1</sup> founded in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, which, together with part of the previous building, existed till 1830, when in consequence of the land being required for the approaches to new London Bridge the whole of

<sup>1</sup> Of St. Olave's Grammar School and its surroundings Schnebbelie did a view from the Flemish burial-ground, which touched it on the south, and there is an excellent ground-plan. They are published in Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata* (vol. ii. pp. 66, 67). The school has also been fully described in the *Archæologia*, vols. xxiii. xxv. and xxxviii., by the competent hands of Mr. Gwilt, Mr. Gage, and Mr. Corner, and there are other sources of very pleasant information.

it was destroyed. Here also the Anglo-Norman remains were of considerable importance. They were situated a little more than 150 feet nearly due west of the crypt already described. A very full account of them appears in the *Archæologia*, vol. xxiii., the letterpress being by George Gage, and a series of drawings by the excellent topographical draftsman, J. C. Buckler, a few of whose sketches have been copied for this book. The remains consisted of two stories; above were traces of what was supposed to have been the old hall of the Prior's house, which had been converted into the schoolroom,<sup>1</sup> the original walls being retained to a height of ten or eleven feet in places, with new work grafted on to the old. Below was another vaulted chamber or crypt, which had been used as a wine cellar of the neighbouring King's Head Tavern. It formed a parallelogram forty feet three inches in length, sixteen feet broad, and fourteen feet three inches high, the vaulted roof being supported by arches springing from six semicircular pillars attached to the side walls. The entrance was by an elliptical arch; it had five semicircular-headed windows, and a porch nineteen feet long; there was no fireplace and no internal communication with the upper story. It was so arranged as to guard against river floods, which, from imperfect embankments, were not uncommon hereabout,<sup>2</sup> the entry

<sup>1</sup> When the schoolroom was taken down in 1830, under the floor a small brass coin of Constantius was found, and several seventeenth-century trade tokens, one issued from the Bear hard by.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Bermondsey Annals*, in Stow and elsewhere, there is frequent mention of floods; e.g. 1208, Bermondsey overflowed; 1242, floods, drowning houses and fields; 1555, people travelling by boats from Newington to St. George's. As we even nowadays know something of this sort of thing, what must it have been when houses were built some ten feet



steps of the porch being at a level above the floor of the vaulted chamber. A few Roman tiles had been worked into the building. Mr. Gage speaks of 'the plain unmixed character of the circular style in the crypt,' as showing what a very early specimen of architecture it was; he thinks that it had been used as an inferior hall to the hostelry. There is also a description with plan in Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*, 1817 (vol. i. p. 139), which does not tally in all respects with that of Gage, and is certainly less authoritative. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1830, says that 'this ancient vaulting was unknown to the possessors of the upper part of its site, and was occupied for a century by persons who had casually broken in from an adjacent souterrain.' It also speaks of an underground passage from the crypt in the direction of St. Saviour's Church. The school, with the upper part of this ancient building incorporated in it, was at the south end of Church Alley; the 'Smits Alle' of the Record Office map of 1542.

Let us now return to Walnut Tree Lane, a short distance east. The names of Carter Lane and Walnut Tree Lane or Alley seem to have been used indiscriminately. It has been shown that in 1531 the place is called Kater Lane; in 1629<sup>1</sup> we find 'Walnut Tree Lane otherwise Carter Lane.' Again, 'Lying without the gate of the Walnut Tree in Walnut Tree Lane.' In 1688 mention is made of tenements, yards, and gardens at the back of below the present surface, and when we find a landing or jetty from the Thames some feet below even that? The embankment, however, was carefully watched. An engraving in possession of the Society of Antiquaries, *temp.* Edward VI., rudely shows a very high river wall in Southwark.

<sup>1</sup> App., 38th Report, Dept. of Public Records.

the Walnut Tree Inn, extending from the Hospital wall to the Pelican behind the Walnut Tree. I note this on account of an interesting fact: the property 'was purchased by Caleb Lovejoy, who was waggoner to Oliver Cromwell, in the time of the rebellion, and he instantly ejected some of the King's tenants.'<sup>1</sup> In Rocque's map, copied for this work, the lane appears as Walnut Tree Alley; in Horwood at the end of last century it is Carter Lane. Here for a time was Carter Lane Chapel, built 1789, with the largest Baptist congregation in London. Two men, Rippon and Gill, were the ministers for nearly one hundred years. After its demolition for the new London Bridge approaches, the congregation met in new Park Street Chapel, after that at the Surrey Gardens, and lastly at the Tabernacle. In 1854 the old pastor was succeeded by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; it would be impertinent in me to praise one of the most useful men that ever entered a pulpit. The mean little chapel in Carter Lane is represented now by that very important building, the Metropolitan<sup>2</sup> Tabernacle at Newington. In imagination we may recall the Conqueror visiting his step-daughter at the house of her husband the Earl de Warrenne,—the inn of the Priors of Lewes, the grammar school of Queen Elizabeth, and the congregation of Baptists in Carter Lane, all occupying almost exactly the same spot.

The White Horse, in the High Street, near the corner

<sup>1</sup> Exchequer Depositions, 3 and 4 James II., Public Record Office.

<sup>2</sup> See *The Metropolitan Tabernacle*, by C. H. Spurgeon, 1876. Price one shilling. Illustrated. Mr. Spurgeon says of the old chapel, 'We trust the building was not so ugly as our drawing; it was taken from a model in the possession of one of our members.'

of Tooley Street and the Bridge Gate, is noted in a will of 1429: 'Robert Mokkyng, citizen and vintner, constitutes Thomas Rolf, William Daventry, Robert Aubury and Thomas Cok, feoffees of his messuages in Southwark, to wit an inn or tenement called the White Horse, a tenement called the Castle and others.'<sup>1</sup>

There is a very impossible tale which concerns the White Horse, purporting to be from the *Bristol Gazette*, 22d June 1786, and discussed in *Notes and Queries*, 6th Series, vol. iv. This is the legend: 'On Saturday last, as Messrs. Wilcox & Co. of St. Saviour's, Southwark, were digging for the foundation of new houses, the workmen discovered a marble slab, 7 ft. by  $5\frac{1}{2}$  ft., covering a subterranean passage hewn out of the solid rock. By the aid of lamps, Mr. Wilcox and several gentlemen proceeded 196 yards, which ended in a circular compartment  $25\frac{1}{2}$  yards diameter and 12 feet perpendicular supported by two veined marble pillars of Tuscan order. Along the passage on both sides, 6 feet apart, are niches with figures in white marble, in compartments of veined marble, of popish saints habited in their religious habiliments, with crucifixes, beads, etc.; the amphitheatre has six niches filled with relics. Gold and silver coins of Julius Cæsar were also found. At the farther end was an enormous toad, weighing 11 lbs. 9 oz., size of a full-grown capon, found alive, but died in less than an hour when brought to the air. It is kept in spirits.' I remarked in an after number of *Notes and Queries* that crypts were not rare in Southwark, notably at inns, no doubt from the need of dry substantial founda-

<sup>1</sup> Corner, *Surrey Arch. Col.*, vol. i. p. 194.

tions in a swampy soil, and of extensive cellarage; we shall notice one or two in the course of our wanderings. In early times subterranean passages of great length are also said to have existed, like that mentioned a few pages back. Their existence would give rise no doubt to imaginative stories such as the above.

The White Horse had its principal opening into Borough High Street, and another into Church Alley. As a place of business it is noticed in the *History of Horsham*—‘the carrier from that place lieth at the White Horse in Southwark;’ this is early, but I have not the date. 1728.—New View of London, the carrier for ‘Eaton Bridge’ (Edenbridge) is at the White Horse; the business seems to have outgrown the premises, as Rocque shows the stables on the west side of High Street, next the Greyhound. 1719.—White Horse Court and yard, containing twelve messuages or tenements, which include the King’s Head Taverne<sup>1</sup> at the upper end of said court, and known as the Hestor estate, are for sale; the rent of the whole appears to be about £150 per annum. An Act of Parliament is required for the purposes of this sale, the owner-in-chief being a lunatic.<sup>2</sup> Hestor yard is occupied by a sugar-baker, so Strype says, Edition 1720. Among northern peoples the white horse, or rather the horse, was an especially honoured emblem, which, so the legend tells us, accompanied Hengist and the invaders of Kent. The White Horse is still the symbol of Kent, and the words ‘White Horse East Kent’

<sup>1</sup> The house mentioned a few pages back. It is called in Wilkinson’s *Londina Illustrata* ‘Southwark House, formerly the King’s Head Tavern.’ Not to be confused with the King’s Head in High Street.

<sup>2</sup> London Library, *Tracts*, vi. p. 356.

form a favourite stamp upon hop pockets from that part. A view of the court drawn by J. C. Buckler early in the century is in the Guildhall Collection; George Scharf



CHEQUER YARD.

senior also shows the High Street entrance in his drawing of the approaches to London Bridge, 1830. A new White Horse Inn is marked in Horwood's map of the end of last century, not far from St. George's Church, the site apparently now occupied by Leyton's Grove.

Immediately south of White Horse Court, on the east side of the High Street, we come to Chequer Alley, opening into the High Street, about which I shall have a good deal to say. And first I think the origin of the sign may with profit be discussed. It is a remarkable coincidence that ancient Roman wine-shops used the chequers; specimens have been disclosed at Pompeii, but one hardly sees how the modern sign could have descended to us from classical times. Dr. Lardner in his *Treatise on Arithmetic*, p. 44, gives the following account of its origin in England. I shall quote his words: 'During the middle ages it was usual for merchants, accountants and judges who arranged matters of revenue, to appear on a covered "banc" (from the Saxon word meaning seat, hence our bank). Before them was placed a flat surface covered by a black cloth, divided by parallel lines into perpendicular columns, these again transversely, by lines crossing the former, so as to separate each column into squares. This table was called an exchequer, from its resemblance to a chess-board, and the calculations were made by counters placed on its several divisions (something after the manner of the Roman *abacus*). A money-changer's office was generally indicated by a sign of the chequered board suspended. This sign afterwards came to indicate an inn or house of entertainment, probably from the circumstance of the innkeeper also following the trade of moneychanger, a coincidence which is still very common in seaport towns.'<sup>1</sup> In Chelsea and in Aldgate are still instances of the connection referred to—the innkeeper as a lender of money. We must not forget

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vol. x. p. 32.

that at early inns almost every kind of business was transacted ; no doubt among the rest, as clearly coming out of the contact of the wealthy innkeeper with those of his customers who needed help, some money-lending, or we may call it banking, was doubtless carried on. Brand, however, in his *Popular Antiquities* (Bohn's Edition, vol. ii. p. 353), supposes that the chequers were originally intended for a kind of draught-board called tables, showing that the game was played within. Another theory about the origin of the sign is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, September 1794, as follows : ' I think it was the great Earl Warrenne, if not some descendant or heir near him, not beyond the time of Rufus, had an exclusive power of granting licenses to sell beer. That his agents might collect the tax more readily, the door-posts were painted in Chequers, the arms of Warrenne then and to this day.' A stained-glass window, formerly in St. Mary Overy's Church, showed the figure of an Earl de Warrenne, and above, his shield—a shield of chequers. A drawing of it by Nicholas Charles, herald, 1610, is in the British Musuem. Here is a final suggestion ; the reader may take his choice : ' It has been related to me by a very noble personage that in the reign of Philip and Mary, the then Earl of Arundel,' a great Southwark noble and owner, ' had a grant to license public-houses, and part of the armorial bearings of that noble family is a chequered board, wherefore the publican, to show that he had a license, puts out that mark as a part of his sign.'<sup>1</sup> In Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*, chequers appear at the sign of the Bell in Wood Street,

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1793.

a famous old inn; this is an example of the chequers placed as an indication of a tavern, not the sign of the particular tavern on which they appeared. Hood, playing on the word in his inimitable manner, says of Lieutenant Luff, 'the only chequers in his course were at a tavern door.'

The Chequers from similarity of form seem to be connected with the Lattice, which was originally a screen for the otherwise open window, giving ventilation with sufficient privacy. We have 'the Red Lattice in Southwarke, where my hostesse a waterman's widow welcomes thee.'<sup>1</sup> In the *Meeting of Gallants*, 1604, we are told that alehouses were commonly distinguished by red lattices. A manuscript note, by Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, gives the following definition: 'A coloured lattice, usually red, is a tavern or alehouse mark, and may be placed immediately over the door.' He cites from a *City Match*, 1639, as follows: 'A cottage with a chequered portell, called in old time a red lettice, the signal of something that tends to good fellowship.' Marston in the first part of *Antonio and Melida*, 1663, says, 'I am not so well known by my wit as an alehouse by a red lattice.' In Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* we have, 'red lattice phrases,' that is, public-house talk. In *King Henry IV.*, Part II., Falstaff's page, speaking of Bardolph, says, 'A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window.' Ben Jonson's Cob, the water-carrier, dwells at the 'Water Tankard hard by the Green Lattice, and had paid scot and lot these eighteen years.' The following from

<sup>1</sup> Shakerly's *A Fine Companion*, 1633.



Harrison, 1577, shows the construction of the lattice, 'Rifts of oak chequer wise is going out a little, now glass is getting cheaper.' Here is a note as to price: '8th May 1612, Pd. for 5 yards of Lattice for the chapel window at 6d. a yard.' The number of quotations bearing on the subject might be largely increased. I venture to add that Pepys in his day notes 'the synagogue women behind the lattice out of sight,' and so our House of Commons still hides the ladies behind a grille.

But to return to our main subject. Down to the year 1830, when all this neighbourhood was changed at the making of the approaches to New London Bridge, there stood facing the High Street, at the entrance to Chequer Alley, a very handsome double-gabled structure, part of which was latterly called Baxter's Coffee-house, No. 19 Borough High Street; at the back of it was another tenement with remarkable interior decorations. This group of buildings I shall now consider. With regard to them we have a certain amount of early documentary evidence; the more important part of this will be laid before our readers, and afterwards will be given later accounts and traditions. We must remember that the great Southwark fire of 1676 did not extend so far; it is therefore not surprising that these houses should have exhibited signs of a richer antiquity than the inns farther east.

There seems strong reason for supposing that the house in front was originally called the 'Whyte Lyon.' In one respect I have the advantage of Mr. Corner, to whom I look up as one of my masters in Southwark antiquarian lore, as I do also to Mr. Gwilt and to Mr. Halliwell

Phillipps. Corner confused the White Lion Prison, by St. George's Church, with this White Lion next the Flemish burial-ground. The latter is simply described as 'a tenement,' the former was<sup>1</sup> a prison that bore so cruel a reputation in the time of religious persecution, when unhappy Brownists, Quakers, and Romanists were confined within its dreadful precincts. The White Lion we are discussing was part of the plunder of the monastery of St. Mary Overy, and passed to Robert Cursen at the dissolution. Among the records of the Court of Augmentations are the particulars of the grant by King Henry VIII. in 1545, the thirty-sixth year of his reign. 'The Whyte Lyon' is here described as 'situate and being in the parish of the blessed Mary Magdalen in Southwarke, which said tenement on the east part abuts upon the new burying-ground of St. Olave's, and a garden belonging to the late monastery of Lewes, on the west part on the King's highway, on the north part on the sign of the Ball, late pertaining to the hospital of Thomas Becket, on the south part on a tenement belonging to Master Robert Tyrrell.' This gives the position clearly, and would quite apply to the house in question (*vide* map). The burial-place, called the Flemish Ground, existed till taken by the Greenwich Railway Company.

In 1570, Mr. Cure<sup>2</sup> and others have dealings with the governors of St. Thomas's Hospital as to Chequer

<sup>1</sup> So called, says Stow, 'for that the same was (had been) a common hostelry for the receipt of travellers by that sign.'

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Cure, saddler to three monarchs, twice Member of Parliament for Southwark, and a great benefactor to the parish of St. Saviour's; his quaint epitaph, 'Respublica Curæ, semper erat curo,' etc., is in St. Saviour's Church.

Alley, for the benefit, as ultimately appears, of the poor of St. Saviour's. The following entry is from the Minutes of the Governors, 19th May 1572. 'At this courte, Willm. Broker, citizen and merchant taylor, and one of the guv'ners of the free scole of St. Mary Overyes, and H. Hamerton one of the churche wardeyns there, dyd pay unto Mr. Osborne for the interest of a lease of certeyn ten'ts in Cheker Alley the some of IIII<sup>li</sup>.' Mr. Osborne here noted became Sir Edward Osborne, Mayor of London and founder of the Leeds family; the same of whom the apparently true story is told, that he jumped from a window of his master's house on London Bridge and saved his child, a daughter, from drowning, and when she grew to be a woman married her. Two or three seventeenth-century trade tokens of the Chequers have been found, issued probably from here, but we cannot now find out what house used the sign. A specimen which we have had drawn reads thus—

*O.* AT . THE . CHECKER . IN = A chequered square.

$\frac{1}{4}$

*R.* SOWTHWARKE . 1651 = I . I . R

In Strype's *Stow*, 1720, Chequer Alley is described as 'small but pretty well built and inhabited.' It was a boundary of the parish of St. Saviour's, as was shown by a map in the vestry.



I will now say something about the decorated building inside the court, which may have formed part of the original White Lion. This house was for a long time known as the Three Brushes or Holy Water Sprinklers. In a deed of 1585 one Blaze and his wife of the Branch

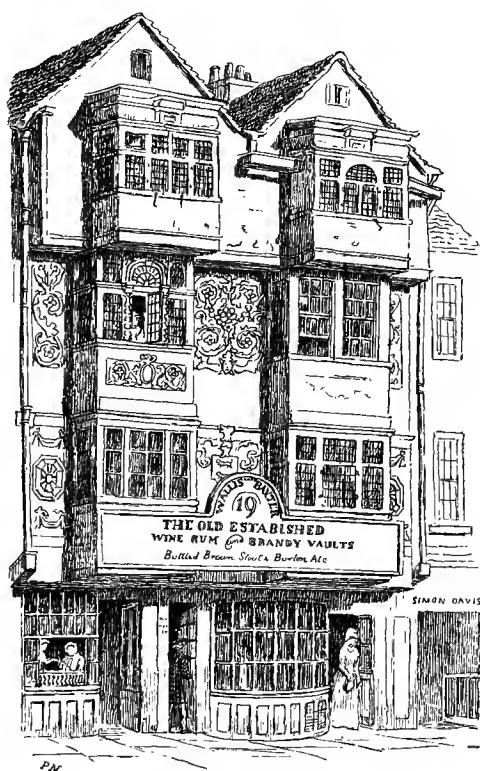
family, and Thomas Bromfyld of St. Saviour's, Southwark, have to do with 'a large tenement the Holey Water Sprinckle, in the tenure of Thomas Bromfyld.' Religious signs were often changed to secular ones at the time of the Reformation; however, the sign in question was retained, in leases at any rate, till late in the eighteenth century. The house passed from one to another. In 1652 it was conveyed by Thomas Overman to Hugh Lawton; in the will of Nathaniel Lardner, 1767, a moiety of the 'Three Brushes or Sprinklers' is left to his niece, Mary Lister, and the other moiety to the daughters of his nephew, Nathaniel Neal. In a plan attached to a lease, dated 1767, the house is called the 'Crown.' In 1783 the premises are described as 'All those two several messuages or tenements, formerly one messuage or tenement and afterwards three, situate in the parish of Saint Saviour, Southwark, heretofore called or known by the name or sign of 'The Holy Water Sprinklers' or the 'Three Brushes;' theretofore, in the several tenures or occupations of Henry Thrale, Esquire, Josiah Monnery, and John Hargreaves, but then in the occupation of the said Josiah Monnery and Joseph Prince. This may indicate that the sign at one time applied to the whole group of buildings; not only to the tenement at the back. A trade token exists which has the following inscription—

*O.* ROB . THORNTON . HABERDASHR = HIS HALFE PENNY. R . E . T

*R.* NEXT . THE . THREE . BRVSHES = IN SOVTHWARKE. 1667.  $\frac{1}{2}$

Burn, in a note to the Beaufoy Catalogue, says, 'The Three Brushes was a tavern of some notoriety. In one of the many disgraceful prosecutions under the papistical

reign of King James the Second, Bellamy, mine host of the Three Brushes, figured most contemptibly as a witness for the Crown, on the trial of the Rev. Samuel Johnson at Westminster Hall, on Monday, 21st June 1686.'



BAXTER'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

Competent authorities have sketched these houses in their later days both with pen and pencil, and have recorded their opinions concerning them. John Carter, one of the men who revived Gothic architecture, made, in 1767, a careful drawing of No. 19 Borough High

Street, known afterwards as Baxter's Coffee-house, and wrote underneath it, 'Ornaments carved in stucco in the front of a house built about Queen Elizabeth's time, near London Bridge.' George Scharf senior makes a bolder assertion. He accompanies a fine pencil drawing copied for our book with these words, 'The remains of Queen Elizabeth's palace, High Street, Borough.' John Timbs in his *Autobiography* says, but without giving any authority, 'In 1830 were removed houses of the time of Henry VII., with bay windows and picturesque plaster decorations, one said to have been the abode of Queen Anne Boleyn.' Again, in W. Taylor's *Annals of St. Mary Overy*, 1833, p. 134, is an illustration of the building in question, drawn a few days previous to its destruction in August 1830. He speaks of it as a good specimen of Elizabethan work latterly divided into two houses, and adds, 'I am inclined to think that they only formed a part of some more spacious building; adjacent to them are premises yet standing, which, I have no doubt, once communicated with them. The apartments here have an air of grandeur, one room in particular being in high preservation, having oak pilasters and panelling, with a lofty and rich fireplace, but partly modernised. The ceiling is particularly fine, being divided into numerous beautiful compartments. In the centre is the arms of England in a lozenge-shaped shield, with the initials E. R.' George Corner, at a meeting of the Surrey Archæological Society, exhibited drawings made by E. Hassell in 1830 of the very handsome interior. He describes this building at the back, which we presume to be

the Holy Water Sprinklers, as situated 'in a small court between Baxter's Coffee-house and the house of the late Mr. Josiah Monnery, hosier and glover, and at the rear of the latter,' and says, 'It was occupied by Mr. Solomon Davies, a tobacconist, for some time during the progress of the new street to London Bridge.'

From the descriptions I have quoted it seems clear that the decorations of the interior at the back were Elizabethan. On the other hand, in spite of the opinions expressed by Carter and others, the frontage facing the High Street appears to have been of later date. J. T. Smith, in his *Ancient Topography of London*, 1810, p. 61, shows a house of oak and plaster, identical in style, which then stood in London Wall; and asserts that in the early days of the marriage of Charles I. to Henrietta Maria, eminent artists were doing foliated<sup>1</sup> work of this description in France, and that, as was natural, we at the time imitated French fashions here. This opinion is supported by the distinguished architect, Mr. G. H. Birch, who considers the date of the external decorations of Baxter's Coffee-house to be about 1630. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1808, p. 177, has the following: 'In Borough High Street, 19 and 20, is a house, the front richly carved with ornaments, a coat of arms and a crest; and till the front was repaired, various other devices—a castle besieged,' etc. So the views that have come down to us do not represent the frontage quite as it originally was.

A somewhat trustworthy gossip of 1815—the writer

<sup>1</sup> None of this external decorative work now exists in London; some interesting specimens are still to be seen in Fore Street, Hertford.

of the *Epicure's Almanack*—shows, among some good common truths, how much may be built upon a little. 'The department of cookery at Baxter's,' it says, 'is deemed inferior to ministering to the thirst of the customers, the carving-knife yields precedence to the corkscrew;' further, 'The house is interesting on account of its antiquity. It is part of a palace where Henry the Eighth—that king of English gourmands—once held his court. It is decorated externally with remains of royal insignia. Some of the rooms now occupied by a hop merchant have ceilings richly embossed with the arms of the royal Harry. It is said (how much "it is said" has to answer for!) that from this palace the portly monarch took a trip to Bermondsey Fair<sup>1</sup> along with the Cardinal, and there fell in love with Anna Bullen, who appeared there in her gayest, by appointment of the holy Cardinal and chief minister himself.' And yet there may be some foundation of truth even in this. I have note of such a visit to Charlton Fair, and an entry of small sums paid to some clowns who rendered help to the King and Cardinal in their sports at this fair. I would also point to the great printing press of James Nicholson hard by, in the house adjoining St. Thomas's Hospital, which, no doubt, drew to Southwark one time or another very eminent people. A Bible printed here in 1535-36, by license of Henry VIII.—the first English Bible printed in England—was originally dedicated to Anne Boleyn, and when the King had violently disposed

<sup>1</sup> Southwark Fair was at hand. Charlton Fair, some way off, was, I think, the veritable Bermondsey Fair, Charlton having been attached to Bermondsey Abbey.



of her, to her successor Queen Jane. I may now pass on, but must remark that not one word too much has been said about this beautiful relic. Oh that it could have been preserved! Mr. Birch, however, gave us a reproduction of it in his old London Street of the Exhibitions.

A Magpie appears in a document of the last century;<sup>1</sup> it was probably one of the many changing names of these or immediately adjoining premises. It passed to the hospital in the bridge approach changes of 1832, the Magpie and its connections, bounded east by the Flemish burial-ground and behind the then Nos. 17 to 24 of the High Street,<sup>2</sup> for a sum of £6600.

Opposite, in recent times, was the Leopard Coffee-house. The name is introduced for the sake of the following particulars: 'Profits of Coffee-house in 1829. At the hearing of what compensation should be allowed to Mr. Clarke, the keeper of the Leopard Coffee-house in High Street, in the Borough, the premises of which are about to be pulled down, in consequence of the improvements to be made in the vicinity of London Bridge, the following statement, showing the profits on the articles consumed, was put forth on behalf of the proprietor:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
A quatern loaf at . . . . .	0	9	Cuts up into 13 rounds of		
Butter . . . . .	0	6	toast, at 3d. each . . . . .	3	3
			Leaving a profit of 2s. on		
	1	3	1s. 3d.		

<sup>1</sup> Gardner Collection.

<sup>2</sup> *Report of Charities*, p. 634. 1840. To those who have memory of the neighbourhood, it will be a help to note that 22 was Monnery's, 24 Prestwich's, 25 Timbs's and Boar's Head Court.

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of coffee, at 1s. 8d.	s.	d.	Out of this quantity 26 cups	s.	d.
per lb.	.	0 5	of coffee are obtained,		
$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sugar, at 6d.	.	0 $4\frac{1}{2}$	at 1d.	2	2
1 pint of milk	.	0 1	Leaving a profit of 1s. $3\frac{1}{2}$ d.		
		—	on 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.		
		0 10 $\frac{1}{2}$			
18 muffins cost	.	1 0	18 muffins buttered, at 2d.	3	0
Butter	.	0 6	Leaving just 100 per cent		
		—	profit.		
		1 6			

‘The sum of £2 : 7 : 2 being laid out in the above articles on Monday, 9th November, produced £4 : 17 : 6. The proprietor shewed his gross receipts during the last year were upwards of £900; deducting from this sum £250 for contingent expences, rent, etc. etc., there remains a clear profit of £650. The case was heard at the Town Hall, before Mr. Serjeant Arabin; £2000 was the sum claimed by Mr. Clarke, and £1105 the compensation awarded by the jury, 15th November 1829.’ The Leopard Coffee-house was rebuilt, and still flourishes.

In the map of 1542, prefixed to my account of old Southwark and its people, in which many Borough Inns appear, the Boar’s Head, although not actually named as others are, is figured next the Ship and Black Swan, immediately north of St. Thomas’s Hospital. In Eastcheap, almost at the same distance from the City end of old London Bridge as this was from the Southwark end, stood the Boar’s Head of Shakespeare’s play. The City Inn looked upon the burying-ground of St. Michael’s Crooked Lane, as this other upon the Flemish burying-ground in Southwark. At the former was laid the scene of the revelries of Prince Hal and his fat friend Sir John Falstaff—the latter was curiously enough the property of

Sir John Fastolfe. In 1602 the Lords of the Council, in a letter to the Lord Mayor, grant permission to the servants of the Earls of Oxford and Worcester to play at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. The Southwark inns also were doubtless so used; the Boar's Head among the rest. Curiously, not far from the Southwark Inn, during the building of a huge wharf and warehouses at the west margin of St. Saviour's Dock a few months ago, I came upon Roman and other relics, some of them as late as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,<sup>1</sup> and, what concerns us most here, a very perfect skull of a young boar—we may presume remains of a feast at the Priory or Winchester House.

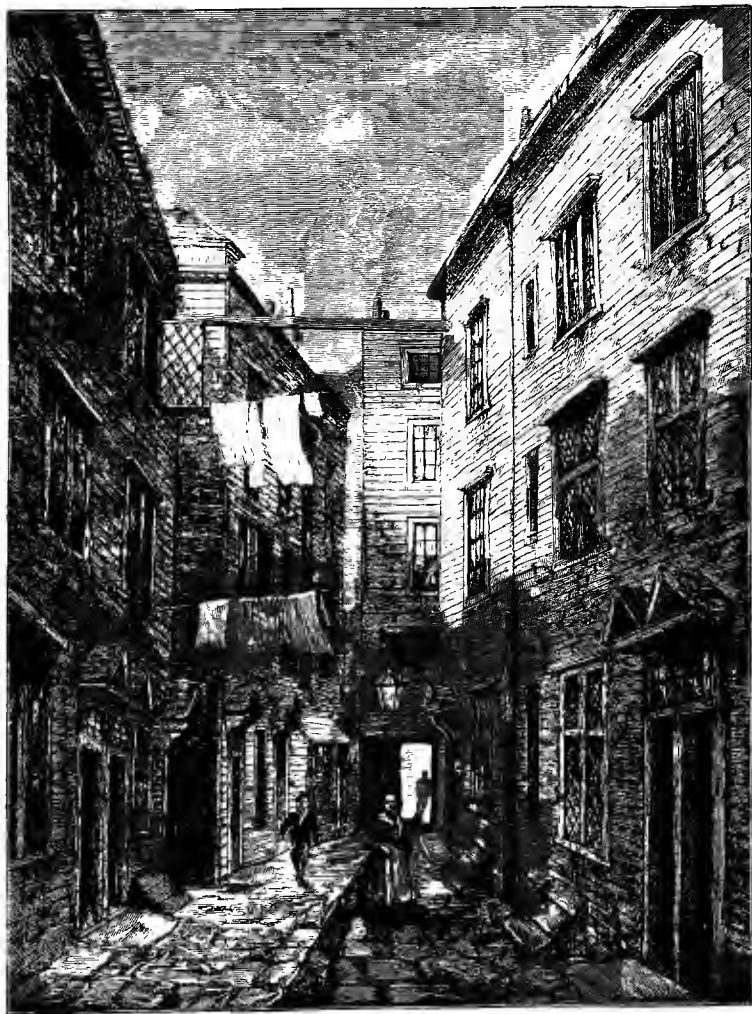
Some interesting particulars about the Southwark Boar's Head have come down to us. In 1459, when it was Fastolfe's property, Henry Wyndesore, one of the Knight's household, craved it.<sup>2</sup> Somewhat anxiously he tells his special good master, John Paston, that it was Sir John's own proposal that he should be host of the Boar's Head, and he asks if that will hold good. He evidently hopes for the best and fears the worst. The Boar's Head in Southwark, and Caldecott Manor in Suffolk, were with much other property among Sir John's benefaction through Waynflete to Magdalen College, Oxford. The following passage bearing on the subject is from an old cartulary of St. Thomas's Hospital, a manuscript volume of the time

<sup>1</sup> Strange to say, there was a seal of Timothy, Patriarch of Constantinople, who flourished in the year 1617; why or how it came into the Dock cannot be said. It is rude, rough, and incorrectly lettered, but is fairly good handiwork, not a cast nor a forgery; so says Mr. Birch of the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> *Paston Letters*, Knight's Edition, vol. i. p. 94.

of Henry VIII., before the dissolution of the monasteries, a most valuable book, once in the Stow Collection, then in that of Lord Ashburnham, and now in the British Museum. 'The President of Magdalen College has a true title to 4s. from the master and brethren of St. Thomas's Hospital, annual quit rent of tenements by the Bore's Head, the gift of William Waynflete, which he and others had of the gift of John Fastolfe, Knight, obtained by long service and course of justice, and which had before that belonged to one Richard Fayrhere.' The bequest does not seem to have turned out as well as might have been expected. In the *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, edited by Dr. Bliss, is the following reference to the property, 2d June 1721. 'The reason why they cannot give so good an account of the benefaction of Sir John Fastolf to Magd. Coll. is because he gave it to the founder and left it to his management, so that 'tis suppos'd 'twas swallowed up in his own estate that he settled upon the college. However, the college knows this, that the Boar's Head in Southwark, which was then an inn, and still retains the name, though divided into several tenements (which brings the college £150 per annum), was part of Sir John's gift.' I shall have more to say about Sir John Fastolfe, but prefer to give an extended notice of him in the account of Jack Cade's doings at the White Hart, with which he was a good deal mixed up. John Timbs, an old inhabitant of Southwark and a diligent antiquary, tells us, that Boar's Head Court was for many years leased to his father, and was by him principally sub-let to weekly tenants. The premises consisted of two rows of tenements, *vis-à-vis*,

and two at the east end with a gallery outside the first floors. The tenements were fronted with strong weather



BOAR'S HEAD COURT.

board, and the balusters of the staircase were of great age. The court entrance was between the houses Nos. 25 and

26 on the east side of High Street and that number of houses from old London Bridge, and beneath the whole extent of the Court was a finely-vaulted cellar, doubtless the wine-cellar of the Boar's Head. A drawing by J. C. Buckler in the Guildhall Library, dated 1827, and one by T. H. Shepherd, copied for this work, agree with the above description.

Let us retrace our steps a little. In the churchwardens' accounts of St. Olave's Churchyard, 1614-15, is this entry, 'Received of John Barlowe that dwelleth at the Boar's Head in Southwark, for suffering the encroachment at the corner of the wall on ye Flemish churchyard one year IIIIs.'<sup>1</sup> A rare brass trade token probably from here has been described—

*O.* AT . THE . BORES . HEAD = A boar's head.      $\frac{1}{4}$

*R.* IN . SOUTHWARKE . 1649 = W . M . B

A specimen was presented by Mr. Halliwell to the British Archæological Association. It has been drawn for this volume. This inn serves as a landmark, indicating the site of a house which I believe to have been the birthplace of John Harvard, a man unknown almost in his own day, but now celebrated. Southwark was at this time all inns, so to speak, and as the innkeepers could not by law or custom provide their own meat, the butchers were as necessary as the inns. There were many Harvards in Southwark, most of them butchers, but some innholders. In Mr. Dollman's work on St.



<sup>1</sup> Corner, *Inns*, pp. 19, 20.

Mary Overy, plate 40, is shown a row of shops exactly opposite to Boar's Head Court, old in style, and it may be untouched by the fire of 1676. They were taken down in 1829 on clearing approaches for the new bridge. A tolerably perfect Tudor arch appears as belonging to this row of shops. After a careful study of our sacramental token-books, I have good reason for concluding that in one of them Robert Harvard, father to John, founder of the Harvard University in the United States, carried on the business of a butcher in 1607, at the time his afterwards famous son was born. For more on the subject see our account of the Queen's Head, p. 206.

In 1720 the Boar's Head had dwindled into a court, 'but small,' says Strype; and soon after, in Rocque (*vide* our map), we observe the insignificant size of Boar's Head Alley as compared with the space allotted to some of the Borough Inns. He shows the court south of Chequer Alley, north of the Ship Inn and of St. Thomas's Hospital, and opposite the north-east end of St. Saviour's Church. The final clearance took place in 1830. The site was afterwards included in the frontage of St. Thomas's Hospital, and is now covered by the railway approaches.

There were in Southwark other inns of the sign of the Boar's Head; one in Counter Street, and one with tenements belonging to Philip Henslowe, on the Bank-side, next the Cardinal's Hat. This was no doubt a rich property; the tenants making a great show of rents—in 1604 about £500 a year at present value. Some of his tenants had to pay capons; for instance, 'Widow Renowlls, one capon at sentandroetyd; goodman Hithen-

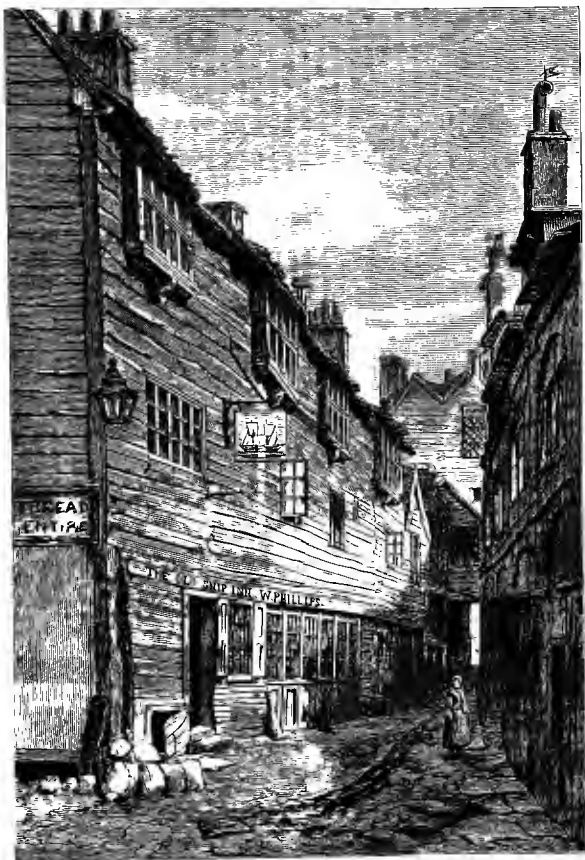
son at Crystmas, two capones; Mr. Mownt at shrafted, two; goodman Pigat, one; goodman Hunte, at Crystmas, two.<sup>1</sup>

The next inn south of the Boar's Head, in the High Street, is the Ship. A great deal of business must have been done here; the premises were very extensive, reaching from the main street almost to the Walnut Tree, parallel with the hospital all the way, and but a little north of it. In the year 1607 James Taylor left by will to the poor of St. Saviour's the sum of £4 payable out of tenements in the Ship Inn. The ship as an heraldic emblem implied the arms of Bristol, 'To the Ship the merchants go.' In 1691 it is facetiously said to be in harbour—possibly for the time unoccupied. In 1720, says Strype, 'higlers were its chief customers.' In 1805 ground east of the Ship, south of Carter Lane otherwise Walnut Tree Alley, was bought by the Hospital. In 1830, at the time the new London Bridge approaches were constructed, the Ship, with its somewhat extensive gateway, waggon-yard, and appurtenances, and an old building used as a slaughter-house, were also conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital for the sum of £5775, all the space being incorporated in the new north wing. The slaughter-house recalls to my memory the fact that one of the noted family of butchers, the Harvards, had possession of the Ship in 1636. Among the wardens' presentments at St. Saviour's, Elizabeth Lawes of the Ship is noted for using evil language to the church-wardens, and refusing to open her doors to them on the Sunday, and worse than that, 'for not living with her

<sup>1</sup> Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 265, 266. 1845.



husband for seven or eight years.' The wardens, as we see, exercised a rigorous control over questions of morality and religious observance. A century later the inn is



OLD SHIP INN.

described as small, and in Kent's London Directory for 1816 I see that a solitary carrier from Carshalton puts up at the Ship. A drawing by Buckler in 1827, copied by Shepherd for the Crace Collection, and again copied

for this work, shows what a shabby though picturesque enclosure it was then. Next, south of the Ship, was the Black Swan, apparently marked in the Record Office map of 1542. Black Swan Alley is described in 1720 as 'small but indifferent built and inhabited.' It appears in Rocque, 1740, but is destroyed before the end of the century.

In the High Street, in 1723, was the Beacon, a public-house so called; its exact position is shown by its removal for the construction of a better gateway to the Hospital. Thomas Guy and another generous governor were just now spending much money in improvements and new wards there. The sign may have had reference to the well-known telegraph tower close at hand, or to a fire beacon; a token of 1655 implies the latter—

O. IAMES . PITMAN . IN = A beacon.  $\frac{1}{4}$

R. SOWTHWARKE . 1655 = I . I . P

I would remark, too, that a considerable part of Tooley Street by the church was, probably so far back as the fifteenth century, known as the Bergheny, apparently from its name derived from Burgh kenning, meaning a watch-tower, which might reasonably be held to imply a beacon.

In the history of St. Thomas's Hospital an interesting old house comes to light. It had belonged to the Gower family, and had been left for the support of three chaplains at St. Thomas's Hospital; an obit, but forfeited by one of them, who was in the Wars of the Roses on the unsuccessful side. This house, the Falcon, appears to have been one of general entertainment, with a specialty towards closheys, *i.e.* skittles. The site was wanted in

1507 on the rebuilding of St. Thomas's Hospital, a rough sketch of which is shown in the map of 1542. The hospital, built in 1228 by Bishop Peter of Winchester, and often repaired, had, in 1507, become much dilapidated, indeed ruinous, so that renewal and enlargement were necessary. Ready at hand, and suitable, was the ground upon which the Falcon stood, between the old hospital and Tooley Street, belonging to John Read, a notary, and others, of which said John Read made a deed of gift to Sir Richard Richardson,<sup>1</sup> master of the hospital. It is thus noticed,<sup>2</sup> 22 Henry VII. : 'expences, purchase of void ground called the Faucon, and afterwards called the Tenys place and Clossh-bane, upon which void ground said Master hath builded the new hospital for poor men.' Skittle alleys, and inns having them attached, often appear in St. Saviour's presentments of the seventeenth century, when the wardens detected the fact that this game was being carried on during Divine service. Bowling and skittles were common amusements in Southwark, the latter down to my time. I note, 1513, the bowling house, next the Mansion House, Paris Garden; that of Horse Shoe Alley in 1634, where an offender is presented for keeping a 'Bowling' on the Sabbath; and, as we see here, a great skittle house occupied part of the site of St. Thomas's Hospital before 1507.

Here let us cross the High Street for a short time.

<sup>1</sup> Sir, as an ecclesiastic, not a knight.

<sup>2</sup> The particulars, and most interesting they are, I gave in my sketch history of St. Thomas's Hospital, compiled from an Ashburnham MS., now in the British Museum, lent me by the Earl, the former owner, for the purposes of my paper read before the Royal Society of Literature in 1882.

A Falcon Inn, once the Pewter-pott-on-the-Hoope, south of the Catherine Wheel, on the west side of the High Street, is noticed in 1561, and stood till the middle of last century; the site is now Adam's Place. A little south of this, close to a less ancient Falcon *Court*, a deep foundation has just now been opened for a new Grapes tavern. About ten or twelve feet below the surface some interesting relics have been found, among them fragments of Samian, Upchurch, and other wares, a hypocaust tile, and a coin of Antoninus. Here was an arch of ancient brickwork, the brick a fine red and hard in texture, the mortar very hard, and apparently Roman. The arch was distinctly pointed, and four-centred, the highest point to the ground about five feet or more, the largest width say eleven to twelve feet. My friend, Mr. Way, an excellent local antiquary, whose zeal cannot be too much commended, saw in the lowest level these pieces of Roman pottery, etc., implying the site of a Roman villa at hand; among later remains was an earthen thrift-box of about the time of Elizabeth. The arch appeared quite high enough for a subway, and



probably served as part of the foundation of Suffolk House, built by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk,<sup>1</sup> for his wife, the King's sister, about 1518,

the pair on whom was written the well-known distich—

<sup>1</sup> We give a seventeenth-century trade token of some Duke's Head tavern as it marks the name. It reads as follows:—

O. RICHARD, BLAKE, TAPSTER = Bust of Duke of Suffolk.

R. IN. SOUTHWARK. 1669 = HIS. HALF. PENY. R. F. B.

‘Cloth of Gold do not thou dispys, though thou be matched  
with Cloth of fries,  
Cloth of friez be not thou too bould, though thou be matched  
with cloth of Gold.’

Probably the remains were not found on the original site of the villa, but being plentiful in the immediate neighbourhood were shovelled in while making the foundation.

Back to our route again, along the east side of the High Street southwards, a very short walk will bring us to the King’s Head. The Romans have left their mark here, as they have in so many parts of Southwark. In 1879 Mr. Way made an important discovery. In an excavation close to the gateway were fragments of Samian and other pottery, large bowls and drinking vessels, having on them designs of animals, foliage, and fruit, also iridescent oyster-shells, portions of sandals, coins of Claudius, a metal cup, and a kind of sword, some twenty-six inches long. These most interesting relics were at a depth of ten or eleven feet below the surface.

In the fifteenth century Sir John Howard seems to have visited most of the inns. 30th November 1466, he paid ‘for wyne at the Kynges Hed in Sothewerke, iii<sup>d</sup>.’ but it could scarcely have been here, for the following reason : this was one of the many inns changing its name at the time of Papal repressions; the Pope’s Head deposed, and the King’s Head set up; as the Cross Keys became the Queen’s Head, the Salutation, *i.e.* of an Angel and our Lady, became the Soldier and Citizen, and so on, much in the French manner of later days,

when so often after a Revolution the names of streets have been passionately changed, as a child in its anger might break a toy. In 1534 the Abbot of Waverley, who we may presume still has his inn hard by, writes, apparently on business, that he will be 'at the *Pope's Head* in Southwark.' This was the very year of the separation of the Church of England from Papal headship. Eight years afterwards our inn is marked in the Record Office map as the 'Kynges Hed.' In some deeds very kindly lent by Mr. G. Eliot Hodgkin, F.S.A., whose family for some generations possessed the property, many interesting points appear. The first, which is in the curious law Latin of the time, is dated 1559. This deed shows John Gresham and John White<sup>1</sup> bargaining for a certain sum of money with Thomas Cure for the inn, 'formerly known as the Popes hed, now as le kynges hed, abutting on the highway called Longe Southwarke.' 1588.—The property passes to the Humbles,<sup>2</sup> and in 1647 to Humble, Lord Ward. I may

<sup>1</sup> John Gresham, Mayor 1547, uncle to the famous Sir Thomas Gresham of the Royal Exchange. John White, Mayor 1563.

<sup>2</sup> A notable monument to one of this family, an alderman, with wives and children depicted in the old way, kneeling parents, and kneeling children in a row, is at St. Saviour's Church in good preservation. 'The figures are interesting specimens of costume of the reign of King James.' It is on this monument that the well-known lines occur, beginning—

'Like to the damask rose you see,'

and ending—

'The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd he consumes, and man he dies.'

Mr. Humble, notwithstanding his name, was very troublesome and abusive; it is entered in the vestry minutes that he, on one occasion, called the churchwardens 'knaves and rascals,' and on another was fined, if not expelled, for a time.

note that one of the tenants at this time was a 'William le pewterer,' showing, as in the case of most old inns of any size, that divers trades were there carried on. The hostelry is under the upper rooms, and provision is made that the many tenants shall have access to the pump and other conveniences at all reasonable times.

Boyne shows a token—

*O. AT. THE. KINGS. HEAD. IN* = Bust of Henry VIII.

$\frac{1}{4}$

*R. SOWTHWARKE. GROCER* = W. P

The King's Head was one of the inns burnt down in the great fire of 1676. In this, as in other instances resulting from the calamity, the superior landlord seems to have shown a strong disposition to take advantage of his tenant; but the widow who held the inn at the time appealed to the Court of Judicature,<sup>1</sup> and happily had redress. The rent had been £66 per annum; it was now settled that the tenant, Mary Duffield, should build a good substantial inn and buildings, and in consideration of her doing this the rent should be £38 instead of £66, and the tenure extended to forty-eight years. We learn from Taylor, that in 1637 the carriers who use the King's Head are 'from Chillington, Westrum, Penborough, Slenge, Wrotham, and other parts.' Elsewhere he says, 'The Tavernes are of mine own finding, and the vintoners my own friends;' it is 'Welcome gentlemen; a crust, and what wine will you drink?' And that you may not be at a loss in the Borough, he commends you to, among

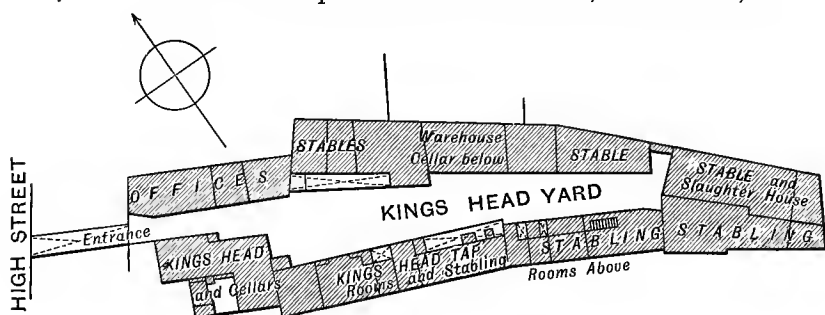


<sup>1</sup> Fire Decrees, 1677. Guildhall.

others, the Harrow; the Horse, near the Bridge; the King's Head; the Salutation, in Bermondsey Street; and to the Mermaid, the Sun, and the Rose. Taylor gives some of his usual quaint advice, referring to the King's Head in Horselydown, but applicable to all the King's Heads; he says—

‘The sight whereof should men to Temperance win;  
To come as sober out, as they went in.’

. 1720.—Our inn is reported as ‘well built, handsome, and



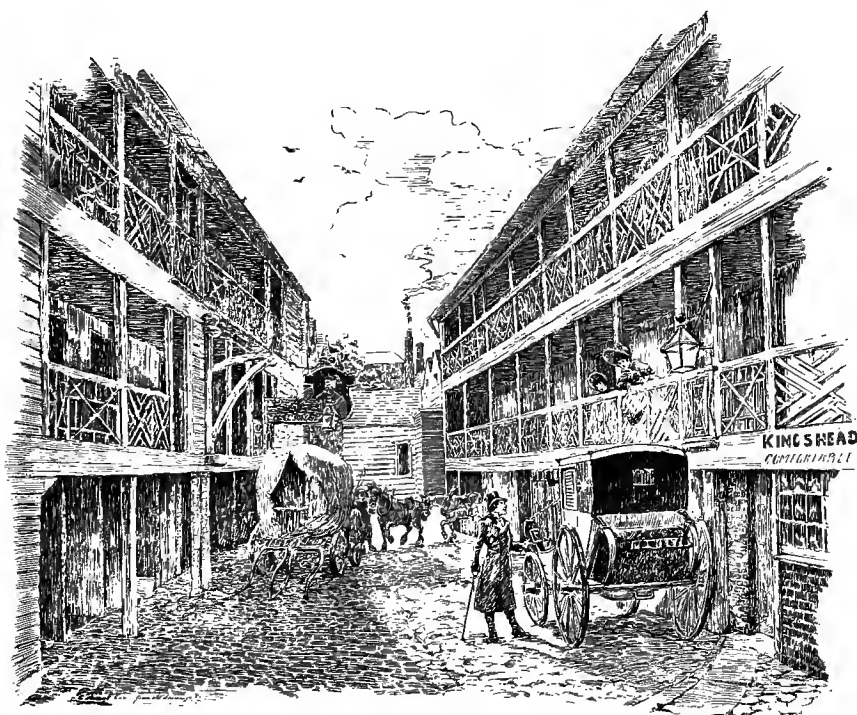
GROUND-PLAN OF THE KING'S HEAD.

enjoying a good trade;’<sup>1</sup> so Mary Duffield forty years before had done her work well. The woodwork of the galleries on both sides of the yard was very picturesque. Mr. John Timbs (*Curiosities of London*, 1875) tells us that within his recollection the sign was a well-painted half length of Henry VIII. Several pictures of the King's Head are known; among others, T. H. Shepherd's for the Crace Collection, probably from Buckler, 1827, and photographs by the Society for photographing Old London, no longer in existence, alas! kept up for some time, it should be said, mainly by the public

<sup>1</sup> Strype, 1740.



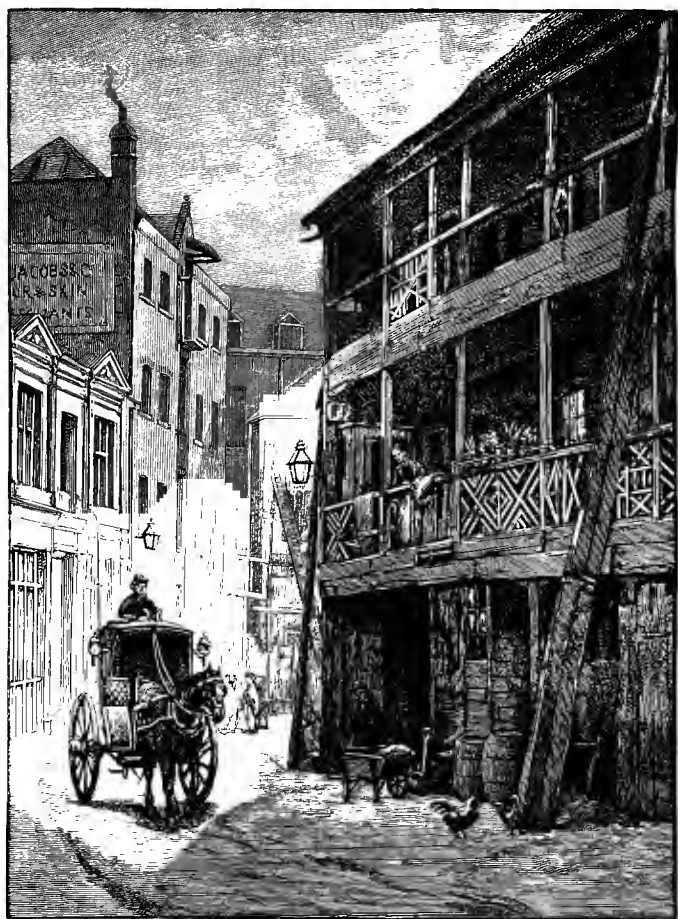
spirit of Mr. Marks. Time will have its way ; the last remains of the east side were pulled down at the beginning of 1885—the only relic secured by Mr. Norman on the occasion was a Queen Elizabeth sixpence. I have also a silver coin of 1601, found at St.



THE KING'S HEAD.

Thomas a Watering, for which, and for other old valuables from below ground in Southwark, I am indebted to Mr. Way. At the last the building was occupied by a widow and her family, who owned among them two hansom cabs, and so far as they were able did also a little carrying business ; so from Jockey of Nor-

folk, nobles, players, and gentlemen of the olden time, we come to the honest hard-working cabman in 1885.



THE LAST OF THE KING'S HEAD.

Mr. Norman's affection for these old remains has led to the production for this work of two illustrations which show very completely what the building erected by Mary Duffield after the fire was like. The story may be closed

with this announcement, that in August 1876, the freehold property known as the King's Head Inn, with an area of about 35,000 feet, had been sold, it is said for a large sum, and that a modern tavern at the entrance to the yard preserves the name.

Other King's Heads have appeared or disappeared in Southwark, one on the west side of Gravel Lane, noted for nothing in particular, one by White Horse Court, nearer London Bridge, which is referred to under that head. There was also a King's Head between St. George's Church and the old Marshalsea, which about the beginning of last century, as the *Vade Mecum* for Maltworms states, was 'kept by one-eyed Robert and his very good-natured hopping wife,' a picture that might be drawn for an edition of some 'Droll' acted at Southwark Fair, within the limits of which Fair this King's Head was. An interesting seventeenth-century trade token, with a capital likeness of Charles II., has just been found and is now in the British Museum; it is heart-shaped, and reads thus—

O. JOHN . THORPE . BLACKMAN = The King's head in profile to left and  
three hats.  $\frac{1}{2}$

R. STREET . IN . SOVTHWARK . HIS . HALF . PENY = J . M . T.

Thorpe probably carried on business within the precincts of the King's Head, his sign being 'the three hats.' There is also an unpublished trade token of a King's Head, Glean Alley, in the Collection of Mr. Unwin Clarke, and another from Tooley Street.

## CHAPTER V

### THE WHITE HART, GEORGE, AND SOUTHWARK FIRE OF 1676

WE are in the High Street of Southwark, and, as appears from Rocque's map, in the midst of a cluster of remarkable inns, each with almost a history of its own. In one of our views of the White Hart, date 1884, looking west from the inner yard, we see to the right or north a gabled building—it is the back part of the remains of the King's Head, now toward demolition; the historic old inn is in ruins; the two were next-door neighbours. Although so close to the Pope's Head, the White Hart never appeared under an ecclesiastical sign, it was always the White Hart, the badge of Richard II.,<sup>1</sup> borrowed from his mother, Joanna of Kent. Richard was the friend of Gower, who lived and died at the Priory of St. Mary Overy, close at hand; owing to the King's desire it was that Gower composed his wonderful, if crabbed, *Confessio*

<sup>1</sup> The great northern entrance of Westminster Abbey, known as Solomon's Porch, was rebuilt in his time, and once contained his well-known badge of the White Hart, 'which still remains, of colossal proportion painted on the fragile partition which shuts off the Muniment Room from the southern triforium of the nave.'—*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, by Dean Stanley.

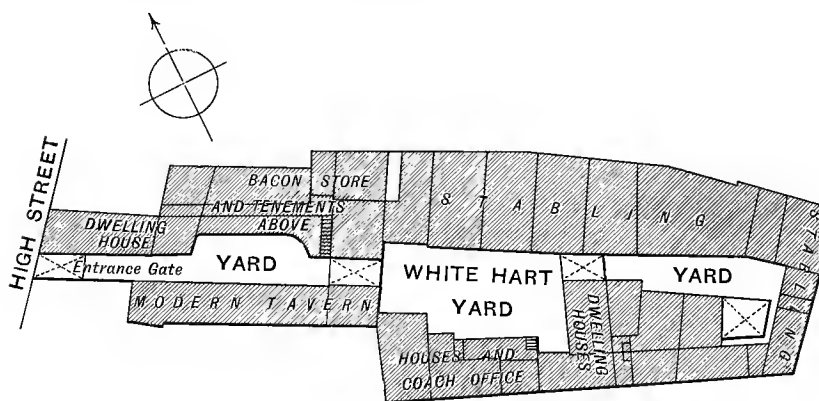
*Amantis*, wonderful for the time, which is recorded on his tomb at St. Saviour's.<sup>1</sup>

The White Hart was a rare old inn of the highest type. It is embalmed in English history and in the pages of Shakespeare. What varied scenes the place recalls to one's mind—scenes of horror, of feasting and revelry, of picturesque everyday life. First and foremost, it will always be remembered as Jack Cade's head-quarters, when in 1450 for a brief space he dominated London. Here people of mark were slain, or, slain elsewhere, their remains were brought here to the rebel captain. In peaceful times there have doubtless been dramatic performances in that yard. For centuries, the highest in the land could have found accommodation within those ample precincts. Later, it appears as a prosperous place of business resort; and lastly, we have Dickens's inimitable portrait of it in a state of decadence, to rescue its old age from oblivion.

The White Hart was destroyed in the great fire of 1676, but something below ground may have been left. When in 1857 Fairholt made his drawing for Corner's *Inns*, the landlady told him that the old foundations were still in existence, and that there was an archway leading to a passage underground. The inn itself, Fairholt thought, could not be more than 150 years old, but as the foundations in older time were usually very solid, it is probable that below the surface the structure had been the same from the beginning, more certainly so as the custom had been in the time of Elizabeth and James to

<sup>1</sup> Restored by the liberal care of his namesakes the Gowers, and still preserved at the church.

build wherever practicable 'upon old foundations.' The rebuilding seems to have been on the model of the former edifice, as must have been the case with other famous inns burnt down at the same time. Rocque in his map of 1749, and our modern plan given here, show what an extensive space was covered. The White Hart might in its palmy days have accommodated a hundred or two of guests and retainers, and have had ample room



GROUND-PLAN OF THE WHITE HART INN.

for their belongings, horses, and goods, and if straitened, there were inns nearly equal to it right and left in this town of inns. Most of them were approached, as this one was, through a gateway having a ponderous gate and a wicket and a long narrow passage leading into a courtyard. As rich people, with much merchandise, were lodged within, and generally the host was answerable to his guests for the safety of their goods, the gateway and the narrow passage were but necessary precautions against surprise and violence in comparatively lawless times. Later on there were tenements within the precincts,

which gave the larger inns the aspect of small busy townships. To proceed with the White Hart, the earliest date actually noted by me in connection with it is 1400, but as these ancient records tell of houses matured and full of business, they, no doubt, existed long before. We must not draw the line too closely; this and other Southwark inns were probably of the earliest in the kingdom.

The White Hart is especially known to the readers of Shakespeare and the *Paston Letters*, in which last are related very interesting details as to the head-quarters of Jack Cade. Hall in his *Chronicles*<sup>1</sup> speaks thus of him: 'The capitayn being advertized of the kynges absence came first into Southwarke, and there lodged at the White Hart, prohibiting to all men Murder, Rape or Robbery; by which colour he allured to hym the hartes of the common people. He also put to execution in Southwarke divers persons, some for infrynging his rules and precepts because he wolde be seen indifferent, other he tormented of his olde acuyantance, lest they shoulde blase and declare his byrthe and lowsy lynage, disparagyng him from his usurped name of Mortymer.' The *Chronicle of the Grey Friars* tells us (p. 19) how, 'At the Whyt Harte in Southwarke, one Hawaydyne of Sent Martyn's was beheddyd,' and the headless maltreated body of Lord Say was drawn at horsetail, and so presented before the captain at this inn; the head had been stricken off in Chepe, put upon a pole and borne before Cade's people, and at length placed over the Bridge Gate in Southwark. Sir John Fastolfe is mixed up in this affair. The story of

<sup>1</sup> Edition 1548; reprint 1809.

his servant John Payne is worth note.<sup>1</sup> Sir John was at this time living at his place in Stoney Lane, Tooley Street ; it was filled with soldiers and munitions of war, for which, said the rebels, ' Sir John's house in Southwark shall be burned down and all his tenuries.' He is one of the King's Council, his servant Payne is sent by him to Blackheath to know what the Captain wanted. Cade denounces Fastolfe, his servant is treated as a spy, is threatened and shown the axe and the block. He is then sent back to Southwark to array himself in the best wise he could under a promise to return and help the rebels ; the servant does not forget his master, but counsels him to put aside his habiliments of war and get away with his people from Southwark, which Fastolfe does. This mode of proceeding does not seem to have satisfied Cade ; Payne had not quite done what was expected of him ; he is accordingly taken to the White Hart, there despoiled<sup>2</sup> and threatened with death, but is saved by Poynings, a man of note, who is sewer to Cade, and has enlisted outlaws and others for him in Southwark. As it is, Payne's property in Fastolfe's rents is pillaged, his wife<sup>3</sup> and children are threatened with hanging, and he thrust into the battle on London Bridge and almost killed there. This is his catalogue of griefs,

<sup>1</sup> *Paston Letters*, a most remarkable Collection of the times, from Henry VI. to Henry VII. Knight, Edition 1840, and a more extended and complete Edition by James Gairdner, 1874.

<sup>2</sup> Of a fine gown furred with beavers, a pair of brigandines, covered with blue velvet and gilt nails, with leg harness. Brigandine—a jacket quilted in with pieces of iron, used by archers, enriched, as Payne's was, for persons of more distinction.

<sup>3</sup> They leave the poor woman nothing but her kirtle and chemise.



for which he afterwards seeks compensation. Soon, however, Jack Cade the rebel Captain feels that things are not going well with him—his followers waver. To use the words of the play,<sup>1</sup> he says, or might have said, to these base peasants, ‘Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart, in Southwark?’ The end of the outbreak is evidently approaching. On the morrow<sup>2</sup> the Bishop of Winchester and other Lords of the Council appointed to have word with the Kentish Captain hold a conference in the church of St. Margaret’s in Southwark, etc., on the opposite side of the High Street, a few steps from the White Hart. Waynflete is too astute for Cade; the outbreak collapses, the chief is killed, and things go on, as they generally do, much as before.

This story of Cade and the White Hart would be without its use or its moral, and the antiquary would be merely a babbler concerning things of the past, were he not to note somewhat the inner meaning of the outbreak. It was no common rabble that followed ‘the captain,’ but a more or less disciplined force of 20,000 men. Their grievances were laid before the King in two papers named, ‘The Complaints of the Commons of Kent,’ and ‘The Requests of the Captains of the Great Assembly in Kent.’ They demanded administrative and economical reform, a change of ministers and a restoration of freedom of election. Most important persons resident in Southwark were with Cade or on his side. I will mention Richard Dartmouth, Abbot of Battle and of Battle Bridge

<sup>1</sup> *Henry VI.*, Part II., Act IV.

<sup>2</sup> *Chronicles and Memorials*, by the Rev. J. Stevenson. Roll Series.

in Southwark, almost next door to Fastolfe's; John Danyel, Prior of Lewes, another neighbour; and Robert Poynings, uncle of the Countess of Northumberland and husband of Margaret Paston. When the pardon time came, a goodly list of names was recorded, with which it was thought wise to deal leniently, and among the rest were 'Holy Water Clerkes.' Nevertheless the executions were severe; but in those rough times human life, especially of serf or worker, was lightly esteemed.

Let me pass on to that celebrity Sir John Fastolfe,<sup>1</sup> who is so much mixed up (rather ingloriously perhaps) with Cade and his doings at the White Hart; something I shall have to say of the man himself, and something of the ideal personage to whom he doubtless supplied a name. The character of Falstaff is one of the most wonderful of Shakespeare's creations, and the question, Was there a living model? has occupied the literary world from Fuller and the writer in the *Biographia Britannica*, down to our more modern notables, Halliwell, Gairdner, and others. Was there a type at all, or was the character the creation of the poet's brain, with some misty after shadowings from the life? The historical part of the play of *King Henry IV.* is chiefly founded on the narrative given in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, 1587, but some slight hints may be traced in a rude drama called *The famous Victories of Henry V.*, in which Sir John Oldcastle was one of the comic characters. It is thought that remonstrance was made as

<sup>1</sup> Other Fastolfes appear in Southwark: John, 1437-39; Richard, 'a Taylour,' and Thomas, 'a Soudiour,' 1460-70.

to the taking the name of such a man as the type of a low buffoon; be this as it may, the best authority, Shakespeare himself, disowns such an adoption. In the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry IV.* he says, 'For any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.' Probably the name of the famous Lollard<sup>1</sup> was used out of spite in the earlier play. Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, a man of light and leading, was burnt to death slowly for being a Christian after the reforming manner of Wickliffe, but he '*was not the man.*' That Sir John Fastolfe was taken as the complete type of Falstaff is obviously not the case, but I believe that the story of the Southwark knight dwelt much in Shakespeare's mind. He was in his own name introduced in the First Part of *King Henry VI.*, as the 'man who played the coward and left Talbot to be taken.' Whether Shakespeare wrote this play or not is, I know, a question, but it is placed in the first edition of his works, printed in 1623 by his friends Heminge and Condell, soon after his death. The character Falstaff was doubtless very much an invention of the poet for stage purposes; there are, however, so many points justifying in some degree the use of our Fastolfe as

<sup>1</sup> Fuller in his *Worthies*, Edition 1662, says, 'The stage hath been over bold, making him a thrasonical puff and emblem of mock valour. True it is Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt of the one, being made the make-sport in all plays for a coward. It is easily known out of what purse this black penny came. The Papists railed on him for a heretic, and therefore he must also be a coward. I am glad Sir John Oldcastle is put out só; I am sorry Sir John Fastolfe is put in. Nor is our comedian excusable,' etc.

a model, that it may be interesting to note them, if only for purposes of study. I shall thus have an opportunity of telling a few plain facts about a character that has had a little too much false gilding.<sup>1</sup>

The loss of France dwelt much in the public mind ; 'so many had the managings, that they lost France and made our England bleed.' So says the Chorus in *Henry V.* Of the 'managers' who had a hand in it, some were put to death, others, as Fastolfe, were held up to public obloquy. Cade's words to Fastolfe's servant were, that 'his master was the greatest traitor in England and France, and had so minished the garrisons in England and Manns and Mayn, as to lose the king his right of heritage beyond the sea.' Shakespeare was a reader of Hall's *Chronicles*, and Hall says, 'From this battle<sup>2</sup> departed without any stroke stricken Sir John Fastolfe, the same year for his valiantness elected into the Order of the Garter. For which cause, the Duke of Bedford in a just anger took from him the image of St. George and his Garter, but afterwards, *by means of friends, and apparent causes of good excuse by him alledged*, he was restored to the Order again, against the mind of the Lord Talbot.'<sup>3</sup> Noting my italics, it will be seen what

<sup>1</sup> His valour made him a terror in war ; his humanity made him a blessing in peace. 'The streams of his treasure that fed the fountain of his munificence were numerous and plentiful. . . . Sir John Fastolf, the brave experienced soldier, the wise and able statesman, the steady patriot, the generous patron, the pious benefactor.'—William Oldys, *Life of Sir John Fastolff*, by Gough, folio 1793. Let all this be kept in mind when I note the passages from the *Paston Letters*.

<sup>2</sup> The battle of Patay ; Joan of Arc was present, and Talbot was taken prisoner.

<sup>3</sup> It is only fair to add that the Duke of Bedford afterwards made Fastolf one of the executors of his will.

was in the thoughts of the chronicler. The discovery of the *Paston Letters* was a great boon, giving facts as they were generally believed by the best people of the time, and they seem to open up some truths about Sir John Fastolfe. He marries the mother of Stephen Scrope, and between them the unlucky heir is kept from his inheritance. Scrope is his ward, to be made a profit of according to the times; his wardship and marriage were sold for a good round sum—‘Sold like a beast,’ says Scrope, ‘who had to be taken back again, and was kept in penury.’ The wardship of Thomas Fastolfe, a relation no doubt, was bought of the King; there was much wrangling over him also.

Fastolfe is a lender of money. The Duke of York pawns jewels with him; he has lent a sum to Lord Rivers; others are indebted, and it appears at least probable, that power obtained in this way helps him to live down the accusations made against his courage. He has frequent troubles, and law is sought; but he can influence the judges, or tries to do so. On one occasion he prays for a continuance of favour from a judge before whom is a case of his, and hints that he will keep the judge’s conduct in mind. Some people at Caistor offend him. ‘If they continue in their wilfulness he will be quit on them, by God or the Devil he will.’ At a dinner at Norwich, 1454, many gentlemen present, they throw scorn upon him as a boaster, and as one who takes advantage of others: he wishes to know secretly who they are, and then—. Henry Wyndesore, the servant who sought the fulfilment of a promise as to the Boar’s Head, says of him, ‘It is not unknown that cruel and

revengeful he hath ever been, without pity or mercy ;' and obscurely he hints at other matters, about which it would perhaps not be safe for him to speak out. William of Worcester, a distinguished chronicler of the time, was secretary, factotum, and apparently also physician to Fastolfe (who, it must be said, had some taste for learning) ; he complains bitterly how he is kept out of wage ; he had little or no salary, but plenty to eat and drink, was treated like a menial, not as a gentleman or scholar, and was always kept up with hope ; his master wished him to be a priest, and to have had a benefice—that is to say, ' Another man must give it ;' he has but five shillings yearly to help to pay for the bonnets he loses, and speaks of his master's ' unkyndnesse and covetisse.' Paston also, his man of business, was a waiter on the future ; he did not get his costs other than in expectation ; ' he never had of the seid Sir John Fastolfe fee ne reward in his lyf.' Fastolfe does not appear to have taken any part in the struggle fought unsuccessfully by Cade with the City people. True, he was now old, but his servant Payne is put in the forefront of the battle, and is hurt nigh to death. The unfortunate man, as we have seen, fares no better on the other side ; and according to his own account, fifteen years after that, he has not been recompensed his bare losses.

Whether the expression, ' My old lad of the castle,'<sup>1</sup> means necessarily Sir John Oldcastle, or may be applied to the man known in Southwark as the owner of Fastolf Place and the Boar's Head, I cannot say. Fastolfe's doings at Castre or Caistor in Norfolk might have well

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare, First Part, *Henry IV.*, Act I. Scene ii.

given him this nickname. He had built an enormous castle there, each side 300 feet long, with a large tower at the corners, one of them 100 feet high ; a castle which was besieged in the Wars of the Roses, and was the subject of an immense deal of cupidity and fuss. Fastolfe had so managed matters as to be very rich ; to possess property, manors far and wide. The list of them almost takes away one's breath.

At length the old one-third warrior, one-third shrewd man of the world, one-third knave, is almost at his last : he is beyond fourscore years. He wishes 'the leisure to dispose himself godly, and beset his lands and his goods to the pleasure of God and the weal of his soul, that all men may say he dieth a wise man and a worshipful.' He had indeed taken thought about this. A practised writer had been employed to put forth a history of the valiant exploits that Sir John Fastolfe performed while he was in France, and the writing had been delivered, together with a Chronicle of Jerusalem, some twenty bundles of paper, 'to the Secretary, William of Worcester—and none other.'<sup>1</sup> It is curious that he who considered his master to be a mean man, to be rather censured than honoured, should of all others be entrusted with this office.

Fastolfe is superstitious, as indeed was common ; childless, and anxious and timid as to the future ; now at last he must really care for his soul. After the manner of the times, he takes counsel with the Church, that is, with his friend Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester. He has made the best of this world, and can now no longer enjoy

<sup>1</sup> Knight's *Paston*, vi. p. 152.

it, but charity, he thinks, will make everything straight for the next. A heavy duty devolves upon his friend—affairs are in great confusion, and every one is pulling a different way for his own benefit. Fastolfe is much set upon the foundation of a college; he wishes his memory to be fragrant, and is aware of the general teaching that at the last a man may, with sufficient largesse (of which he has plenty, and which he can no longer enjoy), make everything square, so to speak, and be even ‘a saint,’ however he may perhaps have ‘revelled in St. George’s Fields,’ or elsewhere. The bishop is moved to obtain the licence without any ‘great fine.’ The ruling passion to the last. But there was some reason here, as it was usual then to charge a fifth of the sum bestowed for amortising, that is, for settling in mortmain; his lawyer nephew, however, says they will not do it for less.<sup>1</sup> Knowing, I suppose, his uncle’s frailty, he seems to insinuate that my Lady Abergavenny (another Southwark potentate, if I am not mistaken) hath in divers abbeys in Leicestershire seven or eight priests singing for her perpetually, and that they had agreed for ‘money,’ and had given 200 or 300 marks, as they might accord, for a priest. And (simple souls as to perpetuity) they, for a surety that the prayers should be sung *in the same abbeys for ever*, left manors of great value, so that the said service should be kept. To this effect the nephew wrote to his uncle. Accordingly the fearful and superstitious sinner near his end leaves in his will bequests far and wide. He remembers divers matters for the ‘wele of his sowle;’ poor men and priests have

<sup>1</sup> The other way, I think;—but can it be?—‘they ask for every 100 marks ye would amortize, 500 marks.’—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 91.



bequests to pray 'in perpetuite;' 4000 marks are to be bestowed 'for the sowle of Sir John Fastolfe;' chantry priests in St. Olave's, priests here, there, and everywhere. Great things were devised for the soul of Sir John Fastolfe, but it ended in squabbles, a general snatching up of what each could get, and a patched-up arrangement between the contending parties. Waynflete agrees that they shall take some, and he shall be free with the rest for his church and college. Fastolfe lived out his days, for his death took place in 1459, at the age of eighty-two.<sup>1</sup> How he bore himself at the last it would be interesting to know, but I have no better authority than the Hostess in the Second Act of *Henry V.* In this case I may be allowed to mix fact with fiction a little. Falstaff is dead; Bardolph feels his loss; he longs to be with his old master. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!'—'Nay, sure,' says the Hostess, 'he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child.'

I feel it right to give in few words the opinion of one of our first authorities, Mr. Gairdner, as to the connection between Fastolfe and Falstaff, notwithstanding it does not in strict sense support my views. It is, that the Falstaff of Shakespeare was to some extent an embodiment of traditions respecting two distinct historical personages, one of them Sir John Fastolfe. The article in which the subject is well discussed, *Studies of English History*, pp. 55-77, should be attentively read. Perhaps I should add a curious little fact noticed by Mr. Halliwell

Or eighty-three.—Granger.

Phillipps, who thinks it an indication that Oldcastle's name was first used by Shakespeare. In a line of the First Part of *King Henry IV.* the word 'Oldcastle' seems required by the metre, 'Away, good Ned. *Falstaff* sweats to death.'<sup>1</sup> Our readers will, I hope, pardon this long digression on one of our most notable celebrities; I could not bring myself to say less of so important a character, connected with Shakespeare it may be—of Southwark certainly.

Let us return to the White Hart and its associations. In 1529 a message is sent to Thomas Cromwell that one R. awaits him at the White Hart. Cromwell, the great minister of Henry VIII., has much connection with Southwark. It is recorded that in 1549 Sheffield iron is stored here and sold at £8: 12s. a ton; interesting, as it shows the price of iron at the time, and the fact that this inn was used as a place of storage. 1630.—Taylor, as his manner was, plays with the name in a rhyming way, and tags a moral to the last line, thus—

'Although these Harts doe never runne away,  
They'll tire a man to hunt them every day;  
The Game and Chase is good for Recreation,  
But dangerous to mak't an occupation.'

1634.—All or nearly all the innkeepers, high or low, got presented for seeking gain in spite of churchwardens. In Laud's time the wardens were particularly zealous. They find drinking goes on at the White Hart during

<sup>1</sup> Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A., in an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1887, points out various resemblances between Fastolfe and Falstaff. He has discovered that Sir John Fastolfe held jointly with John Radcliff the post of 'Chief Wine-butler in Ireland,' which was in King Henry IV.'s hands by reason of the minority of the Earl of Ormond.

Divine service ; but then the George, the Sun, the Peter's Head in Pepper Alley, the Three Mariners in Fishmonger's Alley, the King's Head, Queen's Head, Black Bull, and many another are in the same list ; some inn-keepers will not even open their doors to the wardens, and some abuse them. Incidentally it appears that now and then the wardens themselves took a drop in passing. Religious signs did not preserve decorum ; the Salutation and the Peter's Head were as bad as the rest. One George, a vintner, served wine out of his house, and sent his servant to wait on 'Gues'<sup>1</sup> at Goodwife Walton's in time of Divine service, and so of the wife of the Ship.

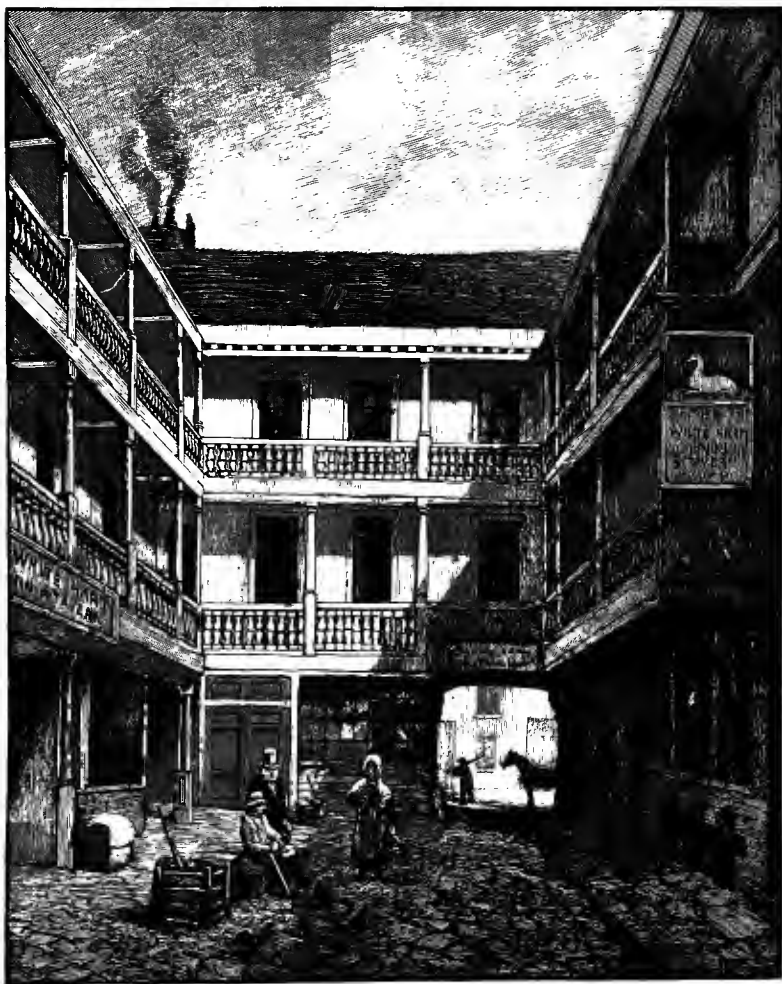
1637.—We learn from Taylor that carriers are to be had at the White Hart from 'Dover, Sandwich, Canterbury, Beddenden, Eden (or Eaton) Bridge, Hebsome, Wimbleton, Godaliman (corruptly called Godly man), and many other places farre and wide.' In 1640 there are dreadful doings in Southwark. Had Laud appeared just now, he might have been torn in pieces by the mob. His palace at Lambeth is threatened. 'My Lord of Canterbury,' says one, 'can never make amends to St. George's people ; there are traitorous assemblages, traitorous insolences of base people ; train bands are out in the night : Archer, a prisoner in the White Lyon, a leader of the mob, is racked by order of the king. People in a suit are lodging at the White Hart.' 3d April, a piteous complaint goes up. 'We have difficulties with the soldiers,' some are lodging at the White Hart ; 'there are good

<sup>1</sup> What this word means is not quite clear. I had thought it was 'Jews,' but it occurs almost too frequently. The editor of *Notes and Queries*, 7th Series, vol. iv. p. 228, suggests 'guests,' which seems probable. In Welsh 'gwys' means 'people.'

ones among them, but they are against us.' Ironsides in the making, no doubt—a dangerous old inn at such times, as a great deal of traffic went on here. 1669.—A serious fire damages the place; the back part was burnt down. Geary the landlord, 'to his undoing, spends £700,' and Collett the owner allows nothing, but grants a lease of twenty-one years at a rent of £55. In 1676 all this part of Southwark was destroyed by the great fire, of which full particulars will be given before we come to our next inn, the George; suffice it to say here that the White Hart was burnt down, Edmond Geary being occupier or leaseholder. With the aid of friends he rebuilds at a cost of £2400. As usual, every one is for himself: the fire having obscured the boundaries, disputes arise, in this case between owner and leaseholder. In consequence of the cost of rebuilding, Collett the owner will grant Geary sixty-one years' lease, at a rent of £55, that is, an additional forty-six years for the outlay; that which was inn to remain inn, and that which was let in tenements to remain so, according to the old lease.

A curious and not very sanitary custom shows up in the inquiry which was set on foot for the purpose of doing justice between the claimants. Inn yards were commonly made use of as laystalls. Nathaniel Butcher even demands the right to lay ashes and soil at the 'common Laystall' of the White Hart, and to put down a leaden pipe from the High Street to his still house. In a way, brewing and distilling were as we see carried on at the larger inns. There was little further change till the end of the old coaching days. In 1720 Strype describes the White Hart as 'very large and of

a considerable trade, being esteemed one of the best inns in Southwark.' It continued to be a notable place of



THE WHITE HART IN 1827.

resort for coaches and carriers till the end of the old coaching days, that is, till the years 1838 to 1840.

Charles Dickens, we all know, has immortalised the

White Hart. His description in *Pickwick* is so perfect a piece of word-painting that I shall quote him at length without apology.

‘In the Borough especially, there still remain some half dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged, and which have escaped alike the rage for public improvement, and the encroachment of private speculation. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries, and passages, and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish material for a hundred ghost stories. It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the White Hart—that a man was busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots, early on the morning succeeding the events narrated in the last chapter. The yard presented none of that bustle and activity which are the usual characteristics of a large coach inn. Three or four lumbering wagons, each with a pile of goods beneath its ample canopy, about the height of the second floor window of an ordinary house, were stowed away beneath a lofty roof, which extended over one end of the yard; and another, which was probably to commence its journey that morning, was drawn out into the open space. A double tier of bedroom galleries, with old clumsy balustrades, ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar and coffee-room. Two or three gigs and chaise-carts were wheeled up under different little sheds and penthouses; and the occasional heavy tread of a cart-horse, or rattling of a chain, at the farther end

of the yard, announced to anybody who cared about the matter that the stable lay in that direction. When we add that a few boys in smock frocks were lying asleep on heavy packages, woolpacks, and other articles that were scattered about on heaps of straw, we have described as fully as need be the general appearance of the yard of the White Hart Inn, High Street, Borough, on the particular morning in question.'

I may add that the sober historian who wished to describe faithfully the place as it was, could not do it better, if so well. Dickens has filled in particulars evidently from the life. In only one little detail does he deviate from strict topographical accuracy. The galleries were, in point of fact, on *three* sides of the yard, as was customary with inns of this type, and as noted by Mr. Waller in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of April 1855.

The place which has sheltered nobles and their retainers is now democratic enough. Hop-growers and farmers find refreshment there; and the bid for custom extends to all classes. The large advertising bills carried sandwich fashion up and down the High Street attract the hungry wayfarer with intelligence that increased accommodation is provided at the Old White Hart, and that steaks and chops can be had there. The Tabard, as it is once more named, runs competition rather hard: in 1885, at the front window of the modern public-house which has been built on the site of that famous hostelry, was this attractive bill of fare in large print: 'Ye old Tabard. One shilling dinner. Cut from the joint, two vegetables, suet pudding, bread, and a glass of ale or stout.'

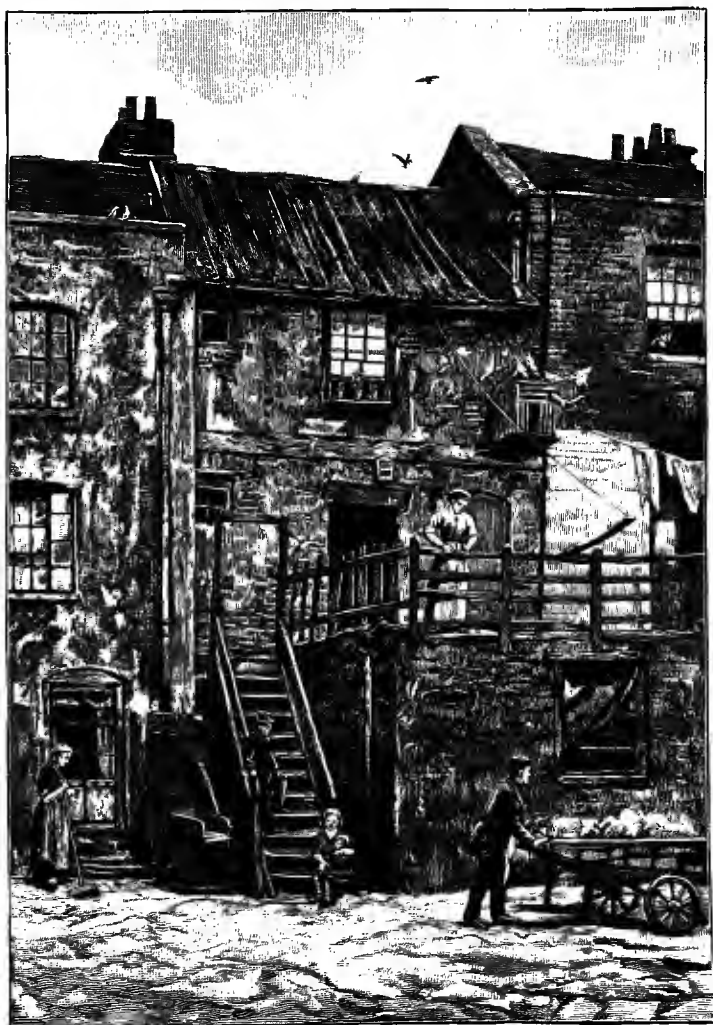
A few words on illustrations of the White Hart will close our account. The drawing in *Pickwick* of Sam Weller cleaning boots in the inn yard is of course fanciful. In a water-colour by H. Shepherd, dated 1840, the galleries appear still intact, running round three sides of the yard. The sign is placed at the end of the south side. This may be the sign of which Hatton says in 1708, that it was the largest in London except that at the Castle Tavern, Fleet Street. Below it appear skittles and balls. The sign was originally over the gateway facing the street. In 1865-66 the south side was replaced by a modern tavern—the new piece on the old garment—by this time fast falling to decay. Some years before this the yard had been disfigured by a penthouse or lean-to, which is still used for the business of bacon-drying. In 1882 a capital etching of the inn yard by Percy Thomas was published by Mr. S. Drewett. Till September 1884 the old galleries on the north and east sides were still let out in tenements, and the presence of the inmates gave life and movement to the scene. In the large inner yard also were some quaint old houses crowded with lodgers, who on sanitary grounds were, rightly no doubt, ejected at the same time; from here, looking back, one often saw the smoke of the bacon-curer's furnaces picturesquely curling out of the windows of the main building. Here, too, every afternoon might be seen a solitary omnibus, which plied to Clapham, the last descendant of the old coaches. The inner yard is now finally closed. My friend's very faithful pictures will satisfy any further curiosity on the subject of the White Hart.







Notwithstanding the great space given to the White Hart in the Borough, I must just notice shortly the



OLD HOUSES, WHITE HART INN YARD.

White Hind, an old sign, but in this case of no antiquity, placed in the Broadway, St. Thomas's Street. The spot

suggests to me the touching story of the Palatines—some thousands of poor Protestants from the banks of the Rhine, driven out by the French in the beginning of the last century. They found shelter in many parts of England—a small colony of them here. They were in dire distress, and in trouble with famine and fever, and many died. Large subscriptions were raised: the Government did what it could. Among other good work, tents for shelter were provided. The St. Thomas's people, notably Dr. Mead and Charles Cox, Member for Southwark, helped them. Tents were set up between St. Thomas's burying-ground and the Maze, and gave the name of 'The Tents,' or 'St. Thomas's Tents,' to the spot. The shorter version appears in Rocque's map, changed to St. Thomas's Rents apparently by mistake in Horwood. Quakers were very liberal, and their leader, William Penn, quaintly named by the French '*Le fameux chef des trembleurs*,' greatly interested himself in their distress, and found for many of them a home in Pennsylvania, which colony they are said, I hope truly, to have helped to make prosperous. Not far off, in Steel Yard, St. Thomas's Street, was, in 1704, the Shovel, now the Ship and Shovel, a place for refreshing, at one time well known to medical students, among them to Albert Smith, who was a student at Guy's.

Here let me allude briefly to the appearance of Southwark before the great fire of 1676. Excepting specially important mansions, the houses of the seventeenth century and before were chiefly of timber, lath, and plaster, with projecting upper stories, and when otherwise were but very partially of stone or brick. This was so





much the case in Southwark, that even after 1830 a very large number of houses remained of timber, and gable fronted. Many of my poorer patients lived in such houses, and I could find, even now, a few of this description kept 'indifferently well repaired.'<sup>1</sup> The inns of the High Street and St. Margaret's Hill, from London Bridge to St. George's Church, almost answered the description given about 1600 in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, c. 1609. 'In the suburbs about London,' the Belman says, 'they swim in hot waters, strong beer and head-strong ale. . . . A whole street is a continued ale house, not a shop to be seen between red lattice and red lattice, no workers but all drinkers.' This being the case, we see what havoc the great fire of 1676 must have caused among the inns of Long Southwark. We have had many fires in Southwark, especially fatal to these inns. They have been generally fastened upon some unlucky scape-goats. The one in 1508 upon certain Scots and French; that in 1667 upon three Frenchmen, who fled. In 1689 there was a great fire, 'How it began no one knows, but there was one man very liberal of his tongue, he was seized and brought before Mr. Justice Evans, who found him to be a Roman Catholic, having crucifixes, beads, and other trinkets about him. He was accordingly committed to the Marshalsea.'<sup>2</sup> But the most destructive fire was that of 1676. The scandal runs thus: 'Grover and his Irish ruffians burnt Southwark, and had £1000 for their pains. Gifford, a Jesuit, had the management of the fire.'<sup>3</sup> We have removed a like scandal from

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Bermondsey Street, by the Society for Photographing old relics of London, 1881.

<sup>2</sup> Broadsheet. Guildhall Library.

<sup>3</sup> Corner, *Inns of Southwark*, citing the Diary of Rev. John Ward.

the base of the Monument as to the fire of London. Here are extracts from a Broadsheet published at the time.<sup>1</sup> 'The dreadful fire in Southwark, begun on Tuesday the 26th of May 1676, at three of the clock in the morning, and in the space of twenty hours destroyed near five hundred houses, several people, and goods to an inestimable value. . . . From the Cock and Hart Yard near the Spur Inn down to St. Thomas's Hospital, viz. the Talbot; the George, the White Hart, the King's Head, the Queen's Head Inns, together with their Backhouses, Stables, Barns, and Warehouses, all burn'd down to the ground; the Hospital very much defaced.' It began at an oil-shop between the George and Talbot, the young inmates with difficulty escaping through some back windows into the Talbot. The houses hereabout were for the most part old and timber built, with projecting upper stories. The flame soon attacked one of them on the opposite side of the narrow highway, and thence it spread with great rapidity. Houses were now blown up, the Court House and the 'Comter' among the rest, which process, although it failed to stay the progress of the fire toward St. Saviour's and the Hospital, prevented its spreading to the streets behind. St. Thomas's Hospital was saved by a change of wind. The same happy wind was the means of preserving the church of the Hospital, as well as St. Saviour's, which must else have been destroyed. The George had been not long before rebuilt. The Broadsheet proceeds, 'Three Crown Court is rubbish and ashes, the Meal Market standing in the

<sup>1</sup> 'A Faithful Account of the late dreadful Fire in Southwark.' Licensed 29th May 1676. Roger L'Estrange. Printed for Thomas Pierce. (5 pages.)



middle of the street is consumed, and no sign is left to know where it stood. The Porch of the Hospital is broken down. St. Mary Overies took fire twice or thrice, but it was put out. The little Chapel at the east end is much pulled down and ruined, the houses near it were blown up; but for this and the change of wind already referred to, the church must have been utterly destroyed. Fronting south, and to the east and west, the church was almost surrounded by flames. All Foul Lane, the churchyard buildings, several alleys, one side of street over to St. Mary Overies Dock are gone. Twenty or more people are killed and many wounded.' Corner gives another reason why the fire<sup>1</sup> spared St. Thomas's Hospital. The building was substantial, and had been recently erected.<sup>2</sup> The tablet over the door of the old court-room gives thanks for the mercy.

'Laus Deo.

'Upon the 26th May 1676, and in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of the Sovereign Lord King Charles II., about three of the clock in the morning, over against St. Margaret's Hill, in the Borough of Southwark, there happened a most lamentable and dreadful fire, which,

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<sup>1</sup> The first fire engine with leathern pipes employed in this country seems to have been used on the occasion in question. The following is quoted by Knight, *London Gazette*, 14th August 1676. 'Whereas his Majesty hath granted letters patent unto Mr. Wharton and Mr. Strobe for a certain new invented engine for quenching of fire with leathern pipes, which carries a great quantity and a continued stream of water with an extraordinary force to the top of any house, into any room, passage, or alley. Being much more useful than any hitherto been invented, as was attested under the hands of the Masters of St. Thomas's Hospital, and officers of the same parish as in the late great fire of Southwark, to their great benefit and advantage.' Pepys, however (29th April 1667), speaks of a fire engine. See our account of the Spur.

<sup>2</sup> Only partially. '1694. The Hospital is very old, low, and damp. We have spent £2000, and cannot go on with it.'—MS. 2734. British Museum.

before ten of the clock at night, consumed about five hundred houses. But in the midst of judgment God remembered mercy, and by His goodness in considering the poor and distressed, put a stop to the fire at this home, after it had been touched several times therewith, by which, in all probability, all this side of the Borough was preserved. This tablet is here put, that whoso readeth it may give thanks to the Almighty God, to whom alone is due the honour and praise. Amen.'

One must admire the sentiments here expressed, but one would like to add: another time take more care in building, widen the streets, provide for plentiful water, and be very careful as to domestic fires and lights. In short, respect the laws of the Almighty if you would wish to be preserved. Some regulations of the hospital, 1647, show how the governors estimated the dangers of fire. The orders for prevention seem ludicrous. 'Fire is not to be carried from one place to another in bottles or any wooden vessel.'<sup>1</sup> The precautions in a city of wooden houses and narrow streets were as curious as those of the hospital governors—'a barrel of water before each house.'<sup>2</sup> The St. Saviour's vestry are busy, so the parish papers say. I note that the roof and east part of the chapel are burnt and demolished; that the chaplain is burnt out, and needs a house and a little money. There are negotiations for 'a water-house to be built in the park near at hand.' 1682.—They agree with 'Mr. Jackson,

<sup>1</sup> MS. 2734. B. M.

<sup>2</sup> I own the prompt use of a barrel at the door might stop a fire at its birth. Our reliance even now upon locomotive engines, which rarely arrive until the fire has a very strong hold, seems to me almost absurdly insufficient. We might have a constant supply of water with stopcocks and pipes near at hand. The provisions of the Building Act, high party walls, are our greatest safeguard; but for the saving of life, so often dreadfully sacrificed, a clause is needed for a ready opening in the roof of every house. How often the stairway is barred by the fire which begins below!

master of the Water House in Horsleydown, for a ffirecock at the place where the meale market stood, and another elsewhere,' and next year the well-house is seen to.

The ruin was so great, so complete, that the landmarks were lost, and it was found necessary to make, 29 Charles II., cap. 4, 'an act for erecting a judicature to determine differences touching houses burnt and demolished by the late dreadful fire in Southwark.' The names of the commissioners, some twenty-one, besides judges and aldermen, are given in Corner's *Inns*, p. 13, and comprise the two Members for the Borough, Richard Howe and Peter Rich. A few items from these decrees are interesting. The Compter and Town Hall occupied part of the old church site of St. Margaret's, to which we shall refer later on. 'The Mayor and Commonalty did in 1664 demise the Compter and a tent adjoining to William Eyre as Bayliffe of the Libertyes and mannor of said Mayor, etc., and as keeper of the gaol and prison called the Compter, at a rent of £50. The city does not surrender lease, will not rebuild a prison there, but will grant reasonable terms for other buildings; the bayliffe may surrender, if he will surrender his office too.'

About this time very much property belongs to the Browkers, an old name in St. Saviour's. The Browkers, however, seem to be going down: one of them is in the Marshalsea; and the Hows, rich people of Christ Church parish, often appear as owners or mortgagees instead. The Overmans are large owners, especially about Montague Close, prospering by their own thrift, and the necessities of the (at one time) great family of Brownes or Montagues. To stay the fire much gunpowder was

used ; many houses have in the record the words 'blown up,' or, 'shattered by explosions.' Property next the West Chain Gate over against the stables of the house, sometimes called 'Winchester House,' is mentioned. In the decrees I have referred to is note of a rather discreditable attempt at encroachments, opportunity taken for a general scramble to place posts some two or three feet in advance of the 'ancient posts,'—even obstructing the way to market—detected by being beyond the old foundations, and, as we have seen, not unfrequently attempts on the part of the richer superior owners to 'embarrass' the poorer. A long judgment follows, declaring the old boundaries, and happily righting the oppressed. Some other points will be referred to under the headings of the separate inns.

The George is one of the 'fair inns' noted by Stow in 1598. The exact date of its erection has not been found out. The sign was one of the old ecclesiastical ones, St. George in 1554 ; 'St. George that swung the Dragon, and sits on horseback at mine hostess' door.' On account probably of the changed feeling with regard to these saints, the sign became plain George. The owner in 1558 was Humfrey Colet, or Collet, Member of Parliament for Southwark in 1553. In his will he states that he wishes to be buried in the new churchyard (St. Saviour's), by his uncle, Thomas Bulley ;<sup>1</sup> and that he owns the George, now in the tenure of Nicholas Martin, Hosteler. 1634.—A return is made by the Wardens to

<sup>1</sup> M.P. Southwark, 1511-12 and 1536, Yeoman of the Crown, etc. For note of these wills, and others, I am indebted to Mr. Chaloner Smith of the Probate Office.

the Earl of Arundel, that the George Inn, or tenements within it, was built of brick and timber in 1622. The landlord is presented in 1634, and doubtless often besides on other occasions, because he allowed drinking during Divine service. 1637.—Taylor, the Water Poet, tells us of the carriers who come from various parts of Surrey and Sussex to lodge at the George.

In 1656 some angry poetaster had been served with bad sack at the George, and thus he vents his wrath—

‘The Devill would abhorre such posset-drink,  
Bacchus, I’m sure, detests it, ’tis too bad  
For Hereticks ; a Friar would be mad  
To blesse such vile unconsecrable stuffe,  
And Brownists would conclude it good enough  
For such a sacrifice.’<sup>1</sup>

The old way was more rough and ready : thus in 1364 a City taverner, who had sold bad wine, was made to drink some of it, and the rest was poured on his head.<sup>2</sup> The following seventeenth-century trade tokens, doubtless of this inn, were circulated—



O. ANTHONY . BLAKE . TAPSTER . YE . GEORGE . INN . SOWTHWARKE

$\frac{1}{2}$

R. Three tobacco-pipes and four pots.

Another has—

O. JAMES . GVNTER . 16 = St. George and the dragon.

$\frac{1}{4}$

R. IN . SOWTHWARKE = I . A . G

Again—

O. IOHN . EDE . NEXT . THE . 3 . CVPS = The name in monogram.

$\frac{1}{2}$

R. AGAINST . THE . GEORGE . IN . SOWTHRK = HIS HALF PENY.

<sup>1</sup> *Musarum Deliciæ, or The Muses' Recreation*, p. 28, by Sir J(ohn) M(en)nis and James S(mith).

<sup>2</sup> Riley.

Between the George and the White Hart was Three Crane Court, Three Crane Yard, Crown Court, probably the same place. Even the 3 cups was, according to the manner of the time, a variation. 1670.—Mark Wayland and Mary his wife hold the George at a rent of £150; at this time it was partly burnt down. Wayland rebuilt it, and had his rent reduced to £80 and a sugar-loaf. Wayland, in 1670, had a lease of Nicholas Andrewes.<sup>1</sup> In the great fire of the year 1676 the inn was totally destroyed, and rebuilt by the tenant; accordingly an extension of lease and a reduction of rent are granted, the old lease of thirty-nine years yet to run, and nineteen in addition, at a rent of £50 a year and a sugar-loaf. 1720.<sup>2</sup>—It is reported 'very large, with a considerable trade.'

In the year 1739 the George belonged to Thomas Aynescomb, Esq., of Charter House Square, whose will is dated 11th May in that year. From him it descended to his grand-daughter, Valentine Aynescomb, who married Mr. Lillie Smith.

A story has been told of the sixth Lord Digby, who succeeded to the peerage in 1752, which is perhaps worth repeating here. It is said that at Christmas and Easter he appeared very grave, and though usually well dressed was then in the habit of putting on a shabby old blue coat. This excited the curiosity of Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had him watched, when it was discovered that twice a year, or oftener, he was in the habit of

<sup>1</sup> Probably of the family of Bishop Andrewes. In the burial registers at St. Saviour's there are entries of a Nicholas Andrewes, and of his brother the Bishop, both buried in 1626.

<sup>2</sup> Strype's *Stow*.

going to the Marshalsea and freeing prisoners there. The next time the almsgiving coat appeared a friend boldly asked him why he wore it. By way of reply Lord Digby took the gentleman to the George Inn, where seated at dinner were thirty people, whom his lordship had just released from the Marshalsea prison by paying their debts in full.

Corner tells us that Mary Wayland, widow of Mark, followed him in the occupation of the inn; afterwards William Golding was the host, then Thomas Green, who in 1809 was succeeded by his niece Frances, and her husband, Westerman Scholefield. 1825.—The George<sup>1</sup> is reported as 'a good commercial inn in the Boro High Street; well known, whence several coaches and many waggons depart laden with the merchandise of the metropolis, in return for which they bring back from various parts of Kent, etc., that staple article of the country, the hop, to which we are indebted for the good quality of the London porter.' The Scholefields, when they took the George in hand in 1809, worked with spirit, and evidently meant to make it succeed, as they did. There is plate still at the inn with the initials, and an old advertising card quite worth copying, although of some length, because it shows the business, and how it was done.

#### GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK.

W. S. SCHOLEFIELD.

The following coaches set out from the above inn :—  
Maidstone, Malling, and Wrotham, four times a day.  
Folkestone, Hythe, and Ashford, 6 every morning: Mon., Wed., and Sat. evening.

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<sup>1</sup> Tavern Anecdotes by one of the old school.

Tenterden, Cranbrook, and Staplehurst, Sun., Tues., and Thurs. mor.  
 Wateringbury, Teston, and Mereworth, daily.  
 Brenchley, Matfield Green, and Peckham, Tue., Wed., and Sat.  
 afternoon.  
 Deal, Dover, Margate, Ramsgate, and Canterbury, twice a day.  
 Rochester, Chatham, and Gravesend, four times a day.  
 Orpington, St. Mary Cray, Chiselhurst, and Eltham, Mon., Wed., Sat.  
 afternoon.  
 Hastings, Boxhill, Battle, Robertsbridge, Lamberhurst, Tunbridge,  
 Sevenoaks, Worthing, Horsham, Dorking, Brighton, Cuckfield,  
 and Reigate, daily.

*Waggons.*

Lewes, Alfreton, and Seaford, Tue., Wed., and Saturday.	{	By Shelly,
Brighton and Cuckfield, Wed. and Saturday.		Crossweller,
Emsworth, Havant, and Petersfield, Tue. and Friday.		Goddard,
Tenterden, New Romney, and Staplehurst, Thurs.		Goodwin and
Folkestone, Sandgate, Hythe, Ashton, Wednesdays.		Woolley.
Worthing, Angmoring, Horsham, Reigate, and Gatton, twice a week.		
Dorking and Leatherhead, three times a week.		
Ightham, Wrotham, Kingsdown, Lingfield, Cowden, Cobham, Estree, Kingston, Brenchley, Horsemonden, West Wickham, and Becken- ham, weekly.		

W. S. begs to return his sincere thanks to his Friends & the Public in general for their past favors, and to acquaint them that he has neither spared pains nor expence in the improvement of the above Inn for their accommodation. He also takes this opportunity of soliciting their future encouragement, trusting they'll find Beds, Wines, Spirits, Stabling, to their perfect satisfaction.

*Neat Post Chaises.*

Goods for the above Waggons sent for and delivered immediately.

Waller, in 1855, says the George is very spacious, and extends a long way back,<sup>1</sup> no doubt, considering this wonderful bill of Scholefield's.

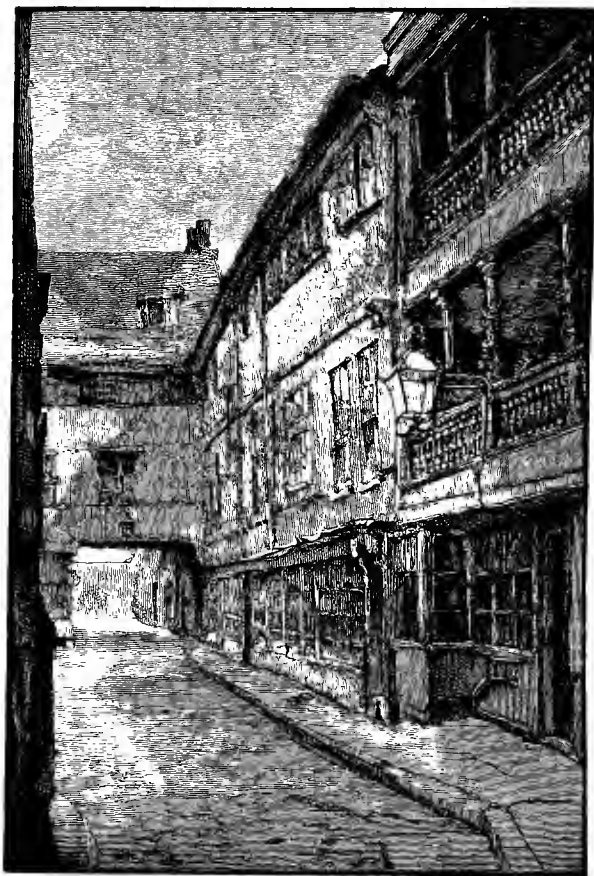
<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine.*



The Rev. Mr. Benson, chaplain of St. Saviour's, a sociable man and good local antiquary, had a talk with Mrs. Scholefield about the old place, which he jotted down in some valuable volumes of *Notes, Cuttings, and Illustrations of St. Saviour's*—a bequest of his to the British Museum. She told him of a round room for the ostlers in the days of pack-horses, and of a stable below ground with steps leading down to it; this still exists, though the entrance is blocked up. She also spoke, among other things, of a date, 1552, found on the chestnut beams, but there was probably a mistake here, for, as Mr. Corner expressly states, and as may be gathered from our account, no part of the actual George Inn is older than 1676. The beams referred to were supposed to have been found by Mr. Evans when making his showroom for hops. Mr. Scholefield died in 1836: his widow continued the business until her death in 1859.

Taking my refreshment at the George, I make no apology for wandering among the old printing-presses, many of which appear to have been grouped about this spot in 1620 or before. A noted bookseller, Henry Hills, had his counting-house at the corner of the George. In fact, from St. Margaret's Hill to St. Thomas's Street was a printing or publishing centre. Here in 1526 to 1538 was the renowned Nicholson press to which I have before referred, within the precincts of St. Thomas's Hospital. We have Andrew Kembe, St. Margaret's Hill near the Talbot, who publishes *Amadis of Gaul*, *The Lord's Day enlivened*, *The Paladine of England*, with its spare leaf noting what books Kembe had for sale, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, *Pasquil's Jests*, *Super-*

*stitious Jesu worship*, etc. etc. Here also Francis Faulkner issued Greene's *Pandosto* and the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*. The most delectable *Historie of Reynard the Fox*, 1620, 4to, black letter, was sold by



GEORGE INN FROM HIGH STREET.

Robert Aldred, dwelling in Southwark near the Market Place. A Harleian MS., without date but apparently of the seventeenth century, gives printers: Southwark, three; St. Margaret's Hill, five. Many

noted books were printed by Hils or Hills, *inter alia*, as Mr. Alnutt was so kind as to inform me, '*Designes Unmasked*'; or the several reasons of the three militias of Westminster, Hamblets of the Tower, and Burrough of Southwark, against the pretended union with the Militia of London, etc. Southwark: printed by Henry Hils, living in St. Thomases over against the Hospital,



TAP ROOM OF GEORGE INN.

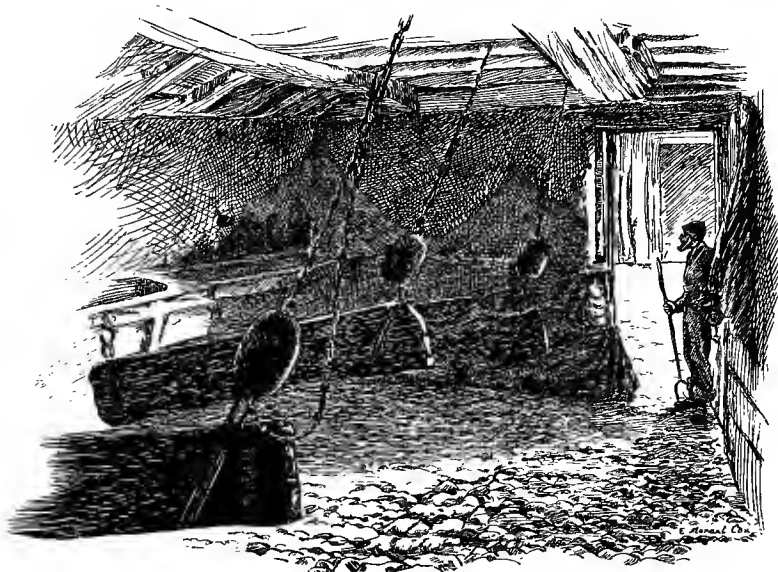
1648.' Hills was printer to the Lord Protector 1657 and to the King 1684—a member of the same family I believe, if not the same man. In the *London Courant*, 12th December 1688, is the following: 'This evening the multitude assembled at the Mass-house, Lincoln's Inn Fields—they concluded with the destruction of the Press and Books in Henry Hill's printing-house,' probably in St. Thomas's Street. Whether of this family or no, I cannot say, but a Robert Hill, stationer,



CENTRAL STAIRCASE, GEORGE INN.

etc., carried on business at No. 71, the house covering the gateway of the George, of which house he was free-

holder. He was there in 1832, and had personally travelled with a pack-horse on his business among the village shopkeepers. Mr. Drewett,<sup>1</sup> who informs me of this, was with this Hill, and he tells me that in 1610 there was a Hill warden of St. Saviour's, apparently of the same connection. Although the date of our George

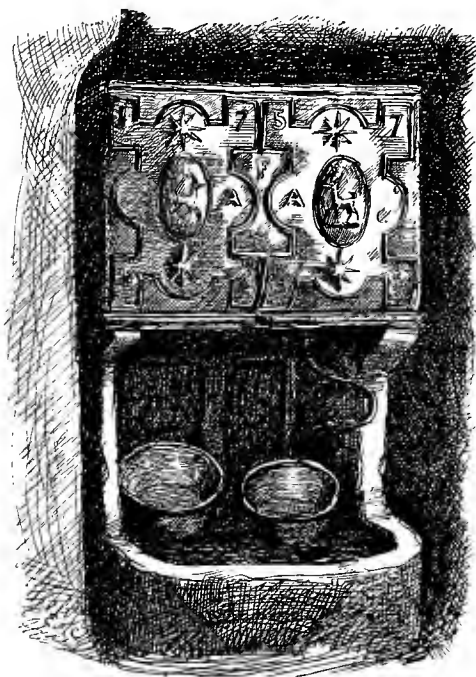


STABLE, GEORGE INN.

Inn does not go back so far, I am tempted to add a note from Hudson Turner's *Domestic Architecture of England*. He says, 'There are many inns of the fifteenth century still remaining in England. The George Inn at Salisbury, not now an inn, was not long since nearly perfect, and had some good barge boards in the yard.' Some years since the George was sold to the trustees of

<sup>1</sup> Within the last few weeks I have had to deplore the loss of this worthy local antiquary. He published my book on Old Southwark.

Guy's Hospital, which adjoins it on the east;—since that, some eleven or twelve years ago, it was bought, as I am informed, by the Great Northern Railway Company, at a cost of about £11,000. It is now used as a receiving-house, and something like a hundred tons of goods are weighed here per day. The George appears to be the least altered of the Southwark inns, though it is only



LEADEN CISTERN, GEORGE INN.

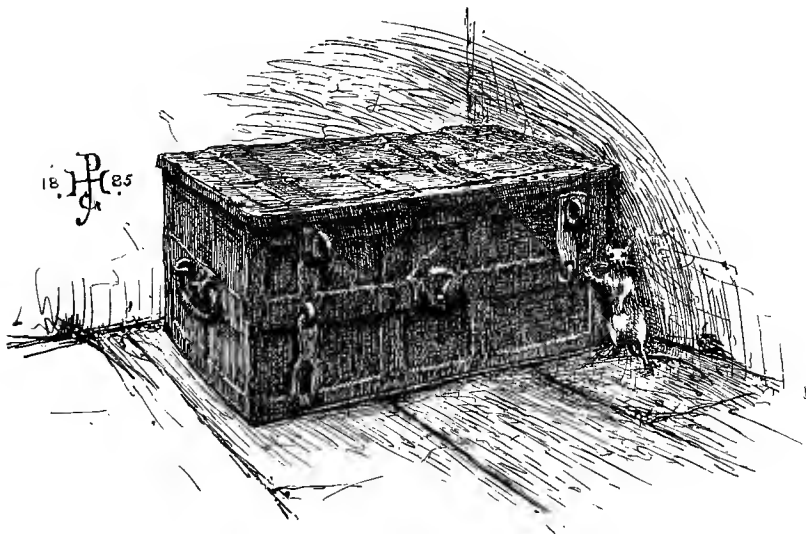
the principal yard next the street which remains more or less intact. Like most seventeenth-century inns, it has galleries on three sides, but the one to the south extends only a short distance. About twenty-five years ago the balustrades on the east and north sides were







removed and the galleries boarded up. That which still exists is often made pretty in summer with flowers, as may be seen from one of our illustrations. The parts of the inn not devoted to important business are mostly occupied by people who frequent the very bustling Borough Market close at hand. But alas, like the rest, the glory



OLD SAFE, GEORGE INN.

of this inn is departing! its fate is sealed, it will soon be pulled down altogether.

The George and its accessories have been depicted with much completeness and fidelity. I wish it were possible to give all that we have collected; we have done what we could. One picture shows the appearance of the yard at the beginning of this century, in the foreground a girl quaintly dressed, waiting for the coach. There is a view looking west, 1885, in which an old ox yoke, implying an extinct kind of conveyance, is seen let

into the wall of the passage—the old-fashioned dining-room, 1885, is still used ;—a stable interior with horse-stalls, showing movable partitions called *bale*, for varying accommodation, as was often necessary in the times of the waggons ; and balls, round and smooth, to prevent horses closely stabled from chafing each other. There are also among these illustrations the old tap-room, still used by carters and van-drivers ; a staircase leading to the centre of the gallery ; a curious wrought-iron safe now in the office of a noted hop merchant, Mr. R. P. Evans, who carries on business within the George yard ; an ornamental leaden cistern in one of the rooms, of a kind common in the seventeenth century ; and a view of that part of the old gallery where the balustrades are still left. Last but not least, there is a picturesque view of the entrance from the High Street. Incidentally I may note an eccentric suicide, George Ryland, who hung himself to the shaft of a waggon in a shed at the George Inn yard about thirty years ago.





## CHAPTER VI

### THE TABARD

IN our section of Rocque's map is shown east of St. Margaret's Hill the very considerable inn yard of The Talbot, known up to a little later than 1590 as the Tabard. This was the most celebrated, and, as far as I know, the most ancient of the Southwark hostelries, having been built probably about 1306, some eleven or twelve years before the Bear at the Bridge Foot, close at hand. It is pleasant to linger a while at this inn, immortalised as it is by the first of our great English poets. I will begin, so to speak, before the beginning. Relics of a Roman time of some thousand years before have been plentifully found at hand, as they have been under or near other inns of the main thoroughfare of Southwark ; some traces, a coin or two at least, exactly opposite the Tabard ; indeed the Romans had their villas nearly all the way from the bridge to the site of St. George's Church, and the number of household relics they left behind them is remarkable. One is inclined to think that, living as they did in the midst of an alien and conquered people, their final retirement from this district partook almost of the nature of a flight. The earliest

distinct notice I have of the site of the Tabard is in 1304, 33rd Ed. I,<sup>1</sup> when the Abbot and Convent of Hyde purchased here from William de Lategareshall two houses, held of the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the annual rent of 5s. 1½d. and suit to his court in Southwark, and 1d. a year for an encroachment one foot wide on the King's highway; £4 per annum to John de Tymberhuth, and 3s. to the prior and convent of St. Mary Overie,—value clear 40s. In a former conveyance these houses are said to extend 'a communi fossato de Suthwerke versus Orientem, usque Regiam viam de Suthwerke versus occidentem.' Here the Abbot built himself a town mansion, and probably at the same time a hostelry for the convenience of travellers. 1307.—The Abbot obtained license from the Bishop of Winchester to build himself a chapel at or by the inn. In a later deed<sup>2</sup> are the words, 'The Abbott's lodgeinge was wyninge to the backside of the inn called the Tabarde, and had a garden attached.' Stow's Survey puts the matter clearly. He says, 'Within this inn was also the lodging of the Abbot of Hide (by the city of Winchester), a fair house for him and his train when he came to that city to Parliament.' It has been already shown that this immediate neighbourhood was a favourite resort of abbots and priors, five others, at least, having in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries their important residences close at hand.

The Tabard owes all its fame to the fact that it was

<sup>1</sup> Esc. 33 Ed. I. n. 227; 34 Ed. I. n. 127. See also *Liber Monasterii de Hyda* (Edwards), p. lxxix. It is stated that the register of Hyde Abbey extends as far back as the time of Canute. Hist. MSS. Comm., App. iii. 8th Report, p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Referred to in Chancery Proceedings, 27th June 1599.







depicted by Chaucer as the place of assemblage for his Canterbury pilgrims. I shall therefore venture to sketch his life, and to repeat here briefly, though so often told already, the story of his great poem. After that will come, somewhat in chronological order, any interesting historical points concerning the inn, or later authentic gossip worth recording. The Canterbury pilgrimage of Chaucer is treated as an actual occurrence; certainly many such took place. 'As for tidings,' says a Paston Letter of 1471, 'the King and Queen and much people are ridden and gone to Canterbury, never so much people seen in pilgrimage heretofore at once, as men say.' So early as the time of Geraldus, who had been a contemporary of Becket, the Bishop of Winchester recognises that he and his fellows had lately come from Canterbury, by the signs of St. Thomas hanging from their necks. Referring to this passage, Mr. Roach Smith in his *Collectanea Antiqua*, 'Plate xxxii. fig. 10, exhibits one of the signs or tokens of Becket, found in the river Thames, and no doubt brought from Canterbury by some pilgrim or devotee.' Chaucer gets his idea, therefore, out of the practice it may be of thousands of people who yearly went to the shrine of the 'holy and blisful martyr,' Thomas à Becket, and Southwark was on the chief high road. Mr. Way has in his possession a pilgrim's bottle which was dug up in Southwark, not far from the Tabard, I believe. A fine description of a pilgrim's equipment is given in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Soul's Pilgrimage*—

'Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon,

My scrap of joy immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation,  
My gown of glory (hope's true gage),  
And then I'll take my pilgrimage.'

Chaucer and the Tabard are immortal, but to the general public until lately Southwark has been of so little account, that whether to them it had any past history at all was apparently a matter of doubt. Possibly in the dim future it is by the *Canterbury Tales* alone that we shall be remembered. The poet tells us how in the pleasant season of April a cavalcade of pilgrims was waiting at the inn ready to start for Canterbury, the host of the Tabard being their leader and he himself their chronicler, the rest made up of typical people, representative of the time. In these words he introduces the subject—

'Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,  
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,  
Redy to wender on my pilgrimage  
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,  
At night was come into that hostelrie  
Wel nyne and twenty in a compainye  
Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle  
In felaweschipe, and pilgryms were thei alle,  
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde ;  
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,  
And wel we weren esed atte beste.'

To beguile the way each pilgrim, fit or unfit, was to tell a story. As the host says—

'This is the poynt, to speken schort and pleyn,  
That ech of yow to schorte with oure weie,  
In this viage, schal telle tales tweye,  
To Caunterburi-ward, I mene it so,  
And hom-ward he schal tellen othere tuo,  
Of adventures that whilom han bifalle.'

The pilgrims settled all this the night before, and the one who best performed his task was to have a 'soper' at the cost of the others, in the same place, when they come again from Canterbury. They are of glad heart; they like his plan; they ask him to be their governor, to judge of the tales, and, prudent people, to set the soper at a certain price. All this business was arranged at the Tabard; 'then they dronken and to reste wente each oon.' When the day began to spring, the host was up. He gathered his flock, and out they rode together 'unto the waterynge of seint Thomas.' The poet describes his feelings; how it all came about; and whether his company be visionary or not, with him it was, and is to us, a picture from the life. An intense lover of nature, he relates how April and the rain had softened old March, and had bathed each plant in flower-producing moisture—how 'Zephirus' with his sweet breath had inspired in every 'holte and heathe the tendre croppes'—how the birds made 'melodie'—how, in short, nature had given courage to every living thing, and what with the charms of the springtide, and the new-found liveliness of man and woman answering to nature, they all 'longen' to go on pilgrimage. The machinery of the story is apt and beautiful. The pilgrims, who are supposed to start from the Tabard, are types of every class, good, bad, and indifferent, which then formed all but the highest and the extreme lowest of English society. None of them is very reticent; they speak out after their kind.

Chaucer's verse may seem difficult and repellent at first, but after a little study of the mode of pronouncing so as to preserve the rhythm, all is well. Some of our

best poets have essayed to imitate and modernise, but mastering, as is easily done, the original, no one would read again the best of the paraphrases. Mrs. Haweis,<sup>1</sup> with a little pardonable hero-worship, tells us he is a religious poet; that all his merriest stories have a fair moral; that even the coarse are rather naive than injurious; how his pages breathe a genuine faith in God, and a passionate sense of the beauty and harmony of the divine work. But to resume.<sup>2</sup>

The leader of the Canterbury pilgrims and host of the Tabard is Henry Bailey, Member for Southwark in 1376—the good Parliament—and in 1379. He made good cheer for all, and anon set them to supper ‘with vitaille atte beste.’ Here is in words his portrait—from the man himself no doubt; the characters of Chaucer give one the impression of being all after the life—

‘A semely man oure hooste he was withalle  
For to have been a marschal in an halle;  
A large man he was with eyghen stepe,  
A fairer burgeys is ther noon in Chepe;  
Bold of his speche and wys and wel i-taught,  
And of manhede him lakkede right naught.’

A prudent man and a merry was the host; he ministered to the amusement of his guests, but it was when they had made their reckonings. ‘He hadn’t seen so merry a company at once in his herbergh<sup>3</sup> before, and he would fain do them mirth wist he how, and for this he would seek no reward.’

<sup>1</sup> *Chaucer for Children, a Golden Key.*

<sup>2</sup> See a learned, cheap, and charming little book, *Chaucer*, edited by Rev. Richard Morris, LL.D. Clarendon Press Series.

<sup>3</sup> The Tabard is at once a hostelrie and a herbergh.

‘Ye go to Canterbury, God you speed,  
The blisful martyr quit you your neede.’

God bless you, he seems to say, and give you what you so well deserve.

Let us now see the poet. I daresay he is faithfully represented in the portrait which belongs to the British Museum,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Furnivall has helped us to Greene’s vision of him in 1592. It is as follows:—

‘His stature was not very tall;  
Leane he was; his legs were small,  
Hosd within a stock of red;  
A buttond bonnet on his head,  
From under which did hang, I weene,  
Silver haire both bright and sheene.  
His beard was white, trimmed round;  
His countenance blithe and merry found.  
A sleeveless jacket, large and wide,  
With many pleights and skirt-es side,  
Of water chamlet, did he weare;  
A whittell by his belte he beare.  
His shoes were corned broad before;  
His Inckehorne at his side he wore,  
And in his hand he bore a booke:  
Thus did the auntient Poet looke.’

William Bullein gives in 1573 a more fanciful description. ‘Wittie Chaucer,’ says he, ‘satte in a Chaire of gold covered with Roses, writing prose and risme, accompanied with the Spirites of many kyngs, knightes, and faire ladies.’ Geoffrey was born, according to the date now accepted, about 1340, and was the son of John Chaucer, vintner, in Thames Street, by Walbrook, respecting whom the important fact is known, that he

<sup>1</sup> Harleian MS. 4866, so charmingly photographed for Mr. Furnivall’s *Life Records of Chaucer*. Chaucer Society, 1876.

attended the King and Queen on their journey to Flanders and Cologne in 1338. We may assume that the original Chaucer was a shoemaker. There were plenty of the name about: for instance, Richard, 1320, buried in the Hospital of St. Thomas, who had houses in St. Olave's, near the Stulps, and William Chaucer, churchwarden of St. Margaret's long after. Geoffrey was a student of the Bohemian type; a disciple of Gower perhaps, but of Venus doubtless, as the deed of release between him and Cecilia Champaigne in 1380 would seem to prove, and his address to his pitiless mistress also. The vintner's connection with the Court shows that he was of the better class, or the youth might not so soon have found his way up. We have seen that Henry Bailey, *vintner* and host of the Tabard, was also Member for Southwark. In 1357 Chaucer is page in the household of Edward III.'s second son Lionel, and gets his livery—a short cloak, a pair of red and black breeches and shoes—with 3s. 6d. in his pocket for necessities. At about nineteen he becomes a soldier, and later a prisoner, ransomed by the King's help. In 1367 he receives a pension of twenty marks by the year,<sup>1</sup> for good service done, and then or soon after is appointed yeoman 'valettus' of the King's chamber, his pay as valettus being separate from the pension, which was probably conferred on him for some different service. His duty is to make 'beddes,' hold torches, set boards, watch the King, and go on messages, etc.<sup>2</sup> Chaucer's marriage is involved in obscurity; it is

<sup>1</sup> A mark 13s. 4d., equal, roughly speaking, to about £6 of our present money. His salary would therefore be equivalent to something like £120 a year.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Furnivall's *Life Records*.

highly probable that it took place before 1366. His wife was Philippa, one of the Queen's maids,<sup>1</sup> sister, it is said, of Katherine Swynford, mistress, governess, and wife to John of Gaunt; there is reason to believe that her surname was Roet or Roelt. In 1369 he seems to have been campaigning again in France. By 1372 he had become one of the King's esquires, and till the autumn of the following year was employed on missions to Italy, where he possibly saw Petrarch and Boccaccio. In 1374 he was appointed comptroller of the customs and subsidy of wools, skins, and tanned hides in the port of London during the King's pleasure, and in performing the duties of this office he must have been brought into frequent contact with Southwark. The same year a dwelling-house above the gate of Aldgate was leased to him, and he had granted for life a daily pitcher of wine; this was afterwards commuted into a second pension of twenty marks. The Duke of Lancaster also granted him a pension of £10 a year for life in consideration of the good services of himself and his wife, and other benefits were conferred on him. In 1386 he was elected knight of the shire for Kent, but soon afterwards fell into misfortune; some inquiries into abuses 'a terrible list,' were set on foot by the so-called 'Merciless Parliament,' and Chaucer was dismissed from his office. As some of his work was done by deputy, some appears to have been of the nature of a

<sup>1</sup> 'Philippa Chaucer, domicellarum camerae Philippæ reginæ Angliæ.' There is a record in 1369 of mourning cloth for Geoffrey Chaucer and Philippa on the death of Queen Philippa, three ells for him and six for the lady, a small annual allowance for clothes and gifts from friends in high position. Chaucer's wife died probably in 1387.

sinecure, and as his patron John of Gaunt, who had gone to Spain, was unpopular at the time, we need not suppose that there was actual corruption. Chaucer can hardly have been a corrupt man: he satirises the monk who loved venerie, the prioress simple and coy, the friar wanton and merry, the sumpnour with his fire-red face, the pardoner who went about with his 'pigges bones as relics,' and yet gives that divine picture of 'the poore parson.' One must think well of him and of John of Gaunt his fast friend, patron also of the fearless reformer Wickliffe, who was the first of the new prose writers, as Chaucer was the greatest of the new poets. In 1388, being now probably in distress, he appears to have sold two of his pensions; and about this time he begins his *Canterbury Tales*. In 1389 his affairs take a turn for the better. He is appointed clerk of the King's works at Westminster, the Tower, and other places, and in 1390 is member of a commission to repair the Thames's banks between Woolwich and Greenwich. It would seem, however, that Chaucer was not successful as a man of business, for in the following year he again loses his appointment. Mr. Selby of the Public Record Office has lately made a valuable discovery; that when in 1390 Chaucer appeared in very low estate, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, grandson of the Duchess of Clarence, gave him in conjunction with Richard Brittle the important office of forester of North Petherton, Somerset, and that in 1397-98 Alienora, Roger Mortimer's wife, reappointed Chaucer sole forester. The Duchess of Clarence, it will be remembered, was wife of Lionel, to whose household the poet was attached in his youth, so it



is pleasant to think that he was not forgotten by his old friends.<sup>1</sup>

On Tuesday, 9th September 1390, a strange adventure befell him<sup>2</sup>—he was robbed twice in one day. At Westminster, of £10, by one Richard Brerely, and near the 'fowle' oak at Hatcham, of £9 : 3 : 6, by this same Brerely and three others, one of them in gaol confessing the theft; his horse was also taken from him '*et autres moebles.*' At the time of his low estate he anticipates his income by little instalments, and is obliged to borrow; the King helps him with work and money, and, significant fact, allows him protection from arrest. On the accession of Henry IV., son of the Duke of Lancaster, in 1399, he immediately granted Chaucer forty marks yearly in addition to what he had before. The poet, however, did not live long to enjoy his increased income, dying, it is said, on the 25th October 1400, at the age of 60. He seems to have taken his reverses philosophically, one time saying—

'All that is given, take with cheerfulness;  
To wrestle in this world is to ask a fall.  
Here is no home; here is but a wilderness.'

Another time in grim humour apostrophising his empty purse—

'To you, my Purse, and to none other wight,  
Complayne I, for ye be my Ladie dere;  
I am sorie now that ye be light,  
For certes now ye make me heavie chere;  
Me were as lefe laide upon a bere,

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<sup>1</sup> *Athenæum*, 20th November 1886.

<sup>2</sup> *Robberies of Chaucer*, by Walford D. Selby. Chaucer Society, 2d Series, No. 12.

For which unto your mercy thus I crie,  
Be heavie againe, or else mote I die.  
Ye be my life, ye be my hertes stere ;  
Queen of good comfort, and of good companie.'

These lines, which breathe the old spirit, were sent to Henry IV. a year only before the poet died, and doubtless influenced that monarch.

Our scope will not allow sketches of the pilgrims<sup>1</sup> who started that May morning for Canterbury. The rich church of St. Margaret was opposite, with a gild<sup>2</sup> of brotherhood and sisterhood. It was one of the duties of gilds to give help and countenance to pilgrims. No doubt some would go across the way for a last service, and for the benediction at St. Margaret's; and they might get a few cheering words from the Brethren and Sisteren at St. George's on their way. Be that as it may, we see them through Kent Street, as far as St. Thomas a Watering, the outermost boundary of Southwark in that direction, and so leave them.<sup>3</sup>

Mr. Karkeek, a respected surgeon and Officer of Health at Torquay, has favoured me with a very useful

<sup>1</sup> There are two interesting modern representations of the 'Canterbury Pilgrims.' The engraving by William Blake, painter, engraver, and poet, led (Mr. Redgrave tells us) to a bitter feud with his friend Stothard, R.A., who painted the same subject, the works of both showing some points of similarity, and both claiming the original conception. Stothard's picture has, I learn, been lately secured to the National Gallery at a cost of £463.

<sup>2</sup> English Gilds, *Early English Text Society*, p. 157, releasing the pilgrims' contributions to the gild; p. 177, to help pilgrims; p. 180, to go a little way with the pilgrim, and give him something toward his journey; p. 231, to keep a house and beds for poor pilgrims.

<sup>3</sup> So far my authorities are mainly Sir H. Nicolas, Mr. Furnivall, founder and life of the Chaucer Society, Dr. Morris, and Professor J. W. Hales in the Dictionary of National Biography.

pamphlet<sup>1</sup> by him concerning the horses of Chaucer's pilgrimage; very appropriate indeed, if we glance at that cavalcade of pilgrims as they set forth. In the various pictures professing to represent the outset of the pilgrims the horses appear to be, as we say, of all sorts; some belonging to well-to-do pilgrims, others, no doubt, hired beasts. A Patent Roll, cited 19 Richard II., concerns Hackney-men of Southwark, who were to take for the hire, 12d. from Southwark to Rochester, 12d. from Rochester to Canterbury, 6d. from Canterbury to Dover. Here was profitable traffic for the host of the Tabard. The writer remarks, 'That the customers of Harry Baily might have had to put up with any animal he chose to provide,' the poorer sort, as the shipman, with very sorry cattle indeed.

An early notice of the inn (mentioned by Larwood) occurs in one of the Rolls of Parliament, where, 5 Richard II. (1381), in a list of people who had taken part in Jack Cade's rebellion, appears the name of 'Joh'es Brewersman, manens apud le Tabbard, London.'

Sir John Howard (Jockey of Norfolk) was a frequent visitor to Southwark. In 1463 he sups with Lord Audley<sup>2</sup> at 'Wekesonys, in Southwark.' The Tabard is one of the many inns favoured by him. 18th April 1469 he is there making himself agreeable to the good wife, and will take onward a child of hers, for which safeguard the hire of two hackneys for two of Sir John's servants is allowed. Our inns seem altogether to have met his

<sup>1</sup> Reprint—Chaucer Society, 1884, p. 490.

<sup>2</sup> The Audleys were much affected to Southwark. For Audley burials at St. Saviour's, see *Old Southwark*, p. 175.

taste and his necessities. In the book cited<sup>1</sup> are several entries on behalf of servants for horse meat and so on.

In the wardens' accounts of St. Margaret's,—to which parish our inn at that time belonged,—is an entry of a contribution from the Abbot of Hyde—6s. 8d. on Valentine's Day, and one of 3s. 4d. from 'the wyfe at the Syrcote' or Circot, which, as we have remarked, was another name for the Tabard.

At the dissolution this inn, with other possessions of Abbot Salcote or Capon, was surrendered, and was granted by the King to Thomas and John Master. It is noted in the surrender as 'one hostelry called the Taberd, the Abbot's place, the Abbot's stable, the garden belonging, and a dung-place leading to the ditch going to the Thames.' The same ditch is apparently represented in the sewer maps of so late as a hundred years ago, in the rear of the inns, emptying into the Thames at the Bridge Yard sluice. The inn and buildings were represented as one arrow-shot from His Majesty's house and park in Southwark, the 'Maner Place and Park' of the map of 1542. The annual rent of the inn is fixed in 1539 at £9, for a term of forty-one years. The Abbot of Hyde, who was befriended<sup>2</sup> by Cromwell, had helped on the King's side in the divorce of Queen Catharine, and was rewarded for his facile behaviour, first, by being made Bishop of Bangor<sup>3</sup> till 1539, then Bishop of

<sup>1</sup> *Manners and Household Expences of England*. Sir John Howard, 1463-71. Roxburghe Club, 1841.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters and Papers*, 1533. Abbot of Hyde to Cromwell. Is 'ill, or would have thanked Cromwell for some favours.' Dated 'from my house, Southwark.'

<sup>3</sup> John, Abbot of Hyde, to Lady Lisle. *Letters and Papers*, 16th

Salisbury till 1559. Notwithstanding he was a great clerk and learned in divinity, this may be said of him, 'that he was an able, discerning, and unscrupulous trimmer.' He presided at the trial of Marbeck and others at Windsor, and sentenced them to be burnt as heretics. He sat also at the trial of Hooper and Rogers; but the trimmer became himself a Protestant reformer. Such are often the men who teach us our duty toward God and our neighbour, and get the highest earthly rewards. I suppose the balance will be made even.

The Tabard, released now from all priestly connection, passes to the new Masters, Thomas and John of that name. The inn was usually called Tabard or Tabbard until the end of the sixteenth century: in the oftmentioned map of 1542 it is spelt Tabete. The meaning of the word Tabard is given by Stow in his *Survey* (1598). He says it is 'a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders; a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, their arms embroidered or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others, but now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and be called their coats of arms in service.' 'At the coronation of Henry VII. a taberd of tarteryn was put on the King; it was white, and shaped in the manner of a "dalmatick."'<sup>1</sup> A similar garment, un-

November 1633. 'John Capon, elect of Bangor,' and again, 'I am elect of Bangor with the Abbey of Hyde in Commendacion.' Dated Southwark, St. Edmund's Day.

<sup>1</sup> *Rutland Papers*, Camden Society.

ornamented, was worn by men of low degree. In a dispute, anno 1276, about vesper time, one man killed another with a knife; among the murderer's goods taken were one tabard, value 10d.; one hatchet, one bow with three arrows, value 2d.; and one sheet, valued at 4d.<sup>1</sup> The round smock-frock, with honeycomb work, worn still by small farmers and agricultural labourers in out-of-the-way parts of the country, may, I think, have descended from the humbler sort of tabard, like that, for instance, of Chaucer's ploughman, 'who, in a tabard,<sup>2</sup> rode upon a mare.'

The name was changed to Talbot, perhaps by fancy, or because a word slips phonetically with such ease into another shape. Aubrey, the historian of Surrey, says in 1719, but without giving evidence, that 'an ignorant landlord or tenant, instead of the ancient sign of the Tabard, put up the Talbot or dog.'<sup>3</sup> The circumstances attending the change of title are interesting, and are even now by men of assumed authority quite misunderstood. A writer in the *Antiquary* of 1885, vol. xi., innocently remarks, 'It was after the great Southwark fire of 1676 that the name of the original inn was altered from the "Tabard" to the "Talbot" by a dependent of the then Earl of Shrewsbury, into whose possession the property passed at this time.' The same writer is disposed fully to agree with the opinion ex-

<sup>1</sup> Riley, *Memorials of London*, Life in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> 'From the wearing of the Tabbard or Tabberd, some of those on the foundation at Queen's College in Oxford are called Tabberdarii.—Urry's *Chaucer Glossary*, p. 64.

<sup>3</sup> 'Ran Colle our dog, and talbot and girlond.'—Chaucer's *Nun's Priest's Tale*. 'Talbot, a dog with a turned up tail.'—Bailey's Dictionary.

pressed by Mr. Saunders, 'That there can scarcely be a reasonable doubt that the Tabard he saw was as old as the reign of Henry IV. ;' a notion altogether discredited, indeed exploded some time since. In point of fact the change of name took place gradually, and began much earlier than is commonly supposed. In certain Chancery Proceedings of 27th June 1599<sup>1</sup> both names are used. Robert Mabbe, plaintiff, states that his father, John Mabbe, in his lifetime, owned 'the messuage tenement and garden thereunto belonging, with appurtenances, commonly known and called the *Talbotte*.' Farther on in the same document he states that his father in his lifetime owned in fee 'The demesne comonlie called the *Taberd*, and some gardine thereunto belonging, and one messuage w<sup>th</sup> appert'nances, and the reversion thereof, winding to the back of the said inn called the *Tabarde*.' John Mabbe, the father, appears to have been a charitable, and certainly at one time a wealthy man. This may be inferred from his will, of which we give a complete copy in the Appendix; and not from his will alone. It was a custom of the time for the hospitals to receive poor patients at the request of charitable persons, who made payment for the same to the governors. 14th July 1572, one Edward Whitepane was admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital for six months, at the request of Mr. John Mabbe, goldsmith, who entered into a bond with the treasurer, Mr. Edward Osborne,<sup>2</sup> to remove the man when called upon to do so. April 1573, 'Mr. Mabb is suter for Whitepane to

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, Mm. 8, No. 53. Public Record Office.

<sup>2</sup> The founder of the Leeds family referred to in our account of the Chequers.

remain to Bartylmewtyde, engaging to pay 12d. per week for him;' and 12d. implied at least 10s. or 12s. in present value. John Mabbe made his will 7th November 1578, which was not proved until 1582. The inn was, no doubt, in Robert's hands as early as 1584.<sup>1</sup> At the time of the lawsuit in 1599 he says it was all he had under his father's will. He is then embarrassed; he has dealings with money-lenders, of whom Preston, a party to the suit, is one; he says he is in great misery and want. At all events, in 1601, on an execution for debt, the Tabard, or the Talbot as it is now frequently called, passes from its old owners. We shall see how Preston, landlord after the Mabbes, is concerned. In his evidence he narrates that Robert Mabbe borrowed money of him, that he became at length insolvent, and that he, Preston, had a dear bargain after all. For a time he proposed to lodge at the inn, and thus help Mabbe to clear his debt. At length, making up his mind to possess it, 'he did compound with Isabell Mabb, the mother, for her share in the said inn, by paying her £150.' She signed a deed, dated 1590, presumably in this transaction. John Tirbeveld is now tenant, but Preston says he intends, by the grace of God, to dwell in the *Talbot* himself, and that he has engaged a carpenter to make a new building, for which he is to pay £124. Here a passage in Speght's Second Edition of *Chaucer*, 1602, comes in to help us. His description of the inn is, that 'Whereas through time it hath been much decayed,

<sup>1</sup> *Society in the Elizabethan Age*, p. 82, by Hubert Hall of the Public Record Office.



it is now by Master J. Preston, with the abbot's house thereto adjoined, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased for the receipt of many guests.' Some particulars of the occupants, internal arrangements, furniture, and utensils of the old inn, are given with a lease of 1574, and again with the proceedings of 1601; these I have not seen, but I take the liberty to quote from Mr. Hubert Hall's book, *Society in the Elizabethan Age*, p. 81. 'The arrangements of this inn, about the middle of Elizabeth's reign, would be much the same as those of any other hostel on the same scale. On the ground-floor, looking on to the street, was a room called "the darke parlor," a hall, and a general reception-room called "the parlor." This was probably the dining-room of the house, as it opened on to the kitchen on the same level. Below the dark parlour was a cellar. On the first floor, above the parlour and the hall, were three rooms—"the middle chamber," "the corner chamber," and "Maister Hussyes chamber," with garrets or "cock lofts" over them. Above the great parlour was another room. There were also rooms called "the Entry chamber" and "the Newe chamber," "the Flower de Luce," and "Mr. Russell's chamber," of which the position is not specified. A warehouse, presumably under a separate roof, a coal-hole and an oven-house, a double stable with an oat-loft over it, and a similar stable with a hay-loft over it.'

Mention of the Mabbe family naturally brings to one's mind the name of Shakespeare's immortal creation, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the Fairy Queen. In the

*Antiquarian Magazine* for January 1882, I indulged in a fancy sketch—‘Shakespeare at the Tabard Inn—a Phantasy;’ well, it was to some extent ‘the baseless fabric of a vision.’ It called down on me a little good-natured ridicule; but there was a point in it pertinent to the subject in hand. Shakespeare, it is curious to note, rarely, if ever, invents a name, but, as Mr. Halliwell Phillipps has remarked, ‘he adopts the names of persons distinguished or obscure.’ Many of these were known in Southwark, as for instance Bardolph, Catling, Fastolfe, and Poynings or Pains; Tybalts or Theobalds were common; and Bannister’s Garden was a western boundary of the Globe. Now we have seen that in the latter part of the sixteenth century a Mabbe family owned the Tabard, and John, the head of this family, was doubtless landlord in the usual sense till the time of his death, presumably in 1582, his widow afterwards retaining a share of the inn till 1590, and his son till considerably later. In a sacramental token book of 1593, a widow Mabbe, probably Isabel, is mentioned as resident in Bull Head Alley, near the Bear Garden, where<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare, we know, was living in 1596. Granted that the origin of the word Mabbe Celtic, as is now generally believed, we may fairly imagine that its use was suggested to him by a knowledge of the family which at one time owned the Tabard.

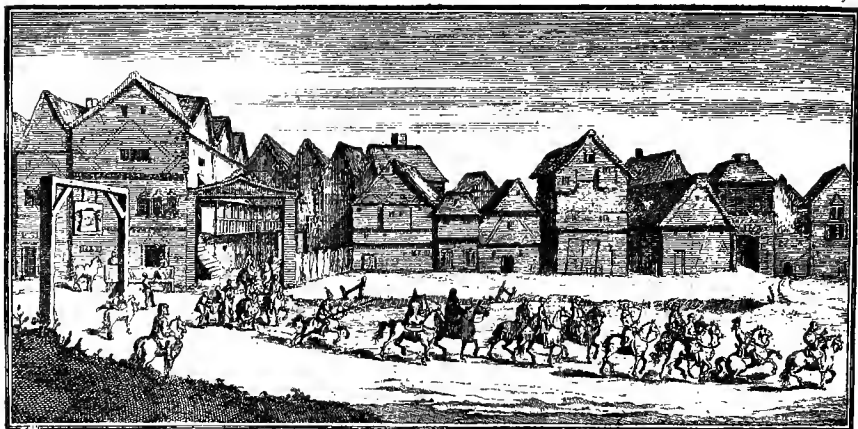
<sup>1</sup> It is curious to note that the life-sized bust of Shakespeare in the Stratford church was the work of Garrat Johnson, ‘whose place of business was near the western door of St. Saviour’s Church, within a few minutes’ walk of the Globe Theatre, and therefore one to whom the poet’s appearance was no doubt familiar.’ See *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, by Halliwell Phillipps.

On a casual inspection of the registers of St. Saviour's I find two or three entries in connection with the Talbot. 1578.—The wardens note a 'stranger within the *Talbert*,' who, intending apparently to take the sacrament, has token money 10d. entered to him. 1610.—There is a burial from the Talbot stables. 1629.—A man is 'killed at the Talbot;' no doubt people were often killed in those violent times. This brings to my mind the curious remains of two mummified bodies found in the Bishop's chapel of St. Saviour's<sup>1</sup> in 1817; in one was shown a shot hole under the left clavicle; a picture is given of them in Moss's *St. Saviour's*. A romance might well be written upon these two strange figures, which from their appearance might have dated as early as 1629.

In John Preston's will, dated 1607, he speaks of 'my messuage and inne called the Taberd, alias the Tabrett, also the Abbot's lodging;' he leaves it to his grandson, Philip, son of John Bernard, who had married his daughter. 1629.—Philip Bernard, in his will, notes that he had 'speech and conference with William Garfoote of Ingerstone as to the Tabard or Tabrett, and *Abbot's lodging now converted into a brewhouse*, for which he is to pay ? per annum, according to lease drawn but not yet sealed, to begin Ladyday last past,' *i.e.* 1629. A paper of 1636 (among the St. Saviour's MSS.) speaks of 'William Garfoote, Gent., dwelling at Ingerstone, Sussex, landlord of the Talbutt inn and of tenements within the same, lately divided.' The old connections are dying out, and the extensive ground space being used for purposes of business or for lodgers. Now and

<sup>1</sup> East end of the Lady Chapel, removed about 1830.

then the wardens made a running survey of houses, to report about attempts to evade the curious law of the time limiting the number of new buildings. In their report of 1634 they say the Talbot was built of brick six years before, that is, in 1628, upon an old foundation, by William Garford, worth £10 a year, and let to William



THE TABARD (from Urry's *Chaucer*).

Chafey. 1637.—We learn from Garfoote's will that he married the granddaughter of the Rector of Ingerstone.

The view of the Tabard in Urry's *Chaucer* of 1721 reproduced for our work shows a swinging sign across the road, and stone steps leading up outside to the galleries—good evidence of a mediæval inn. Mr. Furnivall's authority upon all that pertains to Chaucer is so great that I put the question to him—'Is Urry's a picture of the old inn or not?' In answer he said, 'I have never been able to decide, but it looks genuine.' Of course the difficulty is that the original Tabard, or what was left of it, had been burnt down nearly fifty

years before this view appeared ; it may, however, have been based on an older drawing.

Now comes the great fire of 1676, of which, as we have seen, an account was published, under some authority, immediately afterwards, where it is said that 'the Talbot with its backhouses, stables, etc., was burnt down to the ground.' A fire so fierce and extensive, set going from an oil shop close by, and chiefly among old wooden buildings, was not likely to spare any part of this dry and largely-timbered inn. Our best modern authorities testify the same way. 'The architecture of the Tabard will itself convince anybody who will carefully examine it that it is not of an earlier date than Charles II.' (*Builder*, 28th June 1873). 'There can be no doubt that all but the foundations was destroyed in the fire of 1676' (Corner, *Ancient Inns of Southwark*, 1860). 'The Tabard was entirely destroyed by a fire in the time of Charles II., but rebuilt on the old plan, and is a curious and interesting example' (Hudson Turner, *Domestic Architecture*, Richard II. to Henry VIII., 1859). Among the tenants burnt out in 1676, and their cases adjudicated upon, was Michael Hart, who held the inn ground, and buildings, having as an under tenant the widow Studd, who carried on within the precincts the business of an ironmonger, her late husband having in 1654 had a lease, at £5 a year, of a stable and piece of ground where the pump stood : she is to expend £250, and have a lease of 59 years at £3 : 10s.

Soon after the rebuilding, in 1681, a very exciting, tumultuous election took place in Southwark. The poll, usually lasting a fortnight, had 'run dry ;' the book was

closed, and the proceedings were adjourned from the Artillery Hall, Horselydown, to the Talbot Inn, and the poll counted there, with the result in numbers, of Howe, 1622, Rich, 1616,—two very noted Southwark people, who were elected; two others, 'Elephant' Smith and Slingsby Bethell not elected. Bethell, the Shimei of Dryden's remarkable poem, was tried for an assault and for obstructing the poll. The returning officer, on this occasion the High Bailiff, was, it has been said,<sup>1</sup> Nell Gwynn's husband, but the tale of her marriage is discredited.

The Talbot, like most Borough inns, was more or less noted for carriers. In 1637 the Water Poet, full of information at first hand about our Southwark inns, tells us that 'carriers from Crambrooke and Benenden in Kent, and from Lewis, Petworth, Uckfield and Cuckfield, in Sussex, doe lodge at the Tabbard or Talbot.' Mark how the old name lingers. The characteristic broad-wheeled waggon is shown in our picture of the inn of 1810, broad-wheeled, I suppose, because the roads were soft. In the *New Remarks*, 1732, we learn that there are carriers to 'Cranbrook, Crawley, Dulwich, Flushing, and other places.' About the middle of the eighteenth century the Talbot afforded probably what was then considered first-rate accommodation to the traveller. Thomas Wright, F.S.A., says, 'When my grandfather visited London towards the close of the

<sup>1</sup> In Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey*, vol. iii. appendix, p. xxxi., is noted, in a list of charitable donations to the prisoners in the Marshalsea, 'Mrs. Margaret Symcott (*i.e.* King Charles's Eleanor Gwyn), 65 penny loaves every eight weeks; paid by the chamberlain; the same to prisoners at the White Lion and at the King's Bench.

reign of George II., or early in that of George III., he tells me in his *Autobiography* that he and his companions took up their quarters as guests at the "Talbot" in Southwark.' The following bits of local news are curious, showing as they do the games popular at our inns a century ago. 29th October 1765.—'On Tuesday last a number of Publicans were fined before the Magistrates in Southwark for suffering tippling in their houses on the Sabbath day during the time of Divine service, and were also fined for suffering journeymen, tradesmen, etc., to play at Skittles, contrary to law.' 17th February 1776.—'Saturday, three fellows went to the Talbot Inn in the Borough and played at the game called shuffle board; while two of them were playing, one of them went into an adjoining room, broke open a bureau, and took a large sum of money, with which he decamped. He was soon followed by another, and a third was going, when a lad belonging to the house seized him by the collar. He was taken before the Magistrate, and committed to the New Gaol, Southwark.'

1815.—The author of the *Epicure's Almanack*, in his calendar of good living, reports that the Talbot 'is kept by Mr. Willoughby, who is truly proud of the honour; he has not the humour of Harrie Baillie, but his lodgings are of the best, his fare is good and his charges reasonable; you may have a hot lunch or a dinner at the shortest notice.' In 1822 the owner of 'the Talbot' was Robert Bristow, Esq., of Broxmoor, Wiltshire.

The old inn was declining rapidly, and about 1830

condescended to a show of the wonder pattern.<sup>1</sup> Among interesting gossip may be placed the play of *Mary White, or the murder at the Old Tabard*, which was given at the Victoria<sup>2</sup> in 1842. I refer to the thrilling play of *Mary White* partly on account of its quasi association with the old Tabard, partly as a reminiscence of the Victoria, and partly to present Punch's electrical account of the affair, 20th February 1842. Not being able to produce better, I mostly use his exact words. 'We have been frequently shocked at

<sup>1</sup> Just arrived  
 from Dover  
 a cluster of  
 Fish, alive  
 supposed to be  
 Blown from the Wreck  
 of the  
 Royal George  
 which was sunk  
 Fifty years since.

To be seen  
 at the  
 Talbot Inn  
 In the Boro.  
 Admission—Ladies & Gentlemen, 6d. each,  
 Working people, 3d.

G. H. Davidson, Tudor St., Blackfriars.'

<sup>2</sup> At our minor theatres early this century and late in the last, the plots of the pieces were often laid among our local haunts, the scenery being more or less in the nature of topographical illustration, probably to some extent accurate; this was often the case at the Surrey, playbills naming the places, and the more or less distinguished artists who painted them, are plentiful; some are in my possession. The Elephant and Castle, Dog and Duck, Pedlar's Acre, Falcon, Blackfriars, Circus, and Holy Well Mount were among the number.



the Victoria Theatre. The other night we went to be electrified. The Tabard, immortalised by Chaucer and the Victoria playwright, was an inn in the Borough, doing a good stroke of business in the middle ages. If we may trust the latter authority, its barmaid in the year 1543 was Mary White, the heroine of the piece. Of course she is lovely and extremely virtuous, in spite of a host of suitors—two of whom open the play with a little small sword exercise, which is accompanied by the orchestra and meant for a duel. A gentleman who is described as an idle gallant of the town is also “a reprobate and betrayer.” He and another plot to carry off the barmaid by force. Now a gipsy, “Savage Sam,” fulminates an anathema against the reprobate that seems to make him shake in his shoes. Mary White takes a walk on purpose to be run away with, in the recesses of Finsbury Wood on the road to Bethnal Green. The conspirators seize the heroine, who utters the usual quantity and piercing quality of shrieks while being borne away, but she is rescued. When the nerves of the audience are sufficiently recovered from this “electric shock of powerfully intense interest,” another of a milder kind is administered. Mary White has got safely home and receives a visit from her uncle, to whom she presents a basket of good things. Her evil genius is still with her. Some one steals a silver tankard, places it in a basket, and accuses the barmaid of the theft. She is also tried for a murder that she did not commit, and is all but executed. The last scene is thus pleasingly described in the Victoria bills: Smithfield, 1543, the stake and the burning pile pre-

pared for the execution of Mary White. Now the gipsy, Savage Sam, madly drags forth the real villain by the throat.—“Confession of the murderer—and Innocence Triumphant.”’ Punch makes a few remarks on the drama, and so ends the article on Mary White and the murder at the Tabard.

So illustrious a place as the Tabard has necessarily attracted visitors as long as the least suspicion of stone or wood remained upon which the eyes of our pilgrims had rested. I shall note three accounts of such visits. John Saunders in 1841 wrote that pleasant paper ‘The Tabard,’ in the first volume of Knight’s *London*. The author, however, made up his mind that the existing Tabard was at least partially the same fabric as Chaucer’s inn—a quite untenable proposition. ‘The exterior,’ he says, ‘is simply a narrow square dilapidated-looking gateway, its posts strapped with rusty bands, its gates half covered with sheets of the same metal. The name “Talbot Inn” is painted above, and till within the last five or six years there was also the following inscription, “This is the Inne where Sir Jeffry Chaucer and his nine and twenty pilgrims lay on their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383.” The inscription was formerly on the frieze of a beam laid across two uprights which stood in the road in front of the Tabard,<sup>1</sup> and from which hung the sign, creaking as it swung to and fro with every passing gust. The sign and its supports were removed in 1766, when all such characteristic features of the streets of London in the olden time disappeared in obedience to a parliamentary

<sup>1</sup> See copy of the picture from Urry, p. 190.

edict for their destruction.' Mr. Waller<sup>1</sup> describes the old inn and yard as 'a retired courtyard reached through a gateway, one gallery only hanging over, supported by brackets, and here and there a pillar; it has high gables, and about the yard are carriers' waggons.'

One more of our visitors, Mr. Edmund Ollier, comes nearly 500 years after the pilgrims were there, to see the old place before it drops away, and to give us the following graphic account of his visit.<sup>2</sup> 'The oldest part of the inn lies back from the road, and is reached by passing under a house. You then find yourself in a courtyard with the existing tavern to the right—itself far from a new building, yet much more modern than the rest, and constructed not of timber, but of brick. Immediately in front, as you enter from the High Street, and also to the left, thus making an angle and occupying two sides of the courtyard, is the antique timber-built hostelry with wooden galleries, external staircase, and high sloping roof. The house has,' as our informant says, 'an hereditary connection with the masterpiece of our first great poet, and it is certainly old, quaint, and interesting. Ascending into the gallery, under the guidance of one of the female servants of the inn, I enter one by one the little mouldering, dusky panelled rooms, some of them still occupied as dormitories, some empty and unused. Here is a hinge on one of the doors, so primitive that it might have been made by Tubal-cain. "So this little cupboard is the Pilgrims' room, where Harry Bailye feasted the nine and twenty pilgrims," said I. "Yes," said

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1855.

<sup>2</sup> *All the Year Round*, 26th August 1865.

my conductress ; " but then the hall originally ran along the whole length of the gallery, and has since been divided into a number of little rooms." This idea first struck Mr. John Saunders (*Knight's London*), and the conjecture thus thrown out is now stated by the attendants as a positive fact. We are better informed now. No part of the original inn remains, except perhaps underground. ' Over the chimney-piece in " the pilgrims' room " there was at one time a fragment of ancient tapestry representing a procession, but this has disappeared. Outside on the gallery may still be seen under the penthouse roof a picture of the pilgrims said to have been done by Blake, but it is now so obscured by dirt and weather that scarcely a single figure can be detected in the general haze.'

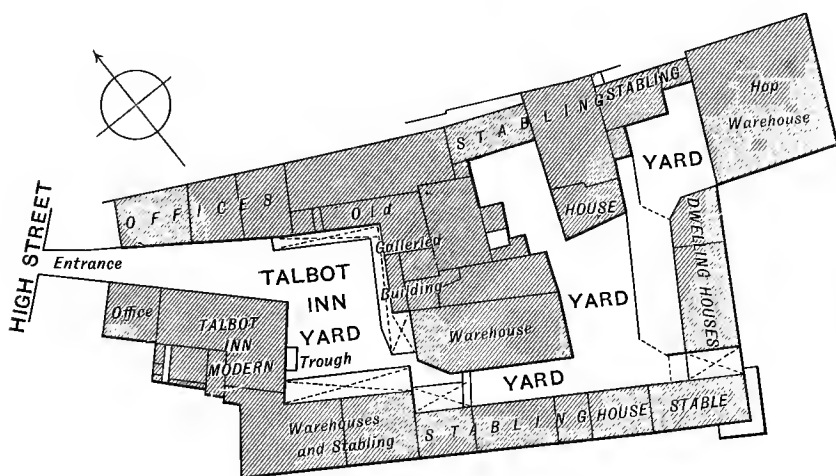
Now, in 1865, the old place, built, rebuilt, and patched over and over again since Chaucer's days, showing with its 29,000 feet of ground something in the character of a ruin, is about to be sold. Here is the advertisement from the *Times* of 20th May 1865—

THE TALBOT INN, SOUTHWARK.—An important Freehold Property, comprising a large plot of ground, with numerous buildings thereon, including a house and shop, fronting the High Street, and abutting upon Guy's Hospital in the rear.

MESSRS. RUSHWORTH, JARVIS, and ABBOTT will SELL by AUCTION, at Garraway's, on FRIDAY, 9th June, the TALBOT INN, Southwark, better known to archæologists as the ' Tabard Inn,' the scene of the opening of Chaucer's ' Canterbury Pilgrimage.' The property is freehold, and comprises dwelling-house and tea-dealer's shop, No 76 High Street, Southwark, and the inn yard, with the ancient inn and extensive ranges of stables, coach-houses, warehouses, counting-houses, and other buildings, this portion being let on lease for a term whereof two years are unexpired, at a rent of £300 a year, which may fairly be con-

sidered as not representing the actual value of the ground; also a spacious hop warehouse and three tenements and outbuildings, situate at the east end of the inn yard, and abutting upon Guy's Hospital, to the Governors of which this portion is let on lease for two years now unexpired, at £250 per annum. This lease ended in 1867. May be viewed by permission of the tenants, and particulars obtained in due course of Messrs. Smith and Shepherd, Solicitors, 15 Golden Square, and of Messrs. Rushworth, Jarvis, and Abbott, 22 Savile Row, Regent Street, W., and 19 Change Alley, Cornhill, E.C.

The ground-plan we give is by Mr. C. N. M'Intyre



GROUND-PLAN OF THE TALBOT INN.

North, surveyor and antiquary of Southwark, and was taken for this occasion.

The question is discussed in the *Times* and other prints—Is the house, associated as it is with Chaucer's name, to go or not? Had there been ought of Chaucer's inn really there, the answer would probably have been 'No.' It appears from a note in the Gardner Collection that E. M. Ward, the Academician, was on some high influence requested to visit the place and report; Mr.

Gardner, the munificent collector of aught that illustrates London, was also there ; the conclusion come to was, that nothing remained sufficiently authentic to deserve a sacred preservation, and so the whole went to the hammer. It is said to have fetched £13,400 at Garraway's. In 1873,



TABARD INN SHORTLY BEFORE ITS DEMOLITION.

at another sale of the same premises, they were bought in at £21,000 for the proprietors. It may be mentioned that the value of land in Southwark had for a time enormously increased, partly owing to increase of population, but chiefly to the introduction of the railway system ; this value had, however, not been kept up. In 1875 demolition







is going on ; the central buildings, used as a receiving house for the Midland Railway, are being levelled : they were chiefly of wood, the beams were still sound and strong. The front has been pulled down and a new Tabard of the new fashion has been built at the corner. A portion, also of wood, popularly identified with the pilgrims' chamber, is still standing, but is doomed to follow the rest of the hostelry. Doubtless the actual timbers of the house are no older than 1676, when all that was left of Chaucer's building perished in the flames.

We give a copy of a water-colour by George Shepherd, 1810, the original belonging to Mr. Evans, whose offices we have noticed at the George, close at hand, and whose family have been connected with the Borough for generations ; also a view of the famous inn shortly before its demolition, composed very accurately from photographs, drawings, etc., by E. Morant Cox ;<sup>1</sup> and these complete our account of the Tabard. It has been a long story, but I have tried to the best of my power to write it once for all.

<sup>1</sup> A good etching from the same point of view, by Mr. Percy Thomas, has lately been published.

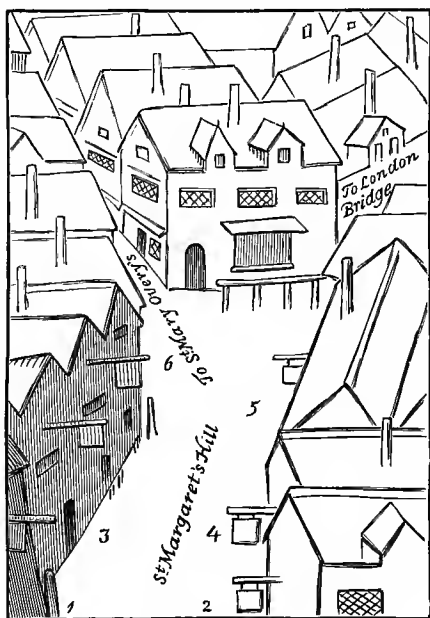
## CHAPTER VII

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH—TOWN HALL—QUEEN'S HEAD INN  
—THREE TUNS—SPUR—NAG'S HEAD—AXE AND BOTTLE  
YARD

OPPOSITE to the entrance of the Tabard, at the junctions of Counter Lane and Borough High Street, there stood, till the time of the Reformation, the parish church of St. Margaret, which was suppressed in the year 1540.<sup>1</sup> We may suppose that it was in part pulled down, the rest altered and adapted for secular purposes. In the Record Office map of 1542 a Court-House appears on the site, with other buildings, adjoining the 'market-place.' Stow (1598) says, 'A part of this parish church of St. Margaret is now a court, whereon the assizes and sessions be kept; and the court of admiralty is also there kept. One other part of the same church is now a prison, called the Compter in Southwarke.' We read that a few years before (viz. in 1589) Thomas Bates, bridge master, had been commissioned to treat

<sup>1</sup> The circumstances were briefly as follows: at the Reformation the Priory of St. Mary Overy having been suppressed, the Priory church, in which was included the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen Overy, originally one of its chapels, became by purchase the church of the united parishes of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Margaret, and was known henceforth as St. Saviour's, though the old name was sometimes used even down to the present day.

with Sir John Cary for the purchase of the Court-House in the Borough of Southwark. Appended is a copy (from the Bodleian) of a sketch of St. Margaret's Hill as it appeared in the year 1600. It will be seen that the site of the church is occupied by a substantial building, with dormer windows and a railing in front, no doubt a Court-House or Town Hall. The houses on each side of the street have projecting signs. In 1676 came an effectual clearance in the shape of the great Southwark fire; and in 1686 a new Town Hall was erected at the charge of the City of London, and adorned in front with a statue of Charles II. A picture of this rather quaint Town Hall, having a colonnade and a tavern within it, is in the *Londina Illustrata*. By the year 1793, having become ruinous, it was pulled down and again rebuilt. The statue was bought by some gentleman, and put up in Three Crown Court, where its pedestal served the purpose of a watch-box, while a figure of Justice, which in conjunction with that of Wisdom had supported the Lord Mayor's seat inside the Town Hall, was placed near the bar at Mr. West's, the Three Crown



ST. MARGARET'S HILL IN THE YEAR 1600.

Coffee-House hard by. On the position of the figures some satirical lines were written, which are quoted by Concanen. We are told elsewhere that after remaining some time in Three Crown Court the monarch eventually found a resting-place in the shady nook of a garden in the New Kent Road. A view by T. H. Shepherd in 1830 gives the Town Hall, which was removed in 1859, and joining it on the right the Protector Fire Office. This had been built about 1794 as the banking-house of Sir James Saunderson, Harrison, Brenchley, Bloxham and Company, who were succeeded by Wilkin-son, Polhill, Bloxham, Pinhorn, and Bulcock. In 1888 the Southwark branch of the London and County Bank and Town Hall chambers occupy the whole of the site.

The Queen's Head is the next inn south of the Tabard. I have no record of the name farther back than about 1587, when a Mr. Cotton was there with the Portsmouth estimates; 'he lies at the Queen's Head in Southwark.' In 1653 the house still keeps up its Portsmouth connections; 'the carrier will take letters of importance to the Red Lion there.' A century at least before, the same inn was known as the Crossed or Crowned Keys, under which name it belonged to the Poynings family. In 1452 a payment of 6s. 8d. is recorded for the burial of Poynings' man at St. Margaret's opposite. Elizabeth, wife of Robert Poynings, sword-bearer to 'Captain' Cade, writes in 1470 from her residence in Southwark, that her property there is in some danger from 'friends and relations,' but she is making a stout fight for it. In 1518 and afterwards the Poynings let the Crowned Keys in Southwark for

40s. the half-year; in 1529 it is a store-place for the King's harness, a sort of armoury,<sup>1</sup> I suppose. 1558.—Richard Westray, alebrewer, bequeaths to his wife Joane, his 'messuage called the Cross Kayes, with the brewhouse, garden, and stable, as it is now newly builded by his son Thomas,'<sup>2</sup> which apparently he had bought of Thomas Lovell, Esq. The change of name, Crossed Keys to Queen's Head, took place probably when the power and popularity of the Papacy were seriously waning in England. It had been said long before, as a sort of proverb, that 'England was of all the best pair of bellows to blow the fire in the Pope's kitchen and make his pot boil.' Our sturdy Henry VIII. altered all that. The pot was boiling over, and as we have seen in our account of the King's Head, names even had to be changed; so the papal arms, the Cross Keys, were taken down and the Queen's Head was put up; the Pope's Head went with his arms, even the saints were, as public-house signs, deposed. I may here mention that we had another Cross Keys on the Stews Bank, notwithstanding the very unecclesiastical character of the place; in fact the Keys was one of the objectionable houses there, probably the same, but with its character changed, noted in some parish papers, 'Cross Keys, St. Saviour's, John Bryingham, at a rent of £5 a year.' We have also an octagonal token of the house with this inscription—

*O. Elizabeth . Port . at . Banckside. (In three lines.)*      ½  
*R. HER . HALF . PENY = Two keys crossed.*

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> This note I had from Mr. Chaloner Smith of the Probate Registry.

About 1637 we had for a short time, as owner of our Queen's Head, a very celebrated Puritan student of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, John Harvard, referred to in our account of the Boar's Head, an emigrant from old England to New England, and held to be the founder of Harvard University, Massachusetts, now so celebrated all over the learned world. The ownership came about in this wise: the father lived for about a quarter of a century in the Borough, and carried on the trade of a butcher at Chain Gate, St. Saviour's. It happened in 1625, all within five weeks, that the whole family, except the mother and two sons, died of the plague, as appears in our extract from St. Saviour's register. The Queen's Head became the property of the mother, a widow, who had married as her third husband the Member for Southwark, Richard Yearwood; he now dead, and she also, the Queen's Head fell to John Harvard, with all 'deedes, writeings,' etc., and must have passed from his hands early in 1637. A series of wills has been discovered by Mr. Waters of Massachusetts relating to the Harvards and their connections; in one of them I observe that the ostler of the Queen's Head is forgiven a debt of 28s. by the testator, the second husband of the widow, from which it may perhaps be inferred that the Queen's Head came to the family through him.

1634.—We find on record in the parish papers that David Rowley, the landlord, is presented by the wardens for allowing tipping during Divine service; all the same the house is respectable. The vestry have one of their numerous good fellowship dinners at the Queen's Head in 1636. John Harvard, owner at the time, and con-

nected with people so highly respected, namely, his father, Robert Harvard, and stepfather, Richard Yearwood, members of vestry, wardens, and what not, may, not unlikely, have been present at this dinner; it is, however, but conjecture, a plausible conjecture not the less. The bill of fare for the occasion, preserved among the parish papers, is of course a very interesting item, and I venture to give it.

*Vestrie Dener at ye Quenshed the 2 March 1636.<sup>1</sup>*

Bred and Bere . . .	£0 11 6	Three . . .	£0 12 6
For wine <sup>2</sup> . . .	0 12 0	. . . and butr . . .	0 5 0
Three joytes of lame . . .	0 9 0	Oyle and mustard . . .	0 1 6
Three dishes of butr fishe . . .	0 6 0	Swette watter . . .	0 1 0
Three dishes of Whiting . . .	0 5 0	More for two dishes of	} 0 4 0
Three dishes of Eles . . .	0 5 0	butr . . .	
Three dishes of Smeltes . . .	0 4 6	Fishes for the officers	
Three dishes of Samon . . .	0 6 0	For Firinge . . .	0 0 10
Three Ele pise . . .	0 13 6		<u>£4 17 4</u>

On one of these bills is, 'Taken this money out off the bagg to pay this bill,' meaning the parish money.

<sup>1</sup> The wardens of our own time, holding in due honour the quaint customs of bygone days, imitated pleasantly an old bill for 'a diner atte ye incomyng of ye wardounes of Seynt Saviour in Suthwerke, July 11, 1878, atte ye taverne yclept ye Shippe, in Greenwiche.' The dinner being served after the Russian fashion, and the guests 'bydden to eate after ye Hungarie mannerre.'

So well did the bill commend itself, that it was imitated for the Ministerial Whitebait dinner of 14th August 1878. This incident led to a reprint of the former bill, thus endorsed: 'The drawer of the "Bille," dated 11th July 1878, in presenting it, desires to say that he was quite unaware of its value until informed by the newspapers that it had been accepted and endorsed, one month after date, by Her Majesty's Ministers.'

<sup>2</sup> The price of wine now was about 3s. the gallon, much the same as in the bill found in Falstaff's pocket, 'Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.'—Shakespeare's *Henry IV*.

I am tempted to give one more of their old parish feasting bills, in this case still more interesting.

1613.—VISITATION DINNER, ST. SAVIOUR'S.

*The Vintner's bill.*

Bread, beare, & alle . . . . .	iiis. xd.
Clarrat wyne . . . . .	vis.
Sacke & suger . . . . .	iiis. iiid.
Dressinge all the meate . . . . .	vs.
Fruet & cheese . . . . .	viiid.
Naperye . . . . .	xiid.

*Mr. Harvey's bill.*

4 stone 6 li of beefe . . . . .	viis.
4 rabbutes, polletes . . . . .	viis.
2 lagges of moton . . . . .	iiis. iiid.
Beef & moton for the visitation . . . . .	xiiis. iiid.

The interesting fact connected with this bill is, that this Mr. Harvey is with scarcely a doubt Robert Harvard, father to John, the founder, who, in 1613, was the junior warden, entered in vestry proceedings indifferently as Mr. Harvy, Mr. Harvey, as well as Mr. Harvard. He was at the time a butcher, carrying on business within a stone's throw of the vestry-room; and it was apparently the rule that the vintner should not personally provide the meat.

1637.—We learn from John Taylor that the inn was frequented by carriers from Portsmouth, Rye, Godstone, Lamberhurst, and other places. If the deeds of the Queen's Head at this time should turn up, it will be very satisfactory; we have upon what appeared to be a good clue searched carefully, but as yet without success; the deeds between 1637 and say 1650 alone are unfortunately missing.



*Circa* 1650-55 one Subridge and Thomas Angell are the owners; 1666, the Kynders, the deeds being careful to state that they are natural sons; then John Parry—these names are given in aid of inquiries to come. In the fire of 1676, the house itself escaped, probably owing to the precautionary measure, the blowing up of a tenement at the gateway with gunpowder.

1691.—The 'searcher after claret' hears the broom-men at the Queen's Head in their cups singing 'Old Sir Simon the King.' 'Conscience,' as an old saying goes, 'was not a broom-man in Kent Street,' but they at the Queen's Head are 'drunk like gentlemen;' which does not say much for the gentlemen of the period; however, as Mr. Chappell remarks, it was a common brag then. One part of this old song of Sir Simon is as true as it is quaint—

'Drink will make a man drunk,  
Drunk will make a man dry,  
Dry will make a man sick,  
And sick will make a man die,  
Says Old Sir Simon the King.'

This seems a contradiction by one of the thirstiest of tipplers, to judge from his epitaph—

'Here lyeth Simon cold as clay, who, whilst he lived, cried,  
Tip away.'

A writer in 1855<sup>1</sup> says, 'The Queen's Head has not changed much, the premises are very spacious; the building modernised is at the end of a gateway; the north part where the galleries still remain is now used by a hop merchant.' In 1881 the Society for Photographing

<sup>1</sup> Waller, *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1855.

old London relics shows it in much the same state. Some parts of this renowned inn have latterly been let out in tenements—the beginning of the end ; they will doubtless, as in other cases, sooner or later disappear, and the site will be covered by ugly warehouses. The tiled roof is in 1883 replaced by a slated one, which to a great extent destroys the picturesque appearance of the building ; in 1885 the tenants no longer occupy the galleries ; in 1886



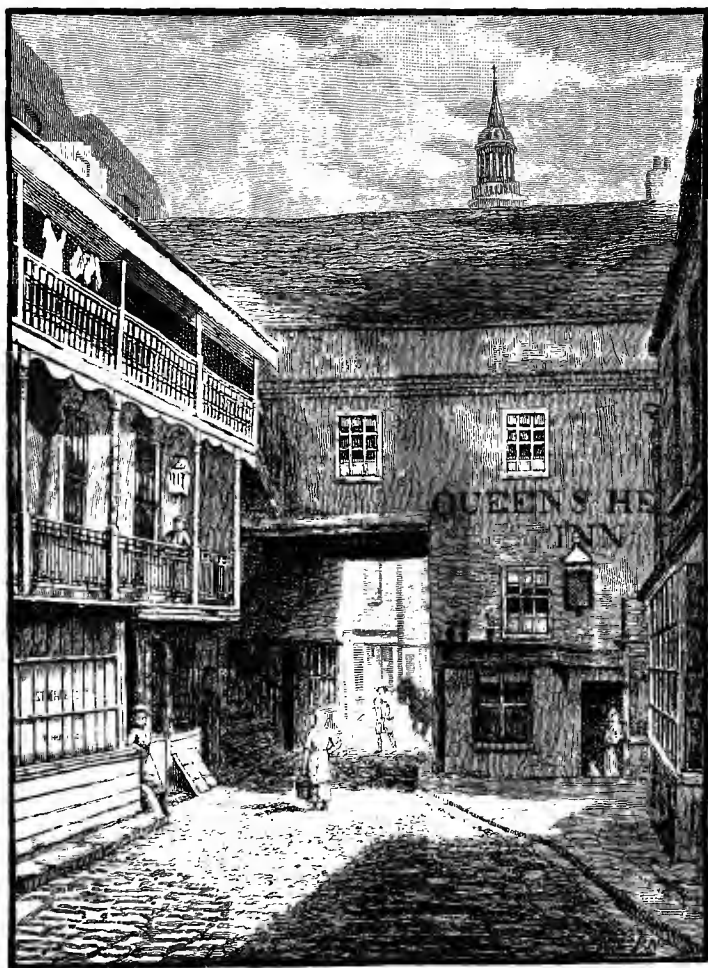
the inn is, perhaps finally, closed. In one of the rooms a charming carved-wood mantelpiece still remains ; a drawing of it is given. For many years, from 1848 onwards, the Queen's Head was held by Robert Willsher, cousin of the noted cricketer of that name ;

this and the neighbouring Three Tuns were places of resort for leading professionals when they played matches in London. In 1868 a team of Australian aboriginal cricketers came over to England and made their head-quarters here. Change of climate and drink did not altogether suit their health ; one of them, nicknamed 'King Cole,' died of consumption in Guy's Hospital. These aborigines must not be confounded with the splendid teams which visit us nowadays. They were black fellows from the province of Victoria, trained





by an Englishman ; they played very fairly, and gave also exhibitions of boomerang-throwing. The two views presented, of the dates 1883 and 1884, will, I think,



QUEEN'S HEAD INN.

commend themselves as pleasing specimens of the picturesque in old London inns ; the former drawing shows the cupola of Guy's Hospital not far off.

On the right of the gateway of the Queen's Head, partly overshadowing the inn, is the Three Tuns (the Vintner's Arms) ; next it, south, is a small area, as far as the Spur, which from time immemorial has been devoted to inns, crowded together, now gone or in process of going. This spot is not without a sort of history. The Christopher<sup>1</sup> is shown in the map of 1542, and was of the oldest ; the wardens' accounts of St. Margaret's, nearly opposite, record money received for the burial of the wife at the Christopher, nearly at the same time as other burials, the wife at the Lamb, the wife at the Cock, and Poyning's or Poin's man ; that is, about 1450. A couple of centuries later, the Water Poet notes our old inn and treats us to a few lines of doggerel. The only reference in Rocque is to Christopher's Alley, which disappears before the end of the century, giving place apparently to Kentish Buildings. St. Christopher was a patron of travellers and pilgrims ; a pilgrim of Chaucer had 'a Christofer on the breast of silver schene,' it might be a charm or amulet. The saint is seen in pictures fording a river with the infant Christ on his shoulder and leaning on a flowering rod. He was a lucky saint—

'The day that you see St. Christopher's face  
That day shall you not die an evil Death.'

It was something in those days of violence and lonely travelling to know that. A painting of the legend of the

<sup>1</sup> In Hughson's *London*, 1807, mention is made of an old inn of this name in Bermondsey Street, on which was a rude emblem in stucco of St. Christopher. He thinks that Crucifix Lane in this immediate neighbourhood was originally Christopher's Lane : more likely it was named from the cross which stood hard by.

saint carrying the Christ-child across a stream is in our National Gallery, the gift of the Queen. The Three Tuns, which ceased to be an inn in 1870, but apparently flourishes as a mantle manufactory, occupies the space between the Queen's Head and the site of the Christopher. It was the Bull or Black Bull nearly all the seventeenth century. In 1638 William Whithouse, of St. Mary Cray, Kent, settles on his wife the inn called the Black Bull and a tenement called Cock and Hart. 1701.—The Black Bull adjoining the Queen's Head is sold by Sir Francis Whithouse, Knight, late a Justice of the King's Bench. 1706.—The Cock and Hart is still so named. 1720.—Cock and Hoop Court or alley (an *alias*), hath only one house, being a passage to the garden grounds. Boyne gives one token—

O. RICHARD . STANNARD = A cock in a hoop.  $\frac{1}{4}$

R. IN . SOUTHWARKE . 1659 = R . M . S

probably of this house, and I note a burial of the Widow Halton from Cock and Hoop yard. Ned Ward in his account of Clubs gives a humorous description of a Society of 'Tippling Citizens and Jocular Change Brokers,' called the 'Knights of the Golden Fleece.' They had absurd nicknames, such as Sir Jeremy Saucebox, Sir Sipall Paylitt, Sir Bumper Reelhome, Sir Timothy Addlepate, Sir Trumpeter Tellall, and Sir Gregory Growler. For many years they had met at the Golden Fleece in Cornhill, but afterwards adjourned to the Three Tuns in Southwark that they might be more retired from the bows and compliments of the London apprentices, who used to salute the noble Knights by their titles as they passed to and fro. 'Besides,' says Ward, 'they have a

further conveniency by their distant removal, for should any of them be in danger of having their honour invaded by any importunate creditor, a light pair of heels will soon carry them into a neighbouring sanctuary.'

In Rocque's map the yard is called Windmill Alley, but this is a mistake; Windmill Alley was a little farther south. 1791.—We have the 'some time called Bull now the Three Tun Tavern;' and in the plan annexed to the deed<sup>1</sup> an elevation in water-colour is shown, with the sign of Three Tuns fastened flat to the building; this had been done generally in London about 1767. In 1793, the old Town Hall being demolished, the Sessions were holden at the Three Tuns. 29th June.—The jurors were sworn, and dismissed with a speech from the Recorder, and that was all. 1794.—Appeals against the poor rate for St. Saviour's are taken at the Three Tuns. It was a sort of Garraway's<sup>2</sup> too; for many years, from 1770 or earlier to the beginning of this century, important sales were held there. In the *Epicure's Almanack*, 1815, 'the inn, a tavern and chophouse, is kept by Mr. Taylor, who will furnish dinner to parties of any number as well as to individuals, its Burton, Windsor, and other ales being very celebrated; persons dine here for the purpose of tasting them.'

In 1792, the time of the French disturbances, we also were seriously unsettled, the Three Tuns becoming a working centre in Southwark for the disaffected. '19th

<sup>1</sup> Courteously shown to us by Mr. Arkcoll of St. Olave's.

<sup>2</sup> For instance, my attention has been called to an advertisement of estates to be sold at the Three Tuns Tavern, St. Margaret's Hill, containing among other houses the King's Head, No. 29 Long Lane, and the Green Man, No. 31. This is dated 11th February 1771.



April 1792.—At a meeting held at the Three Tuns Tavern, Mr. Samuel Favell in the chair; it is resolved that a society be formed in Southwark for the cultivation and diffusion of political knowledge. That the Society be denominated the Friends of the People, and that the following (here abbreviated) be the declaration of the Society. The contempt of the rights of man are the sole causes of wrongs and grievances. The end of civil society is general happiness. No form of government is good unless it secures this.<sup>1</sup> All authority is derived from the People. All men entitled to equal citizenship, except minors, criminals, and the insane. Adequate representations demanded for the government of all, etc.

Signed, 'A. C. Russell, *Sec.*'

Thelwall, one of the 'Friends,' is living at 2 Maze Pond Borough; he, Horne Tooke, Thomas Hardy, and others, are active converting or perverting the neighbouring hospital doctors, and reading sceptical papers at Guy's Physical Society. Cline, Astley Cooper, and others, are at present their zealous disciples. Some time before, this society was in a state of ferment; just in front of the Three Tuns gateway, at St. Margaret's Hill, a witty and scandalous placard was exhibited. 'Now selling by auction, by order of Thomas Holles of Newcastle, Great Britain and the dominions belonging thereto, Gibraltar, etc., were disposed of the first day, and one is already delivered. Andrew Byng, broker and auctioneer,' and so on, worse and worse, including matter it would be shameful to quote. 1795.—Famine is threat-

<sup>1</sup> Could it but do so! The only State I know of in which it was so cured was Utopia, and that, alas! was imaginary.

ened, a meeting of St. Saviour's officials, people are advised to spare bread and flour and to substitute a third of other foods—a wise resolution. Signed, Robert



THREE TUNS PASSAGE.

Barclay, Chairman. Meetings are held in St. George's Fields, the chair taken by Gale Jones, the surgeon nicknamed by some who differed from him 'Radical Jones the blackguard.' A leader or two, not Gale Jones, were hanged in consequence of these gatherings, and the

resulting frays set going in Southwark at the Three Tuns. At this inn was a fine room for meetings, and here I had two or three times some pleasant conversation with the antiquary George Corner; he helped my bias toward the history and antiquities of our Borough—a very pleasant solace to me, whatever it may be to others.



THREE TUNS, BERMONDSEY.

We give a copy of a good sepia drawing by Buckler of Three Tuns Passage in 1827, from which time its appearance has not much altered. Other houses of the same sign might be noted, that on the west of the High Street, used once or so for public purposes, and there was one very picturesque Three Tuns with the characteristic sign, in Jacob Street, Bermondsey, drawn for this work.

Three was a favourite number—Three Brushes; Three Hutts or Hats in Tooley Street; Three Cupps in St. Thomas's Close.



'1561.—Jones Pierson is put A Prentys for 8 yeares at the 3 coppes<sup>1</sup> in the close.'

Three Cranes; Three Swans, of which we give a trade token; 'We Three.' A token is also extant of this quaint sign which reads thus—

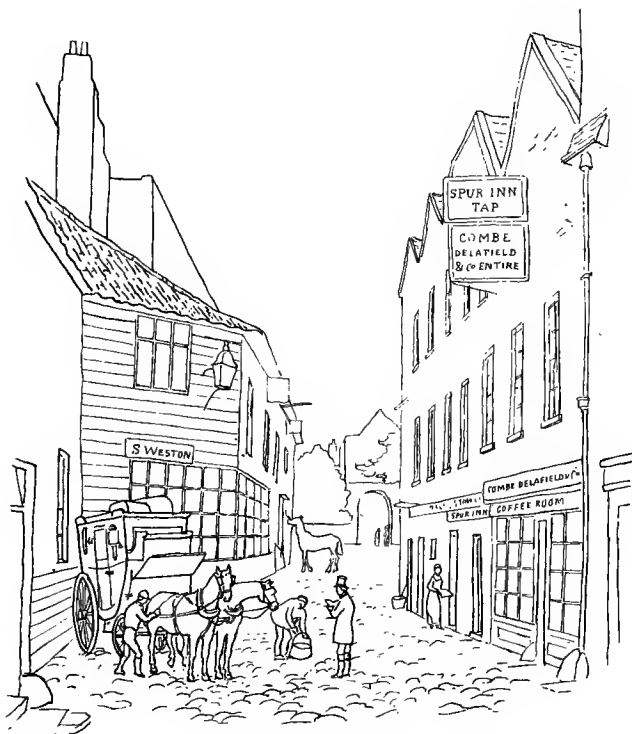
O. ROBERT. CORNELIVS. IN. 1665 = WE ARE 3. Two heads facing.  $\frac{1}{2}$   
R. ST. TVLIS. STREET. HIS. HALF. PENY = R. D. C

A variety has "WEE THREE LOGER HEADS" below the two heads; the issuer or the spectator makes the third. Likely enough this may have given Canning the hint of the three tailors of Tooley Street—'we the people of England:' but some have maintained that they had a veritable existence. The humour of the sign did not escape Shakespeare, so in *Twelfth Night* we have 'How now, my hearts, did you never see the picture of we three?' At the Three Brewers, Southwark, a notorious highwayman, Lewis Jeremiah Avershaw (Jerry Abershaw), shot Price, an officer of Union Hall. A chap-book, illustrated with woodcuts and verses, gives us the result; here are the title and contents: 'Human Depravity Displayed in the criminal life of Jeremiah Abershaw, who was executed on the 3rd of August on Kennington Common, Surrey, and his body hung in chains at Putney Bottom.' It was not always three: there was the Two Brewers in Axe

<sup>1</sup> Hospital Records.

Yard, Marshall's and Newcomen's place; the Two Brewers in St. Thomas Street, and so on.

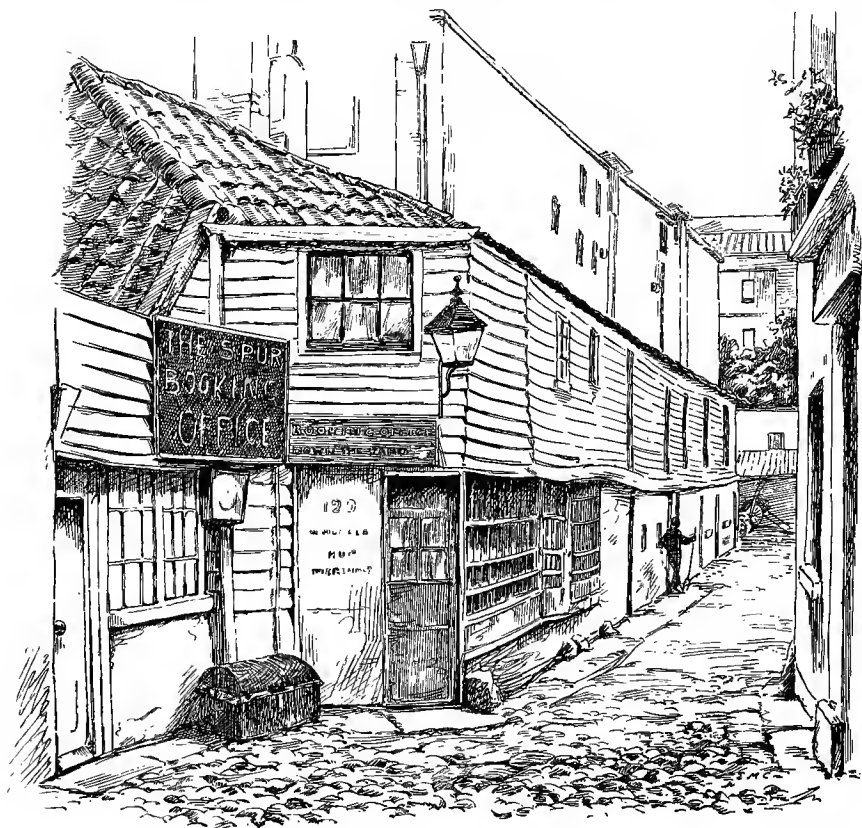
A few words will suffice for the Spore (map, 1542) the Spurre (Stow, 1598), that is, the Spur Inn. Corner saw the deeds of 1596. He mentions a fire of some



SPUR INN, 1827.

extent in 1667, which began here, and burnt part, little more indeed than the outbuildings in the rear of the Spur, and some premises in Axe and Bottle Yard. Pepys, always on the look-out for sights, appears to notice this one. 'April 29, 1667.—To my accounts till 12 at night, when news is brought me that there is a great fire

in Southwarke. I up to the leads and saw it. We at that distance saw an engine play and the water go out of it, being moonlight. Somebody to blame, of course. It was effected by three Frenchmen, who are fled.' 1720.—



REMAINS OF SPUR INN.

The inn is described as 'pretty well resorted unto by waggons.' In 1815, the *Epicure's Almanack* tells us that the Spur was kept by James Foot, from the White Hart, Riverhead. In 1848, the trade disappearing, it ceased to be an inn. The last landlady was Mrs. Elizabeth

Fleckney. Now nothing is doing of the old business, except that a few country carriers come there, who yet in 1886 seem to cling to this, one of the last of their ancient places of call in the Borough. From the *Carriers' Cosmographie* we learn that they frequented the house as long ago as 1637. I have before me a copy of a drawing by Buckler in 1827, and of 'remains' in 1885, by which we see that some traces of the old inn still exist. A seventeenth-century trade token, probably from this inn yard, is also given. It reads thus—



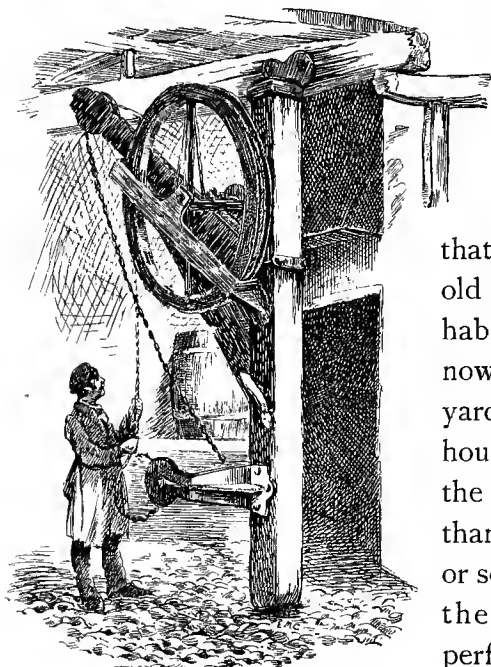
O. HEN . LANGLEY . SALTER = A spur

$\frac{1}{4}$

R. IN . SOUTHWARKE = H . M . L

The Nag's Head, the Horse Hede of 1542, Nag's Head Alley of Rocque of 1749, comes next. This, like other old inns of the Borough, ran very deep from west to east with thoroughfares or rights of way to the districts behind,<sup>1</sup> notably from this and the Queen's Head into King Street and Snow Fields. Over the gateway of one of these thoroughfares, Queen Street, no longer in existence, I lodged some seventy-three years ago, on our coming from Cornwall to London to 'better ourselves,' and here within a few doors of us was the little shop where the greatly-respected Thomas Pocock about that time began the business which is represented now by that great manufactory of the Messrs. Pocock in Southwark Bridge Road. This was before gas, policemen, and omnibuses had appeared among us, and few of our back streets were paved at all.

<sup>1</sup> See Horwood. 1799.



CRANE, NAG'S HEAD INN YARD.

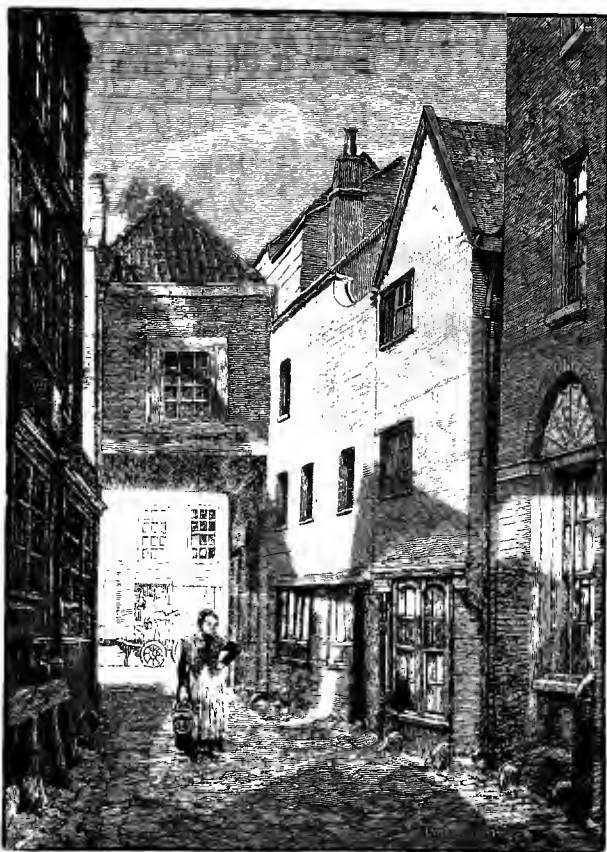
THE inn, in 1634, had its court of small tenements; in 1720 we are told that the buildings are old and sorry, with inhabitants answerable; now there are in the yard some gable-ended houses, but no part of the inn itself is older than a hundred years or so. Andrew Ducrow, the great equestrian performer, is said to have been born at the

Nag's Head on the 12th May 1796. His parents had put up there, having arrived from Germany on the same day.<sup>1</sup> George Colman the younger, in his *Poor Gentleman*, a comedy produced at Covent Garden, 1801, makes the farmer say, 'I be come from Lunnun, you see. I warrant I smell of smoke, like the Nag's Head chimney in the Borough. Freshest news? Why, hops have a heavy sale; wheat and malting samples command a brisk market; new tick beans am risen two shillings per quarter; and white

<sup>1</sup> His father was a German clown and acrobat, patronised by Queen Charlotte, being a native of the small State of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, to which she belonged. His mother had been a ladies'-maid at Buckingham House. See *Stage Reminiscences*, by an Old Stager, p. 137.



and gray peas keep up their prices.' The *Epicure's Almanack* of 1815 speaks well of the house. It was formerly a sort of assembly place for Southwark, balls



NAG'S HEAD INN YARD (looking west).

having been given here from time to time. The family of the present lessee, Mr. Harris, has held the place for three generations. A good trade has been done, notably in the exhibition years of 1851 and 1862. When it became evident that the days of the old inn

as an inn were numbered, half was let as a public-house, partly to preserve the license, and the rest was appropriated to carrying and collecting, Mr. Harris contracting for Great Western Railway business. Here he still



NAG'S HEAD INN (looking east).

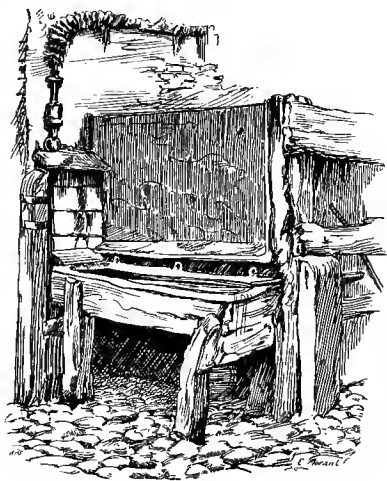
resides, and is the happy possessor of an excellent Dutch or Flemish picture on panel, quite worth notice. A trade token having reference to this place is known—

*O.* 3 . HATS . NAGS . HEAD = Three hats.  $\frac{1}{4}$

*R.* ALEY . IN . SOUTHWARKE = I . I . N

We have two views of the inn, one looking east and one

west, both of 1885, together with sketches of characteristic objects. An advertisement in the *London Gazette* tells us how Joseph Harpur, cheesemonger at Nag's Head Alley gate, on the 17th August 1689 was robbed by three highwaymen upon Shooter's Hill in Kent. The Nag's Head affords an instance of very eccentric taste. 'February 11, 1794, a curious matter was heard yesterday before the Borough Police respecting the wife of a gentleman at Sheerness who had eloped with a black man; pursued, they were found



WATERING-TROUGH, NAG'S HEAD INN YARD.

at the Nag's Head in the Borough.' Blackey fired a pistol at his pursuers, for which he was taken up and committed. The press-gang seem to have settled the affair in their own way. Curiously a similar incident is related May 1771—my cutting is cropped close, so I cannot identify the newspaper. In this case the black man and Ann Bradly the white woman had their banns published, and then presented themselves for marriage at St. Olave's, which was performed. Here a press-gang forced their way into the church, but the midshipman had to relinquish his prey and humbly apologise; the black, however, was taken to the tender for the navy opposite the Tower, so this case ended much as the other, if indeed there were two cases.

Probably when the High Street was made up almost entirely of inns, one of them was known as the Axe, or perhaps the Battle Axe, corrupted into the Axe and Bottle. Of the Battle Axe as a sign there is not, so far as I know, any record; in the St. Saviour's Token-books, which range from 1580 to 1630, it is always Axe Yard. The property, at least most of it, belonged to Mr. John Marshall, a very noble gentleman of Puritanical tendencies, whose mansion was here, and who apparently loved to have Puritan ministers about him. In 1628 'he built houses in Axe Yard, which were occupied by Mr. Nicholas Morton of St Saviour's and other ministers.'<sup>1</sup> Mr. Marshall was always liberal in good works connected with religion and education. Observing the sad and neglected state of the Paris Garden end of St. Saviour's Parish, that the parish church was insufficient and too distant, and that there was no provision for making things better, he gave of his property to an amount which now extends to many thousands of pounds a year, to provide a new church, namely, Christ Church, Blackfriars, for the augmentation of poor livings, that 'God's most holy word might be sincerely preached;' and for the encouragement of education, exhibitions at the Universities for the Southwark schools. Mr. Marshall made his will in 1627, but the fulfilment of his wishes was disgracefully delayed and hindered.

This, however, was not all the good effected by the good people of Axe Yard. Mrs. Newcomen, also a Puritanical believer, imbued with the same spirit, left by will in 1674 some small property for charity and for the

<sup>1</sup> Vestry minutes and St. Saviour's MS.

education of the poor, then, perhaps a hundred pounds value, now, so wisely was it administered, some £2000 or more by the year. Jonadab Ballain—mark the Puritan name—a governor of St. Thomas's Hospital, was a trustee of her will. Among her bequests is her messuage in Axe Yard, called the Bottle, in which we perhaps see the origin of the name Axe and Bottle Yard.

In the St. Saviour's vestry minutes, 16th October 1759, is an entry as to this: 'Mr. William Sone wants to build a street to Snow Fields through Axe and Bottle Yard.' Thirty years before it had been, according to Strype,<sup>1</sup> 'a yard in a way leading to Long Lane, having in the middle a pretty square with trees before houses which are well built and inhabited.' About this time the Bridge Gate, Southwark, was taken down, and Mr. Sone appears either by himself or through Mr. Williams, probably the actual builder, to have bought the materials and used them for the new street. The following is the account given in the *Chronicles of London Bridge*, p. 488.<sup>2</sup> 'The south gate of London Bridge was taken down in 1760 with all the other buildings on the bridge, and the materials sold by auction. At which sale the fine old sculpture of the Royal Arms,' which were over the south gate, 'was bought with some other articles by a Mr. Williams a stone-mason of Tooley Street, who, being soon after employed to take down the gateway of Axe and Bottle Yard and to form the present King Street in the Borough, introduced several of the old bridge

<sup>1</sup> Strype's *Stow*. 1720.

<sup>2</sup> By Richard Thomson of the London Institution, 'An Antiquary.' Edition 1827.

materials in erecting it. The ancient Royal Arms too are yet to be seen on the front of a small public-house on the right hand side of the western end of the same street with the inscription "G. iii R. 1760, King Street," carved around them.' The arms appear in a view of the Bridge Gate engraved for Noorthouck's *History of London*, with the inscription G. ii. R., since altered to G. iii. These same arms are still there, 1888, and in excellent condition. We give an illustration of them. The street originally called King Street, as appears from the above extract, is now, in memory of the good woman who left so much for education, renamed Newcomen Street.

The public-house referred to is the King's Arms, and is apparently of a date not earlier than 1760. But there was a 'King's Arms' hereabout long before. In a deed of 1565 the Marsalsea, the Maremayde, and the King's Arms are entered together; I can only infer as to the exact site. In 1604 it is le Kinges Armes in Southwarke, in 1634 the King's Arms, Margaret's Hill. It may be remarked that the High Street from the Town Hall to St. George's Church was always in the older maps St. Margaret's Hill. The King's Arms was distinguished, in that Sir George Waterman, Alderman of Bridge Ward within, and Lord Mayor in 1672, was son of the Vintner who kept the house—a noted man enough evidently, for in the year of his Mayoralty was published *London's resurrection to joy in praise of Sir George Waterman, Lord Mayor*. A very strange burial from here is said to have taken place. It comes to me well recommended, but is incredible; however, I give it as a

curiosity. 'In 1736 died Richard Griffin at the King's Arms, St. Margaret's Hill, aged 116. He was followed to the grave by 116 ancient people; the oldest pall-bearer was 95.



SIGN OF KING'S ARMS

## CHAPTER VIII

SOUTHWARK FAIR—PLAYS AT INNS—HALF MOON—WHITE  
SWAN—GRIFFIN—PRIZE FIGHTERS IN SOUTHWARK

WE are now in the neighbourhood of Southwark Fair, the Borough Carnival in every September for about 300 years. One marked feature of the fair, in later days at any rate, was some sort of dramatic representation, good, bad, and indifferent, I was about to say, but the optimist view I am inclined to leave out, although many fine players have acted here, as was the case at the other great fairs. This may be perhaps as fitting an occasion as I shall have for saying something upon the whole subject, and it will give us a break in the otherwise uninterrupted journeying from inn to inn.

Within a space of a few hundred yards, in the centre of Old Southwark, we have many and diverse illustrations of the acted drama, from the sacred to the profane down even to the lewd. In fragmentary papers, churchwardens' accounts, and records of doings at St. Margaret's in the fifteenth century, still preserved at St. Saviour's, as old perhaps as any of the kind preserved in English parishes, mention is made of religious plays and processions along



the streets of Southwark, in which were used vestments, embroideries, and flags belonging to the church. In these accounts we find charges for 'a play upon seynt lacy day,' and 'a play upon seynt margrete day' in 1444, 'played by the clerkes.' Upon one occasion 'Harvyes chyl dren' gave the entertainment upon St. Lucy Day, and were paid 20d. for the same. Sometimes musical recitations took place. Moreover, the trade gilds, Innholders<sup>1</sup> and others, probably had their pageants in the open, here as elsewhere. The transition from solemn plays at or near churches to plays at inns was in accord with human nature, free and truthful representations, instead of the artificial, contrived, and didactic. The complaint was, then as now, that people were drawn to pleasure more than to sermons, 'a filthy play' (they need not be filthy), says some one in 1578, 'with the blast of

<sup>1</sup> The learned and courteous lady, Miss Toulmin Smith, has given me a valuable note on the subject. The Innholders' Company of York brought out a pageant in 1483 (1 Richard III.) Four men came before the Mayor and, 'By the assent of all the Innholders of the said cite take upon them to bryng forth yerly during the term of viii. yere then next folloyng the pageant of the Coronacion of our Lady perteyning to the said Innholders, and also to reparell the said pageant, so that they that holds Inys and hath no syns pay as well and as moche yerely to the reparacion of the said pageant and brynging forth of the same, as the said Inholders that hath syns doyth;' *i.e.* 4d. each. In the accounts of 1522 the City of London agreed to aid the Innholders by 2s. a year for a similar purpose. In the 9th report Hist. MS. Com. part 1, under date 1501, is a full description of a pageant given at Guildhall, entitled 'the 3 Kyngs of Coleyn.' A pageant was in its original meaning a scaffold for the purpose of scenic exhibitions. Mr. Halliwell describes it as a wooden structure which consisted of two rectangular rooms built on the floor of a strong waggon, the lower room being enclosed with painted boards and the upper one open, the latter having a decorated canopy supported by pilasters. Later, of course, it meant the exhibition that took place in this structure.

a trumpet<sup>1</sup> sooner calling together a thousand than an hour's tolling of the bell brings a hundred to a sermon.' So it is, and was, and the inns with their offspring the playhouses soon superseded the churches, so far as dramatic representations were concerned. Our divines, Puritan and others, were ill advised in recognising here only a device of the devil; they are now, as we see, apparently better minded. They might indeed be not far out if they were to adopt, suiting the times so far as possible and avoiding the evils, something of the old way,—of music, sacred drama even, with some few words descriptive of illustrious lives, as a variation from the usual rather tiring course now inflicted.

How specially suitable many of our old Southwark inns were for the performance of plays may be seen in our ground-plans showing spacious yards, of, for instance, the White Hart, Tabard, George, Queen's Head, and Catherine Wheel, notably also in the Bell, which had a yard as large as the Tabard; and the configuration of the inns themselves almost implied a foregone purpose as to plays and shows. Take for special instance the White Hart, which so late as 1840 had its yard and its two galleries one over the other, complete on three sides of the square. How like the arrangements of a modern theatre. Our boxes would be represented by the small chambers of the guests opening into the galleries, which name we retain for part of the upper tier. A movable stage would probably be erected on the fourth side of the ample courtyard, the rest of which would be appropriated

<sup>1</sup> In our time General Booth appears to have discarded the melancholy bell, and to have adopted the blast of the trumpet.

to the 'groundlings,' and would correspond with our modern pit. A movable stage was a common contrivance, copied even in the early playhouses, for instance at the Swan and the Hope on the Bankside, placed in the pit when plays were to be performed, removed on the days appropriated to rough sports. We have to recollect that the great inns of the olden times gathered within their precincts very considerable numbers of inmates, guests and their attendants. These alone would, one may imagine, furnish a sufficient audience, and if not, the neighbours and stray visitors would help to complete the house.

Although we give plentifully illustrations of inns fitted for such performances in this our Southwark book, I can find no actually recorded instance of plays acted at any one of them, but it seems not the less clear that it must have been so, for in 1547 is this interesting evidence<sup>1</sup> to the point, contained in a letter from Bishop Gardiner to Paget. 'To-morrow,' he says, 'the parishioners of this parish (namely, St. Saviour's) and I have agreed to have a solemn dirge for our late sovereign Lord and Master, in earnest as beseemeth us; and to-morrow certain players, my Lord of Oxford's, as they say, intend on the other side, within this burgh of Southwark, to have a solemn playe, to try who shall have most resort, they in game or I in earnest, which seemeth to me a marvellous contention.' Dated, 'At my house in Southwark, Feb. 5.'

He requests the Lord Protector to interfere, having

<sup>1</sup> Letters and Papers. Rolls Series, 5th February 1547; and Tytler's *England under Edward VI.*, vol. i. p. 21.

in vain appealed to Justice Acton of Southwark, who doubted if he could stop the play, although, as he said, he could stop the people coming to it. In fact, the players 'smally regarded him' also. I think, then, that we may assume from this fact, and from the way in which it is told, that plays were, perhaps even commonly, performed at our Southwark inns. Further, as the Bishop could probably have prevented the affair taking place altogether in his own manor of the Clink, that is, the Bankside, and as he appealed to a justice of the burgh,<sup>1</sup> there can be no reasonable doubt that the performance took place in one of the great inns of Long Southwark, *i.e.* in the High Street, which were every way as suitable for the purpose as the City inns;<sup>2</sup> and be it noted that no playhouse was as yet built in Southwark, nor indeed for many years afterwards.

How they did in the City somewhat later on we may see. In 1594 it was announced that Lord Hunsdon's new company of players, who had been accustomed to perform in the City, desired now to play at the 'Cross Kayes' (two houses with the like signs were in Southwark); the players promised to begin their performance at two, and end at four or five, and to send no drums or trumpets about, and further, that they would contribute to the poor of the parish in which they played, according to their liabilities. The company at the Cross Keys, certainly a few weeks

<sup>1</sup> Robert Acton, M.P. for Southwark a year or two before, 1542-43.

<sup>2</sup> Lambarde, as to city inns and incidentally as to Bankside in 1576. 'Those who go to Paris Garden, the Belsavage, or Theatre to behold bear-baiting, interludes, or fence play, . . . must first pay one penny at the gate, another at the entry of the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing.'

after, and probably at this very time, included Shakespeare, Kemp, and Burbage, names by and by prominently associated with the playhouses of Southwark, all of them, as we see, playing at inns. The playhouses in Gracious or Gracechurch Street, Bishopsgate Street, and Ludgate Hill were the yards respectively of the well-known taverns, the Cross Keys, the Bull, and the Belle Savage. Among the seventeen theatres erected between 1570 and 1629 the continuer of Stow's *Chronicle* reckons 'five innes or common osteryes turned into playhouses.' The question in hand will doubtless be more completely understood from a few quotations of the sixteenth century time.

1557.—Boar's Head, Aldgate. A sack full of news performed in a Carrier's inn—a lewd play. Book taken away. (Halliwell Collection.)

1569.—It is complained that there are plays in Taverns on the Sabothe Day; at divers and several inns people resort to the intent to hear certain stage plays. (City MSS.)

1573.—Fencing plays at the Bull. (Halliwell Collection.)

1574.—The great inns had secret chambers as well as open stages and galleries, where maids and good citizens' children were inveigled. (Halliwell Collection.)

1575.—Order of Corporation against performances on scaffold frames, and stages erected in yards of great inns, on account of the great immorality there (City only). (Halliwell Collection.)

1577.—The Bell in Gracious Street is noted as using 'properties' for its plays. (Revells.)

1583.—Tarleton, Willson, and others note the stay of

plague, and ask leave to play at the Bull in Bishopsgate, or the Bell in Gracechurch Street. (City MS.)

1594.—Anthony Bacon, brother of Francis, as a young man lodges in Bishopsgate Street. This highly disturbs his mother, because it is near the Bull Inn, where plays and interludes are acted, which may corrupt his servants. (Halliwell Collection.)

Banks exhibits his horse at a Tavern, the Cross Keyes in Gracious Streete. (Halliwell's Memoranda to *Love's Labour Lost*, p. 21 *et seq.*)

Ratsey's episode on Taverns tells us that 'at a country place the comedians acted at the White Hart in a large chamber which had been a malting room.' (*Tragi Comedie*, 1653. Halliwell Collection.)

These early occasional performances in galleried inns need not necessarily, however, have been connected with our great festival on St. Margaret's Hill.

Southwark Fair made its yearly appearance from say 1462<sup>1</sup> and continued to 1763, being at first held on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of September, the eve, feast, and morrow of the nativity of the Virgin Mary, the patron saint of the adjoining Priory Church. Hence it was sometimes called the Lady Fair; afterwards it extended over a much longer period. The entertainments provided in early days were perhaps of a similar character to those in the seventeenth century, of which such graphic descriptions have been handed down to us by Evelyn and Pepys. Thus Evelyn in his *Diary* (13th September 1660) says, 'I saw in Southwark at St. Margaret's Faire, monckies and asses dance and do other feates of activity

<sup>1</sup> Charter granted by Edward IV.

on y<sup>e</sup> tight rope. They were gallantly clad *à la mode*, went upright, saluted the company, bowing and pulling off their hatts; they saluted one another with as good a grace as if instructed by a dancing-master. They turned heels over head with a basket having eggs in it without breaking any, also with lighted candles in their hands and on their heads without extinguishing them, and with vessells of water without spilling a drop. I also saw an Italian wench daunce and performe all the tricks on y<sup>e</sup> tight rope to admiration. All the Court went to see her. Likewise here was a man who tooke up a piece of iron cannon of about 400 lbs. weight with the haire of his head onely.' In 1592 Evelyn gives the following odd reason for the suppression of puppet shows at the Fair. 'The dreadful earthquake in Jamaica, this summer was profanely and ludicrously represented in a puppet play, or some such lewd pastime in the fair at Southwark, which caused the Queene to put downe that idle and vicious mock shew.' In 1668 Pepys is here, as one time or another he is everywhere, if there is any fun going on. 21st September he writes, 'To Southwark Fair, very dirty, and there saw the puppet-show of Whittington, which is pretty to see, and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too. And thence to Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where I saw such action as I never saw before, and mightily worth seeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow who carried me to a tavern whither came the music of this booth, and by and by Jacob Hall<sup>1</sup> himself, with whom I had a mind to

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated rope dancer, said to have been a lover of the Duchess of Cleveland.

speaking, whether he had any mischief by falls in his time. He told me, "Yes, many, but never to the breaking of a limb." He seems a mighty strong man. So, giving them a bottle or two of wine, I away!' Neither Pepys nor Evelyn mentions any regular theatrical entertainment, but such may have taken place in their time. A little later we know that every September plays, drolls, operas, all very free and easy, were performed at booths within or about the inn yards.<sup>1</sup>

The pieces called 'Humours or Drolls' appear to have been invented by one Robert Cox at the time of the persecution of the stage in the civil wars of Charles and the Puritans. In this case the inn proper and its courtyard were no longer used in the old way, but rooms were hired, and temporary places called booths were erected within the inn yard, or close at hand, the yard mostly forming a way or passage to the play; some of them seem to have been rather substantially put together. The style of booth is shown by Hogarth in his Southwark Fair, see also copy of a quaint drawing in my possession, and an interior may be guessed at from an illustration given by an artist of the time as a heading to 'Two Monkeys went to Southwark Fair,' of Gay's *Fables*. I may add that 'Drolls' were printed, published, and sold at the back of the Blue Maid, in the alley of that name, by the son-in-law of Mrs. Mynns, the noted owner of booths, and it may be almost said of the hand-to-mouth people who acted in them.

<sup>1</sup> Strype in 1720 says that the Fair was noted 'chiefly for shows, as drolls, puppet-shows, rope-dancing, music booths, and tippling houses.'







Happily a very elaborate and minute collection relating to Southwark Fair came into my hands at the Fillinham Sale in 1862, from which collection the following particulars are almost entirely obtained. 1680.—We have *The Coronation of Queen Elizabeth, with the restauration of the Protestant Religion and the downfall of the Pope*. ‘A most excellent play it is,’ designated a droll, for ‘a half hour’s performance, at Bartholomew’s and at Southwark Fairs.’ The entertainments are of course very miscellaneous. ‘At the Catherine Wheel, in Mr. Bence’s booth, is a youth of surprising beauty, who had lived always on simples.’ At the same inn is ‘the Gyant, or the Miracle of nature, aged nineteen last June 1684, born in Ireland, and of prodigious bigness, that the like hath not been seen since the memory of man. He has several times been shewn at Court, where his Majesty was pleased to walk under his arm; he is grown very much since. He now reaches ten foot and a half, fathomes near eight foot, spans fifteen inches, and is believed to be as big as one of the Gyants in Guildhall.’ Very true, no doubt, for the hand-bill is in the British Museum.

Mrs. Mynns, in 1715, and at other times, exhibits *The Siege of Troy* at the Queen’s Arms; she had for years lived in the parish, and had made it her boast that Powell and Booth had been of her company.

In 1719 Bullock is named as the proprietor of a theatrical booth in Birdcage Alley, where is represented *The Jew of Venice*, with singing and dancing. In 1720 the Haymarket Company gives *The Beggar’s Opera*.

1728.—‘Fielding<sup>1</sup> and Reynold’s great theatrical booth is at the lower end of Blue Maid Alley;’ then follow notices of the play. ‘*N.B.*—A commodious passage for the quality and for their coaches through the Half Moon Inn. Lights are there.’

Fawkes, in 1729, is doing surprising things at his booth over by the Crown by St. George’s Church. This same year, at the Half Moon, near the Bowling Green, ‘*The Beggar’s Wedding*, and *Southwark Fair*, or, *The Sheepshearing*, are to be seen, the passage is commodious and well lighted, and persons are there ready to conduct the quality.’ The players are made up of Drury Lane people, and Pinkethman is here. Hogarth, in his great pictorial drama of *Southwark Fair* (1733), shows the Half Moon sign by St. George’s Church, just where the fall of a scaffold with actors is taking place. I may remind my readers that the church here represented was immediately afterwards pulled down and rebuilt.

In 1731 Macklin is to be seen ‘dressed in a fine laced coat and a bagwig,’ reaping a rich harvest, clearing in fact half a guinea a day, not from ten in the morning to ten at night, let us hope. Pinchbeck<sup>2</sup> is at the great

<sup>1</sup> The name of Fielding calls for a few remarks. Morley, in *Bartholomew Fair*, and Frost, in *The Old Showman*, have described the noble lineage of this ‘grandson of an Earl.’ They mistake the great novelist for another Fielding, who was a booth-keeper at fairs and kept an inn in Bloomsbury. This is fully discussed in *Notes and Queries*, 1875. Although Henry Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*, was not a keeper of booths at fairs, yet there is no doubt that, during the strange miscellaneous past of his life, he wrote drolls and the like for them; indeed, there is no knowing how at times he did, as we say, ‘raise the wind.’

<sup>2</sup> Pinchbeck, an ingenious mechanist, continued to attend the Fair for some years. Query, Could this have been Christopher Pinchbeck of

theatrical room at the Queen's Arms, near the Marshalsea gate, exhibiting his mechanical genius ; and Fawkes is doing his conjuring ; one of their clever things being, 'a duck in a river, and a dog diving after it, as natural as alive.' Crawley's show of *The Creation of the World* and *Noah's Flood* are at the Golden Lion. The little dogs of Louvain, excellent little actors, go through their performances ; for instance, the attack and defence of a city by two separate companies of them. The Royal Oak, next door as it were, to St. George's Church, shown in Hogarth's print, is visited, so the showman says, by about three thousand people in a day. The whole Court of France is there—in wax. At the booth down Queen's Arms Tavern yard is a curious entertainment, *The Quaker's Opera*, mixed up with Jack Sheppard's escape out of Newgate.

In 1733 we find Lee's Booth at the lower end of Mermaid Court, where are represented *Bateman*, or *The Unhappy Marriage*, and *The Harlot's Progress*. 1736.—'At the New Theatre on the Bowling Green will be performed *Venice Preserved*. *N.B.*—Fires to keep the house warm.' 1740.—Tickets can be had, price 1s. 6d. and 1s., at the Blue Maid, for the performance at the Theatre on the Bowling Green. Top-

Cockspur Street, who died in 1783, the manufacturer of the famous imitative gold, of whom Ireland relates the following anecdote:—'He frequently spoke of one of his brothers, who was a showman, and gave a considerable sum for an elephant, for which he took an apartment in Southwark Fair. But the passage to this room,' added he, 'was so narrow that, though my poor brother got the beast into it, "a" never could get un out on't—a' stuck in the middle and died," so, Sir, you sees that my poor brother lost all his money. Ah! he was a most unfortunate dog in everything he took in hand, and so was I, God knows!'

ham, the strong man, is here. 1748.—At the Great Tiled Booth on the Bowling Green Mrs. Yeates will perform in *The Beggar's Opera* and in *The Virgin Unmasked*. She assures her friends that 'the whole will be conducted with the greatest decorum.' Tickets can be had at the Ram's Head, Tooley Street, and at the Bull's Head in the Borough, for 'one who has lost his sight, and has been six years in prison for debt. He is sure God will amply reward all who are so good as to assist him.' The apparently appropriate droll is, *The Unhappy Favourite*, or, *The Devil to Pay*.

Smollett's *Roderick Random and his friend Strap* were dramatised for the booths, apparently the year the novel was published; Smollett, after his kind, spending some of his time in the Bench close at hand. This comic Interlude was performed at the Great Theatrical Booth 'by a company from the Theatres Royal.' At the Great Booth, down the Queen's Arms Tavern yard, they play during the Fair from ten in the morning to ten at night, and, as they are next door to the Marshalsea prison, the audacious actors are giving *The Beggar's Wedding*, and *The Gaol-keeper outwitted*. On the right of the principal show Hogarth, in his Southwark Fair, has represented a smaller one of puppets, at which, doubtless, *The Creation of the World* is performed, and also *Punch's Opera*; the space in front being divided between the pictures of Adam and Eve, and of Punch wheeling his wife into a terrific flaming mouth. The former show-cloth resembles the usual very primitive Fruiterer's Arms, namely, an apple-tree, the tempter a serpent twining about the trunk, our first parents on each side, Eve holding an

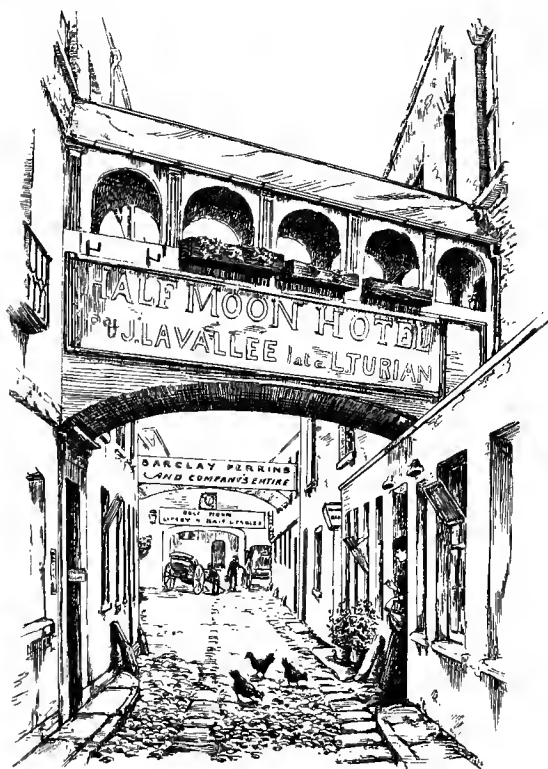
apple. In 5931, Harleian MS., is an original bill of the time of Queen Anne, stating that at Crawley's Show at the Golden Lion,<sup>1</sup> near St. George's Church, or at the booth between the Royal Oak and the church, is presented the whole story of *The Creation*, or, *Paradise Lost*, yet newly revived, with the addition of *Noah's Flood*, and the ball of the little dogs of Louvain. In another show of the sort, the subject is thus divided: (1) *The Creation of Adam and Eve*; (2) *The Intrigues of Lucifer*; (3) *Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise*. There are likewise several rich and large figures, which dance jigs, sarabands, antics, and country dances between every act. Again, 'at the Mermaid is a girl born of Hungarian parents, but changed in the nursing, a changeling girl, who is likewise a mere anatomy.' 1751.—Yeates, in George yard, is showing some wax figures, young Yeates conjures and Steward is there, of whose wonderful feats on the rope a contemporary print shows a great variety. A female Samson is performing in a booth opposite the Greyhound. Such are some of the wonderful sights prepared for visitors at the inns and inn yards of Southwark Fair. A court, I think it is that of the Mermaid, goes down by steps to the Bowling Green,<sup>2</sup> which is immediately behind: between it and the inns there was a large open space in my earlier time.

As may be imagined, the standard of morality at the

<sup>1</sup> A tavern in front of Golden Lyon Alley, which has long ceased to exist. Strype (1720) describes it as 'a clean, handsome place, with a freestone pavement, containing two small courts.

<sup>2</sup> The Bowling Green had a tennis-court on it, which was pulled down in 1753, and the ground converted into a cabbage garden. Bowling Green Lane, near the back gate of Guy's Hospital, preserves the name.

Fair was not a high one : it was the scene of the orgies of a time of license, and a Local Court for summary justice was always at hand—rough and ready was the needful maxim. The court was known as that of Pie-poudre, *pie* poudré, *i.e.* with the dusty foot, meaning, for people



HALF MOON INN.

who were coming and going. That for Bartholomew Fair was held at the Hand and Shears, at the corner of Middle Street and King Street, Cloth Fair : to judge from the sign, a house of call for tailors. Perhaps, as the Southwark Town Hall was in the midst of our Fair, the court might have been held there ; certainly, I



have not found any inn mentioned as used for the purpose, like that at Bartholomew's. Hogarth shows the officer arresting an actor in the midst of Southwark Fair, and in Wilkinson's *Londina* some actors of Bartholomew Fair are pictured in their costume as before the court at the Hand and Shears.



GALLERY OF HALF MOON.

The Half Moon Inn has already been twice alluded to as associated with the Fair; our kind readers will doubtless excuse a few more words concerning this inn, which will be found on the east side of the High Street. A news letter,<sup>1</sup> MS. of 24th September 1689, tells us, 'Upon Satterday night hapned a great fire

<sup>1</sup> From a manuscript which, with great kindness, Mr. Hovenden permitted me to copy.

in Southwarke, which burnt about 50 houses, part of the King's Bench Prison,<sup>1</sup> and most of the Booths in the flaire. It began in a Cellar where was sold Ale and Brandy, etc. 2 or 3 persons are said to be burnt and severall others hurt. Yesterday morning severall of the suspected Persons lately taken into Custody were examined before a Committy at Whitehall, but their examination kept private.' Another account is at the Guildhall.<sup>2</sup> The Falcon and the Half Moon were burning at the same time, houses were blown up to stay the fire, and at about six in the morning it was got under. The fire had spread north and south, and indeed in all directions—the Falcon, now Adam's Place, and the Half Moon, were on opposite sides of a street, narrower than we have now, which also was well filled with booths. The Half Moon Inn, rebuilt, still flourishes, being nowadays much frequented by foreigners, and a stone let into the wall by a doorway on the left hand side of the yard shows the sign in relief, with 1690, the date of the rebuilding, and the initials of the then owner or more probably the landlord—I T E. Of this inn Strype says in 1720, that it is 'pretty large and of a good trade,' being severed from the Bowling Green by a ditch. A hundred years later we find in the *Epicure's Almanack* the following account: 'The Half Moon, kept by Mr. Nettleship, is a large establishment, having an excellent larder, well stored. Its convenient accommodations for

<sup>1</sup> At this time situated in the main street, north of St. George's Church.

<sup>2</sup> A full and true account, etc. Broadsheet.

entertaining and lodging its guests extend on either side the inn yard, and are connected by a well-contrived bridge from gallery to gallery.' Our pleasant illustrations appear to complete the picture.

Leaving the Fair for the present, not following it into the Mint, whither it was driven about 1746, we come to the Swan or White Swan, immediately south of St. George's Church. This was originally without doubt a very old inn,<sup>1</sup> probably one of the oldest in the Borough. The corner where the Swan is must have been always a busy place, suitable for a prosperous inn. It was a main thoroughfare in very early times; the numerous pilgrims to Canterbury and most travellers to the Continent would pass this corner for 'The Kings Highway called Kent streete.'

In the map of 1542 an important building is shown at the corner now referred to, with a sign projecting in the usual way from the house, alike in all respects so far as the rough sketch can show it to the Swan in Long Southwark by London Bridge. Seventeenth-century tokens of this inn have come down to us. One is heart-shaped, and has—

*O.* HVGH . LEY . AT . THE . WHITE = A swan.  $\frac{1}{2}$

*R.* BY . S<sup>T</sup> . GEORGES . CHVRCH . SOVTHWARK . HIS . HALFE . PENY .

(In seven lines across the field.)

Another—

*O.* AN . GRASON . AT . THE . SWAN = A swan.  $\frac{1}{4}$

*R.* AT . S . GEORGES . CHVRCH = A . G

I may add that this sign was originally heraldic—the

<sup>1</sup> Not strictly in Southwark, neither this nor the Griffin, but on the border, and claiming notice here.

badge of the Nevilles, *temp.* Henry V. I pass on to the *New Remarks*, 1732, which mentions Lamb Alley and Swan Yard together. In the map of Rocque, 1746, the White Swan coach yard appears to be of great extent, and that of Horwood, 1799, shows Swan yard, curving round where Swan Street is now, almost to Trinity Street, quite suitable for a great traffic.

The property hereabout—Little Lamb Alley, Black Spread Eagle Alley, etc., beginning in Blackman Street and extending back to Swan yard—formed part of the estate of John Marshall, which he gave by will in 1627, that Christ Church might become a parish, and for educational and other purposes. When in 1830 I began practice in Southwark, some of the little low-storied houses here were occupied by Methodist patients of mine, a few of them old enough to have conversed with John Wesley himself; one in possession of a class ticket signed by him—a reasonable and desirable relic of the great reformer. At the beginning of this century, about 1806, application was made by Mr. G. Dodd, the celebrated engineer, for the construction of a new road, to be 60 feet wide, called Dover Road, now Great Dover Street. It was urged that the road would be of great advantage, Kent Street being extremely narrow, and moreover dangerous; it had, indeed, long deserved a very bad character. An Act, 52 George III., was passed for the purpose. The *New Ambulator*, 1824, says, "Great Dover Street commences at St. George's Church and terminates at the Black Bull, at the entrance to the Kent Road. The old street—Kent Street, the sink of the suburbs—had been

for ages considered most dangerous. . . . Mr. Dodd raised by subscription shares £54,000, and after much opposition in Parliament obtained an Act for the construction of the new road; he completed it within the estimate for £10,000. The road is about half a mile long and 60 feet broad; it has been ascertained that 150 four-horsed carriages daily have passed "the sutlers' house;" the Bricklayers' Arms was so designated.'

I remember the modern Swan as a house of quiet repute, serving for social gatherings of the more respectable inhabitants. Attending three generations of one family there, I knew it and the neighbourhood well. More than fifty years since I saw the flogging at cart tail of an incorrigible youth at slow pace before the Swan along the Dover Road. It was a time of public and savage punishments; I often saw crowds of people passing from all directions towards the hangings at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, at the end of Swan Street, the remains of which still exist.

In the rear of the Swan was the Griffin, its little yard busy with carriers. It is shown in Rocque and Horwood, and still appears in the Ordnance map of 1876. Next door was a large shop, characteristic of the times, kept by a well-known heroic old lady, Mrs. Richardson; her wares, strong-smelling velveteens and corduroys of the coarsest, bright red plush waistcoats, honeycomb-worked smock frocks, rude billycocks, and so on. Very old—over seventy, I think,—and retired, she had a long conflict with a housebreaker in Bland Street, who had broken into her room. The old lady

appeared in Court against him, sadly mauled about the face and head ; but she had held on.

Reference to the Griffin reminds me of the fact that this house was associated with the prize ring, which I thought had been dead and buried long ago ; but as just now there seems to be an effort to resuscitate it, we will give a few reminiscences under this head. I happened to be doctor to the family of Mr. Welsh who kept the Griffin—Jemmy Welsh,<sup>1</sup> second to Tom Sayers in his great fight with Heenan, 17th April 1860. One day, my patient recovering, I was treated in the bedroom to a juvenile scientific set-to of sparring between the two sturdy little Welshes ; we were all, including the doctor, much interested in the sport. I had not seen the unpleasant points of a real fight, nor had I read the disgusting details of last rounds, or I might have been much less taken with it. On one of my professional visits Mr. Welsh told me, with bated breath, that he expected the ‘hero’ shortly ; would I stay and take champagne with them and Tom Sayers ? I felt the compliment, but my practice being among very straight, sober people, chiefly Wesleyans, I thanked him and excused myself. I almost wish I had stayed, and could have had even a Methodist preacher with me, in lay clothing of course, not to preach but to learn. It had been often discussed among my friends whether indeed it would not be best for preachers to imitate the doctors, as it were walking their hospitals, as we ours, that is, where rough freedom and license, and

<sup>1</sup> His office was no sinecure. Towards the end of the fight Heenan, being nearly blind, struck him a severe blow by mistake.

indeed open sin were most practised—the Master came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, and He might be imitated in this. I missed my opportunity, however, and the more regretted it when I read in *Punch* (28th April 1860) the stirring ballad concerning the fight of Sayerius and Heenanus. An ancient gladiator of the year 1920 is supposed to be addressing his great-grandchildren, in the presence of their father, another sort of man who drinks claret. A taste of the ballad will suffice; the whole can be enjoyed in *Punch*—

‘Close round my chair, my children,  
And gather at my knee,  
The while your mother poureth  
The Old Tom in my tea,  
What while your father quaffeth  
His meagre Bordeaux wine.—  
’Twas not on such potations  
Were reared these thews of mine!  
Such drinks<sup>1</sup> came in the very year,  
Methinks I mind it well,  
That the great fight of Heenanus  
With Sayerius befell.’

In a *Roundabout Paper*, Madam Morality remonstrates with Mr. Thackeray. He only says to her, ‘Do, for goodness’ sake, my dear madam, keep your true and pure and womanly and gentle remarks for another day. Have the great kindness to stand a leetle aside, and just let me see one or two rounds between the men.’

A stirring account of the great fight by Mr. Henry Downes Miles<sup>2</sup> ends with the arrival of the champion at

<sup>1</sup> The Gladstone Claret.

<sup>2</sup> In his recent publication called *Pugilistica*.

the hostelry of his friend Ned Elgee,<sup>1</sup> the Swan, Old Kent Road.

The prize fighter, almost as a matter of course, kept a public-house one time or another. We had three or four such men in Southwark — Ned Turner, Dick Curtis, Thomas Cribb, the champion pugilist of England. But first a few words on that repulsive-looking fellow, with his plastered pate, careering in Hogarth's Southwark Fair, who challenges all comers; this Fig was, however, more of a foil and back-sword player, although he did not disdain fisticuffs. Our professor was to be found at his booth. Fig's great tiled booth on the Bowling Green, to be got at through the inn yards of the High Street. Other 'heroes' were to be seen at the Fair. 1730.—Thomas Edwards, better known among his familiars as Counsellor Layer, invites Benjamin Boswell to fight for twenty guineas, and will not cry 'O my eye,' as the last man did. Boswell, nothing daunted, will not fail, as 'he only wants Edwards to make his victories thirty-one.' 1738.—At the Fair is a challenge with the usual brag, 'a Borough Carman may be superior to a Tottenham Court hero,' who, accepting the challenge, 'will meet the Carman at time and place appointed, to maintain his character as a boxer.' But to our more modern braves.

The earliest I know of was Ned Turner, born in Crucifix Lane, Southwark, in 1791. He was a skin-dresser, working at a yard in Bermondsey, where a sparring club for glove practice was held, and so Turner

<sup>1</sup> The Vestry Clerk of St. George's, Southwark, tells me that Mr. Elgee, Licensed Victualler, Cornbury Place, Old Kent Road, was vestryman of the parish in 1859.



gets a taste for the 'art,' and becomes famous in the dominions of Simon the Tanner. In a battle with one Curtis (not Dick), who appears to have insisted upon fighting Turner, the former was killed, and Turner was condemned to two months' imprisonment in Newgate. In 1824, having won his last fight, he dines with his friends at Bill Moss's, who kept the Crown in the Borough, and so passes out of sight.

Dick Curtis, 'the Pet' and king of the light weights, born 1802, was, says Mr. Miles, 'the most perfect specimen of a miniature fighting man of modern times.' Curtis was for a short period landlord of the Star in Blackman Street. As he said on his deathbed, his 'last round had come;' he died 16th September 1843, and was buried in the neighbouring churchyard of St. George in Southwark. It was common in those days, as part of the entertainment sometimes, it might be, to have sparring benefits at Theatres; for instance, Curtis and Barney at the Coburg and at the Surrey, one of them in 1827.

Tom Cribb, the champion, our third hero, was born in 1805. After an unsuccessful venture in the coal line at Hungerford Wharf, Cribb underwent the usual metamorphosis from a pugilist to a publican, and opened at the Golden Lion in the Borough,—'Black diamonds, adieu; Tom's now took to the bar,' some one said with a flourish. As 'the richer people of the Fancy, like their royal master George IV.,' had but little concern with the Borough, Tom Cribb moved westward to be nearer his patrons.

There are portraits of the more illustrious bruisers of former times adorning—may I say adorning?—the well-

known volume on the subject called *Boxiana*. Many of the men, as we might expect, fine specimens of bone and muscle, and with not much of the sinister about them ; some are seemingly very mild personages indeed. Without saying anything as to character, for the worst-looking people are sometimes the best, the face of Thomas Molineaux, the Black, is one of the ugliest and most brutal I ever looked upon, and not a few seem to contend for the palm among the villainous.

As a doctor, I had much very good practice among the publicans. A friend one day accosted me with a remark as to my imbibing possibilities. 'I saw you,' he said, 'go into six public-houses, one immediately after the other.' I satisfied him that I was only on my vocation, and did not take their physic as they did mine. One of my best friends among them, a gentleman, but with a very pugilistic look about the nose, gave me a lot of admission cards to meetings of the Fancy at public-houses ; they are curious and quite modern. The following will serve as specimens. 'A convivial meeting at the Crown and Anchor, New Kent Road, 1860, for the benefit of Fred Challis, better known as "Chick." To defray the funeral expenses of his wife and child. Under the direction of Gardner, Tabby, and Todd. Tickets, 6d. each.' 'A convivial meeting at the King's Arms, Old Kent Road, 1st October, 1862, for the benefit of Jack Porter, who has met with an accident. Under the direction of Old Sweaty, Ned Berry, and Frank Bell.' Another not in Southwark, 'for the benefit of Mrs. Rooke, to help her defray the funeral expenses of her son, Tom Rooke, who now lays dead,'

and has, I suppose, to be 'waked.' This affair is under 'the direction of Railroad Jack and Shadow.' One at the Shipwrights' Arms, Bermondsey Street, March 1860, 'for the benefit of W. Lucy, commonly called Taters, who met with an accident before Christmas and has not been able to work since.' One more, which I give in full, and there an end. It is headed by a woodcut of a stage, and two men boxing, and runs thus: 'A grand treat for the Fancy. Dooney Harris intends taking a sparring benefit at Mr. Beckwiths the Good intent, Lucretia Street, New Cut, on Tuesday, 15th April 1862. Some of the first and second-rate men will Spar on this occasion,—Joe Nolan and Dan Thomas will show after their fight. The wind up between Dooney Harris and Patsy Reardon. Tickets, 1s. each. M. C., Johnny Walker. Sparring to commence at 8 o'clock.'

A few more words as to Southwark Fair seem required, and will lead us naturally to our next subject. About 1743 especially, it became, in the main thoroughfares, an intolerable nuisance; tumults were not uncommon, and on one occasion a child was killed—probably not a solitary case. The Fair was then limited to three days instead of fourteen, and to a much smaller area, being, so to say, driven into the purlieus of the Mint, which must have been well adapted to its rough-and-tumble ways. 17th June 1762.—It was ordered at a Common Council 'that Southwark Fair should not be holden for the future.' However, it was not finally suppressed till the following year.

## CHAPTER IX

MINT MARRIAGES—TUMBLEDOWN DICK—HARROW—OLD  
BULL—DUN HORSE—GAOLS—BLACK BULL—ANGELS  
—CATHERINE WHEEL—DOG AND BEAR

THE Mint,<sup>1</sup> opposite St. George's Church, extending far back and made up of squalid courts and alleys, was an Alsatia or refuge for the worst and lowest people; it had in the early part of the last century been apparently cleared by Act of Parliament, 9 George I., 1722, and by act of City magistrates (see Appendix), but in my time, so late as 1850, when I was medical officer of the district, the inhabitants were of the old sort; some of them, alas! sons of professional and religious leaders known to me, were inmates of lodging-houses among thieves. A Broad-sheet writer of 1723 helps toward an intimate knowledge of the place and its free-and-easy brandy and beer shops. 'Here,' he says, 'is accommodation for everybody, at the Angel, at the Chimney Sweepers, or at the Red Cow;—the beer is of the best at Sam Greaves's Sun and Garter,

<sup>1</sup> Here I am reminded of the fact that within the last few weeks my indefatigable friend, Mr. Way, has found in the excavations for the New Mint Street, coins, pottery, coloured glass, and among much else numerous skulls of dogs apparently of the fighting sort, having, it may be, connection with the public bull ring in front of Suffolk House in the High Street.

or at Friend China's Red Rose. Here is Isaac's house of meeting, and he has brandy of the best.' An advertising paper with the heading of a Cock, without date, but about the same time, announces that 'Sarah Gardner, late wife of William Kellett, famous for curing all sorts of agues, still lives at the Cock in the Mint, Southwark; she has excellent remedies for many complaints. No cure, no money.' In fact, a great deal of doctoring, a great deal of almost everything, was done in these Mint houses. The tipsy, good-natured laureate, Nahum Tate, mentioned p. 54, who with Brady (I had well-nigh said Brandy, which would have been as near the truth) put forth the version of the Psalms which superseded that of Sternhold and Hopkins, dies here, and the register at St. George's appropriately gives his address as 'next door to the Prince Eugene,' and the date of his burial 1st August 1715. Tate adapted Shakespeare for the booths. *Lear* he calls an 'obscure piece recommended to his notice by a friend.'<sup>1</sup> In 1748 the droll of *Lear* and his three daughters, played in a booth on the Bowling Green at the back of Mermaid Court, was by Tate. In this 'unhappy country' of the Mint death by violence was not uncommon. The text of a sermon preached at the church opposite, three Sundays running, in 1665, was, 'Do violence to no man,' so strongly did the facts always before him impress the minister. As late as forty years ago this was still so; it brought me as parish surgeon much



<sup>1</sup> *On the Stage*, by Dutton Cook, vol. i. p. 90.

disgusting employment, and waste of time as witness at the Old Bailey. Outside the western entrance,<sup>1</sup> by the 'Fighting Cocks,' was Hangman's Acre; here the murderers of Ball, landlord of one of the public-houses in 1720, were hanging in chains on a gibbet and swinging in the wind; one of them actually bought back his shirt, which he had sold, that he might hang more decently. True, Ball was one of Jonathan Wild's people, a thief-catcher, as they called such men, and most likely deserved his fate. At the clearing out or exodus of the gangs from the Mint, in 1723, the drawer of this inn led the way with an ass, carrying Geneva and other refreshments for the purpose of keeping up, as was said, the spirits of the emigrant ladies. In the public-houses and the shops of this wild place, Mint marriages were managed, like those of the Fleet and Mayfair; quite legal, alas! they were. John Floyd, clerk over against the Goat and Crown, five doors within the Mint Gate by St. George's Church, would marry you for a fee of 1s. 6d. to 5s. 6d., or, if no better could be had, some of John Floyd's fellow-clergymen would couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco. Joseph Smith, clerk, over against the Fighting Cocks, would do it equally well or ill. One of his marriages was at the time rather notorious. 26th February 1715.—Isaac Brian, an Irishman, was fined £2000 for marrying Watson Anne Alstone, an orphan, aged thirteen, whom he had decoyed from Westminster to a house near the Fighting Cocks in the Mint. Here is the certificate. '26th February 1715.—These are there-

<sup>1</sup> There was also an entrance opposite St. George's Church and another in Whitecross Street.

fore to whom it may concern—that Isaac Brian and Watson Anne Alstone were joined together in the holy state of matrimony, *nemine contradicente*, the day and year above written, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Great Britain.’ Jos. Smith. Clerk.<sup>1</sup> This disreputable public-house has left behind it the Moonrakers, a respectable place enough, just by the boundary ditch in Great Suffolk Street. I have in my time spent hours attending to my patients there. It may be added that the word Moonraker has long been the nickname of a Wiltshire man. A few more brief records of these Mint marriages will serve. ‘F. B. at the Compasses in an alley by the Bench.’ ‘P. and M. at the Ram and Harrow, Mint Street,’ mentioned also in the *Vade Mecum* for Maltworms. ‘At Mr. Halifax’s, the Tumble Down Dick.’ ‘At the Raven and Bottle, and the Three Horse Shoes, Lombard Street.’ ‘At the Falcon in Blue Ball Alley.’ ‘In a brandy shop by the Harrow Dunghill,’ all in the Mint. ‘At the Flower Pot by the Farthing Gate, White Cross Street.’ The overseers of the parish took a couple to the Coach and Horses in Blackman Street ‘to see it properly done.’ Christenings were managed in the same way, anywhere; at the Labour in Vain, in the Borough; at the Royal Oak; at the Naked Boy, Lombard Street, Mint; and one at the King’s Bench, where, as the clergyman ruefully says, ‘there was no payment for anything.’

They were very particular indeed to have it known that the ceremonies were all ‘according to the rites of the Church of England:’ a line had to be drawn somewhere,

<sup>1</sup> Burn’s *History of Parish Registers*, p. 137.

although it was perchance along the gutter. Our Broad-sheet writer is sentimental over the Mint. 'The ghosts of poor debtors,' he says, 'are constantly walking, and fancying each alehouse they come to is their home. There are no stately taverns, only dull places and poor commons for the denizens.'

Among the inns mentioned above is the Tumbledown Dick, to which we have found a few allusions, interesting enough, I think, for insertion in these pages. That amusing, if somewhat scurrilous gossip, Ned Ward, writing in 1711, tells us of an 'unfortunate Society, called the Broken Shopkeepers' Club, now held at the sign of the Tumbledown Dick in the dirty dominion of the Mint in Southwark, where knaves, sots, and fools, as well as bankrupts, find a safe retirement from the revenge and malice of their unmerciful creditors; whither many fly like fish out of the frying-pan into the fire; from lesser troubles into greater miseries.' It is mentioned in the *Adventurer* of 5th December 1752. Finally Timbs notes (*Curiosities of London*, p. 740) that 'one of the taverns on the west side of High Street was the Tumbledown Dick,' in his time painted as a drunken toper, but originally a caricature of the downfall of Richard Cromwell.

Another house to be noted was the Harrow, to the southwest of the church. A farthing trade token of it exists, undated, with initials T. S. H. The old maps show St. George's or the Harrow Dunghill here, an instance of the old unsanitary custom of neighbours using the nearest inn yard as a laystall, which we have seen was the case at the White Hart. I recollect the Artichoke, opposite



my house in the Newington Causeway, being freely used for this purpose about forty years ago.

A frequent sign handed down to courts and alleys in the last and beginning of this century, showing the fondness for the literally coarse, was the Naked Boy. One in the Mint we have alluded to ; four in London are noted in the *New View*, and half a dozen in the *New Remarks*. In the *Little London Directory* (1677) we find the eminent goldsmith, James Heriot, at the Naked Boy, Fleet Street. A more absurd and still ruder sign is given with a sketch of him in the *History of Signboards*, the Naked Man with cloth and scissors in hand, considering, as is supposed, how he shall fashion his clothes. The date is 1542, but whether of Southwark or no I am not aware ; only this I know, such signs were especially common in Southwark. There were also Barefoot Alley, Labour in Vain Alley, Dirty Lane, Hangman's Acre, and the like.

Let me vary my narrative. Passing from the Harrow and the Harrow Dunghill across the Mint, along Bird Cage Alley towards a noted inn, the Old Bull, I pause opposite the schools first set going by the people of Rowland Hill's Chapel, to dwell a little on this instructive story.<sup>1</sup> In 1799 two zealous God-fearing Friends, Beams and Cranfield, seeking good work, walked through the Mint. They found that it abounded in filth and iniquity, and was inhabited by the worst people. Nothing daunted, they hired a room in Queen Street, at £4 per annum, and visited the people, asking them to send their children for instruction. On the morning of 16th June 1799 the

<sup>1</sup> *The Useful Christian*, a memoir of Thomas Cranfield, s. d., but published about 1870.

place was thronged by Minters to get their children admitted, and that day forty were entered; nevertheless mud and stones were thrown, and there were serious disturbances; but as our Friends began they went on, and were nothing daunted. Cranfield was always studying this people, and in 1820 he gave an account of his doings: here is his census of the Mint and its purlieus at the time—houses, 1040; families, 2973; children from 5 years old to 16, about 6689, of whom 2457 were receiving instruction and more than 4000 were not. I cannot refrain from saying a few more words concerning this poor noble man. In 1828, his calls to the sick and dying had become so frequent that, then in the seventy-first year of his age, he removed to the Mint, and took his abode in the very centre of his chosen work, and so he persisted until his death in 1838, at the great age of eighty.

Round the corner north from the schools was a row of wooden-gabled houses, common in my early days throughout Southwark, now almost entirely gone. A faithful picture of them is in the Guildhall Library, with this label, 'Old timber houses in Bird Cage Alley, near the Mint, Southwark,' a water-colour drawing by J. C. Buckler, 1827. I remember well visiting a fever patient a story up the crazy creaking building, and finding the large basket of oranges and apples under the bed, polished and ready for street sale.

Within a stone's throw of these venerable gable-fronted dwellings, on the way to another of this network of alleys, was the Bull, with its forlorn curtilage; and out of this appear some fragments of a story.

The Black Bull or Old Bull, called in 1746 the Warm Harbour, came into existence first I know not when ; likely enough it was Hogmagog Hall, in which, so long ago as the time of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., money was coined, which, at a time not specified by Manning,<sup>1</sup> became, as he says, a drinking-place in the Mint ; but he gives no reference. The Warm Harbour is referred to in a playbill of the Queen's Theatre, where in 1848 a play of the *Old Mint of Southwark* was performed. A highly respected innkeeper, Mr. Knight, and his wife, who lived in and managed the Old Bull for many years, have kindly troubled themselves to recall old recollections, interesting to me. They sent me a time-coloured fragment of the *London Journal* of November 1862, with a few words about the inn, quite near enough to the reality to be quoted. It is therein named the Red Bull, and described as 'a quaint little tavern with a thatched roof and latticed windows, its overhanging porch supported by a row of stumpy pillars, situated in an out-of-the-way nook in the very centre of that filthy quarter, the Mint of Southwark, while before it, in a small unenclosed square, stands a large and ancient tree. Yet this same tree formed one of many, when green fields occupied the place of these acres upon acres of squalid habitations, and travellers rode up beneath our umbrageous avenue to water their horses and taste the ale of the Red Bull Inn ;' without doubt those well-horsed men of Jonathan Wild's crew did the same. My kindly friend sends me also a ground-plan of the inn, which, with its large porticoed porch, facing Bird Cage Alley, and old-

<sup>1</sup> Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey*, vol. iii. c. lix.

fashioned bar, I well recollect, at least forty years ago. A very popular pump was in the yard, with on it the date 1717 in old English figures. The water was bright, cool, and clear, probably from its nitrates, which made it attractive, and only apparently safe. There was such a run upon the pump that it had to be locked up. The landlord of the Royal Oak in Kent Street became the owner in 1854. He bought it of a family of bachelor brothers, one of whom was a clerk in the Bank of England; another, who looked after the business, is said to have hanged himself to the bedstead my informant used to sleep in. These brothers had held the house sixty years, and Truman, he says, had supplied it for more than a hundred. There was a fire, and then a forfeiture of the license. Mr. Knight well remembers one of their relics, 'a human skull dug up in excavating a cellar in the Mint, out of which some city clerks, with a curious taste, were fond of drinking beer.' Through the courtyard was a way into Falcon Court, where was a Bell or Bull long before, which served as a locally well-known lock-up for debtors and petty offenders. Some 'oldest inhabitants' have described it to me.

Mrs. Knight has written me a nice gossip letter, which I here transcribe almost word for word. 'I thought you would like to know a few more particulars about the Old Bull. After we took possession of the house in 1854, when making alterations, we had to take down an old oaken staircase, wide enough for six people to walk abreast; it was a wing against the old kitchen, over which was a very large room, which we used as a club-room after the staircase was removed. In this room

were two very large old tables with legs badly battered about. We occupied the bar, which had an old-fashioned bay window with small panes of glass, also a tap-room and pantry and five bedrooms. One of the bedrooms was called the chamber of horrors, more like a prison than a bedroom, with its loophole-like opening for a window ; our bedroom was the one supported by pillars ; all the windows were of very small panes of glass. The cellars were very large, extending all under the house as far as Bird Cage Alley. While that part of it under the bar was being altered, human bones were found, crumbling away with age ; our doctor saw them, and said they were rib bones. In 1857 a party of gentlemen came one evening in January. One of them told me and my sister that the Old Bull was once part of a palace<sup>1</sup> that belonged to Brandon Duke of Suffolk, and that the house then standing was part of the servants' offices. The lodging-house, known as the farmhouse, next us once belonged to the Bull, and was only separated by a wall. In the cellar joining the Bull was a very deep well which was boarded over, and then used as a coke cellar. One of the gentlemen who came was a superintendent of police from Scotland Yard, who told me that the gentleman who spoke of Brandon's palace and the Bull was Lord Ashley (the Earl of Shaftesbury). The entrance to the farm-

<sup>1</sup> We have already alluded to this very handsome building ; it appears distinctly marked in the foreground of Van den Wyngaerde's large pen-and-ink view (date, *circa* 1550), and was almost directly opposite to St. George's Church. Falling into the king's hands, it became Southwark Place, and a mint for coinage ; hence the modern name for this region. Mary granted it to the Archbishop of York, by whom it was sold, when the greater part was taken down.

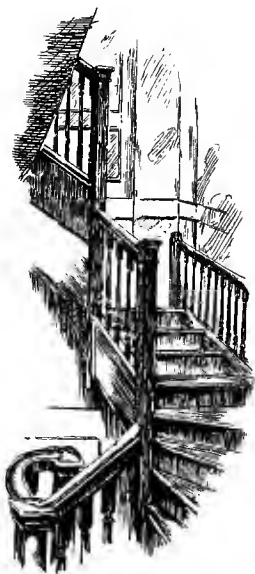
house was in Disney Street, near the Infant Schools, close to Consbury's iron foundry, not far from St. George's Workhouse.' My friend touches upon some literary gossip which has reached her. 'As to Paul Clifford,' she says, 'I have been told the Old Bull was the house where his mother died, and left him with the landlady. Jack Sheppard, I am told, was once taken prisoner from the Bull. Old Mr. Johnson of the Barnes brother's family was the landlord when Uncle took it. He told me that one of them, sitting in the large old armchair of the bar, had his likeness taken at the time *Jack Sheppard* was acted at the Surrey; the chair was used on the stage, with a person sitting in it to represent the landlord of the Bull. Our customers were some very respectable, but there were many bad women about, and desperate thieves at a regular thieves' den, a lodging-house in Falcon Court, kept by a man whose name is known. I remember the case of a gentleman garotted in the Dover Road, and nearly killed; the two men who did it were taken from this lodging-house den, one of them, Chriss Wilks, had twenty years' penal servitude, the other fifteen. After that the house was closed, and a famous Stone's End constable, John Coleman, named by the thieves, who greatly dreaded him, Nasty Jack, occupied the house for some time. The son of a woman who kept most of the bad houses about here was the cleverest burglar in London.' 'Since writing the above, I remember the chimney of one of the rooms which overlooked the farmhouse kitchen of the Bull was large enough to take in a table, so that two persons might easily play at cards within the chimney place.' This, without any pledge as

to minute accuracy regarding the facts, may be taken as perfectly genuine reminiscences of the writer.

I think I see in a 'flash ken' of Thames Court called the Mug, of Bulwer's *Paul Clifford*, a study of this inn, 'the pleasantest public-house in town, kept by a widow, at whose death Bachelor Bill succeeds.' The society is that of the Mint exactly. But leaving this obscure study, and dipping into Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*, I feel myself at once at home in my recollections of these dingy corners and disreputable public-houses. The author had well studied the pictures, Broadsheets, and Mint realities before he wrote that life-like picture of 'an obscure quarter of the Borough known as the Old Mint.' The bachelor brother who hung himself in the bedroom has his prototype in Paul Groves, who, as the characters in hobnails and charcoal on the wall say, 'hung himsel in this rûm for luv of licker,' the words further illustrated by a rude but graphic sketch of the dangling suicide; the deep well and some other features seem to have been remembered.

Emerging from the Mint, opposite St. George's Church, I observe the Dun Horse, an old wooden-fronted house to this day, shown in Rocque as Dun Horse yard. Forty years ago I attended the Yearwoods, who kept the house then. This not very common name reminds me of Richard Yarwood or Yearwood who represented Southwark in five Parliaments, 1614-26. My local studies began after 1840, or I should probably have known in my very respectable patient, with his thoughtful and somewhat refined face, a descendant of the member. The Dun Horse ceased to be an inn about 1877, and the

yard is now a collecting place for the South Western Railway. An antique stove of iron belonging to the house has been sketched for this work, also the picturesque entrance with view across the street to St. George's churchyard, and an old winding staircase. As the architect says, there was not long since a leaden cistern of a date 1700 or earlier.

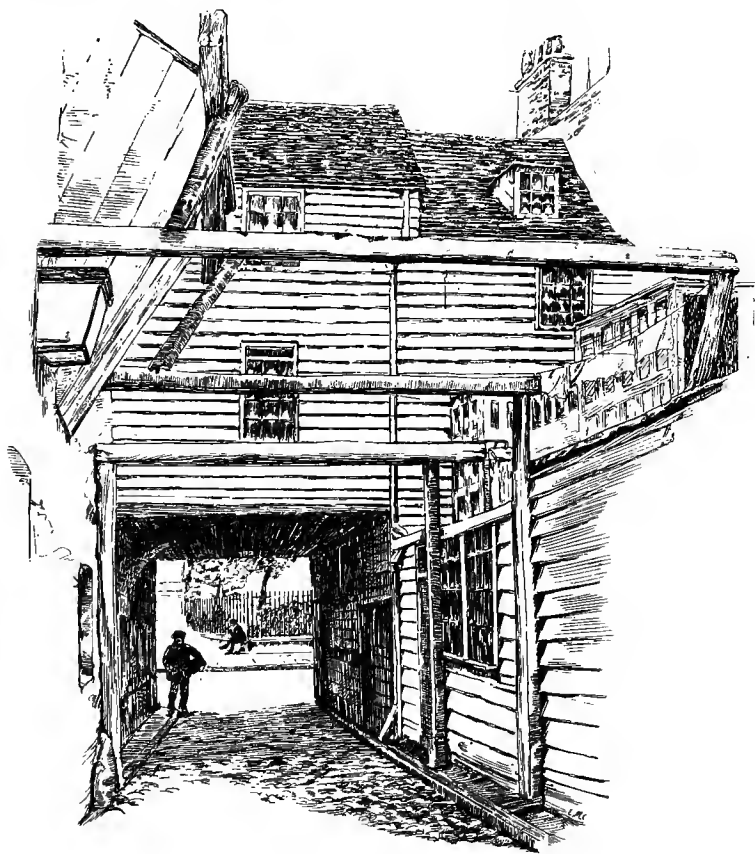


STAIRCASE, DUN HORSE INN.

We are now in the High Street, near the Dun Horse, looking about us. The parish church is opposite, of the school connected with which Cocker and Hawkins, almost his *alter ego*, appear to have been masters. Hatton, in the *New View*, states, 'In the passage at the W within the Church near the School was buried about 1677; as I am told by the sexton, Mr. Edward Cocker, a person well skilled in all the parts of Arithmetick, as appears by his books; and in the School within the W end of the Church lyes also buried that ingenious mathematician and writing master Mr. John Hawkins.' This seems to imply that these curiously remarkable men were masters of St. George's Parish School, and indeed the edition of the *Arithmetic* of 1685, dedicated to Sir Peter Daniel and Peter Rich, members for Southwark at the time, is dated 'from my school at St. George's Church, Southwark.' He died in 1675. In that year appeared a street ballad called 'Cocker's Farewell to Brandy' (Bag-



ford's Collections). It will be remembered that our old friend Dr. Johnson, in the course of his journey to the Hebrides, being attracted by a nice modest girl, the daughter of a Highland innkeeper, presented her with—

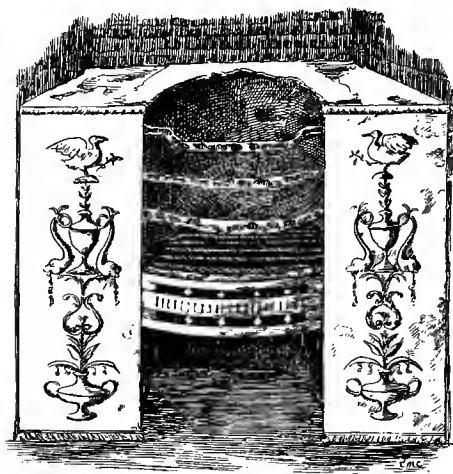


ENTRANCE TO DUN HORSE INN.

of all things in the world—a Cocker's *Arithmetic*, which he had bought at Inverness. His selection of this particular work as a travelling companion may perhaps be explained by Mrs. Piozzi, who tells us that when Johnson

felt his fancy disordered it was his habit to make long arithmetical calculations as a means of relief. His own

account was, 'Why, sir, if you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science!'



FIREPLACE, DUN HORSE.

In the very limited district now under review on the east side of the High Street were somewhat close together four notable gaols, and subsequently, or as

substitutes, when time had done its decaying work, four more at least. We hear a great deal of the taps at the gaols, the immense supply of drink, the profits, and the misery. Here is a specimen of a gaol-tap halfpenny token—

O. JOHN . LOWMAN . AT . THE = A portcullis. I . M . L  $\frac{1}{2}$   
R. MARSHALSEY . IN . SOUTHWARK = HIS HALFE PENNY.

In the olden days all these gaols might be seen at one glance, the Compter, Marshalsea, King's Bench,<sup>1</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> The King's Bench, latterly the Queen's Bench and the Queen's Prison, was removed in the latter half of last century to the corner of Blackman Street and Borough Road. It was abolished as a prison for debtors in 1860, and has since been destroyed. Here, in the top story but one, Dickens's Mr. Micawber is supposed to have dwelt, pending the arrangement of his financial difficulties. Within the walls was the Brace Tavern, kept originally, it was said, by two brothers named Partridge,

White Lion; later, and more widely dispersed, the Bridewell, the New Gaol, the House of Correction, and the later Marshalsea. They were all between the Town Hall and St. George's Church. People of all sorts, virtuous and vicious, were provided for in these prisons or shambles, as of old they were. Loud cries of cruelty, extortion, injustice, plague poison, want of air, overcrowding, came up from these dispirited, half-starved, sin-saturated wretches. The prisons were nearly all flanked by the open ditch of the district, which ran close behind and helped the pestilences which often appeared in Southwark, carrying off, some of them, a fourth of the inhabitants. Taylor in his *Praise and Vertue of a Jayle and Jaylers*, 1623, gives the name and number of them, and after his fashion their evils. He, by way of anagram, shows us what the prison is and does, in one word Nip-sore—

'There men are nipped with mischiefes manifold,  
With losse of freedome, hunger, thirst, and cold,  
With mourning shirts, and sheetes and lice some store;  
And this in prisone truly doth Nip Sore.'

Among those who tasted of these prison troubles in Southwark were Bonner, Marbeck, Selden Eliot, Udall, Penry, Richard Baxter, Withers—multitudes of honest, strong-minded, religious people of all denominations; in modern times many of our most noted writers. In fact, it is almost as difficult to say who never were lodged in them as to name those who were. East in the High

whence the sign. It was suppressed by Act of Parliament, 5 and 6 William IV., when the various debtors' prisons were consolidated and the liberty of the rules ceased to exist.

Street, very near the church, was, from about 1560, the renowned White Lion Prison, in which many good as well as bad people had been confined; not only the thief and the cutpurse, but Puritans, Quakers, Roman Catholic recusants, Fifth-monarchy men, and others. In 1681 it became unsafe for the detention of prisoners, and the Marshalsea was soon after used instead, the old place becoming a House of Correction here. Finally, on this site in 1811 was built the later Marshalsea, which Dickens immortalises in his story of *Little Dorrit*, and of which there is still some trace (approached now through Angel Place).<sup>1</sup>

Next door was the Black Bull, its site in my time represented by No. 149 in the High Street, let to a firm of ironmongers, Hicks and Co., and now No. 211, in the occupation of a cheesemonger. The Black Bull is worth notice on its own account. In 1571 it was given by a Mr. Lambe to St. Thomas's Hospital, and is more than once recorded in their minutes; the owner reserved to himself an annuity out of his gift. The same year a lease of twenty-one years, at a rent of £4 a year and a fine of £5, was granted to the keeper of the White Lion Prison, he to do all manner of repairs. Complaining soon after of a gutter between the Black Bull and the prison, the governors of the Hospital quaintly record that they will view it 'if God sends fair weather'—

<sup>1</sup> Dickens in his Preface to *Little Dorrit* says, 'Whoever goes into Marshalsea Place, turning out of Angel Court leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving stones of the extinct Marshalsea gaol;' and Dickens ought to have known; his father had been imprisoned for debt there, at which time the son lodged close by in Lant Street.

a strange note, considering that it was barely ten minutes' walk from the Hospital. At the front of a house between this and the church the governors had placed stocks, and as we might expect, it proved to be a serious nuisance and loss to the house, and was of course complained of; a set-off in the rent was asked for and granted. I have been informed by an 'oldest inhabitant' and parish official, that a pillory was once on the same spot,—it came to him as an apparently sound tradition. Couple this with a lock-up house, later on, I suppose, in Falcon Court exactly opposite, and we have repressive measures complete. In fact, we were of old a very criminal objectionable lot in the Borough, and had, as I have shown, many prisons, not only adapted to our own plentiful necessity, but as a sort of Botany Bay on a small scale for other places.

A few doors to the north is the still existing Angel Place, sadly changed from the days when Strype describes it as very handsome, with new brick buildings, which marks the site of a tavern of that sign within the rules of the King's Bench. Here lived Doggett, who founded the waterman's race for the coat and badge named after him; and the house is known in connection with no less a personage than Joe Miller of facetious memory, also a comedian, who if not witty himself was the cause of wit in others. On several occasions he performed at Southwark Fair, and among the Burney playbills for the year 1722 has been found a newspaper cutting which reads thus:—'Miller is not with Pinkethman but by himself! At the Angel Tavern, next door to the King's Bench, who acts a new droll called *The Faithful Couple* or *The*

*Royal Shepherdess*, with a very pleasant entertainment between—Old Hob and his Wife—and the comical humours of Mopsey and Collin, with a variety of singing and dancing—

‘The only comedian now that dare

Vie with the world and challenge the fair.’

It is to be hoped that his acting was better than his poetry. Moralising over this sign, the writer of the *Vade Mecum* for Maltworms suggests angels from the absence of them, *lucus à non lucendo*. We shall see in Wesley’s experience what angels were likely to be there. In 1558 Arthur Hilton, sub-marshal and Keeper of the King’s Bench Prison, St. George’s, makes his will at the sign of the ‘Angell,’ directing his burial to be in the St. George’s aisle of St. George’s Church. The association of ideas leads me to the north-west corner of Crosby Row Snow Fields, where there was an Angel with its skittle ground, a boundary mark of St. Saviour’s parish. A few yards south of this public-house is now a small Welsh dissenting chapel. It should be more noted than it is, for it was John Wesley’s place of worship, built by himself when he first preached the Gospel in Southwark. He was ejected by one of his own people from a chapel close by in Meeting-house Walk, before he built this one in Crosby Row. In this chapel he for the first time preached, 18th August 1764, upon the text, ‘O how amiable are thy tabernacles, thou Lord of Hosts.’ Twenty years before, a woman of the place put the question, ‘What! will Mr. Wesley preach at Snow Fields? there is not such another place in all the town; the people there are not men but devils!’ This was

before the boundary Angel was built. In 1816 the old chapel had become on the weekdays a 'court of requests,' for the recovery of small debts, and on Sundays a Methodist Sunday School. At four years old I made my first appearance in this school in 1816, of which, in long after years, and at its new place, I became treasurer. On this spot, as so widely over Southwark, remains of Roman burial have been found from time to time—in 1818 a drinking pot with two ears, a diota of brown earthenware, and an iridescent rudely-formed glass 'tear bottle,' six inches long, very perfect, in my possession.

I have already (p. 41) noticed an Aungell at Battle-bridge, part of Fastolfe's property. Another I should mention is the Angel on the Hoop, an inn of St. Saviour's; the Angel Alley, Redcross Street, of Rocque probably points out the spot. A messuage known by this name belonged to John Scraggs, a very benevolent member, and in 1517-18 master of the Leathersellers' Company, who made his will in 1531, and died in this house in 1534. In the terrier of his estates are mentioned 'the Angell on the Hope in Southwark, rent £4; a meadow at Horse-a-down; a house called the Hye Howse which John Cokys (John the Cook) holdeth; the Unycorne; the Kateryn Whelle, and others.' 1569. —Thomas Cure conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital a plot of ground belonging to him, and a messuage called the Angel in the Hoop. I may note that there were many signs in Southwark and elsewhere, on or in the Hoop. The hoop, an addition to the sign, represents in a more refined way the old rough-and-ready sign of the Bush. Near my own native place in Cornwall a bush was

always put to the doors of houses extemporised during fair time for the sale of liquor. The bush or hoop would simply imply a public-house, which might have a sign in addition; the bush would be, so to speak, a generic sign, as we have seen was sometimes the case with the chequers and the lattice. Thus in 1617 one Price had set up a tavern in a dangerous place, *i.e.* next a flax warehouse; directions were issued to shut the doors and take down the bush.<sup>1</sup> In a print<sup>2</sup> of a noted procession of 1638, to celebrate the arrival of Marie de Medici, an elaborate hooped bush is hung out before the Nag's Head in Cheapside, showing that it was an inn or tavern—a help, no doubt, as to its true character, when almost every house had a sign. In Mynshal's *Dialogues*, 1559, we have 'R. What is under those green boughes? G. The head of a wilde boar. R. Then it is the bush of a taverne.' Some old doggerel records, 'A bushe that hangeth out for to tell that within is wine to selle.'<sup>3</sup> Lodge, 1596, 'You have hanged out the ivie bush, so bring forth the wine.' Earle in his *Microsmographie*, as a facetious alternative, and by way of explanation, says, 'If the Vintner's nose is at the door, it is sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the ivie bush.' Taylor in his *Travels*, among twelve signs mentions 'a taverne with a bush and no signe, under the new burse,—a taverne with a bushe and no signe in Milford Lane.' He has his doggerel upon this also, too good to be omitted—

<sup>1</sup> *Remembrancia of London*, p. 544.

<sup>2</sup> This print is also valuable as one of the very few street views extant of the City before the Great Fire.

<sup>3</sup> MS. Cottonian Tib., A 7, fol. 72.



‘Where no sign is ’tis no ill sign to me,  
Where no sign is ’tis no good sign to see,  
But though the signs are neither good nor bad,  
There’s wine, good, bad, indifferent to be had.’

I will refer briefly to the Cock on the Hoop, a common sign once. Bailey *in voce* gives us ‘Cock-a-hoop, Coqu-a-hupe, standing on high terms;’ and, ‘Cock on hoop,’ appropriate enough to inns, *i.e.* a spigot or cock laid on the hoop of the barrel, implying, at the height of mirth and jollity, ‘I have good cause to set the cocke on the hope and make gaudye chere.’ Lastly, we have many other of these hooped signs, not strictly of Southwark, but *apropos* all the same. From Riley’s *Memorials* these: ‘Atte Mayden en la Hope—Lion on the Hoop—John at Cok on the Hop—Belle on the Hope—Kay sur le Hoope—Le Wallsheman sur le Hoope—The Swanne on the Hoope—the Pye on the Hope.’ The hoop was almost as general an appendage as the bush or leaves attached to the Alestake,<sup>1</sup> and hence the sign, whatever it was, on or in the Hoop. St. George’s and other registers I have seen are, reading between the lines as it were, full of illustrations of this small matter.

The Blue Mayde on the east side of the High Street appears in the map of 1542. Rocque has Blue Maid Alley, so often mentioned in accounts of the Fair, which is changed by the end of last century to Chapel Court, still so named from a chapel there, built by a Wesleyan preacher, who was also an attendant at the Snow Fields Chapel near the Angel. The chapel, says Mr.

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1375 there was a City ordinance, that in future no one should have an alestake bearing his sign or leaves projecting over the King’s highway, more than seven feet in length at the utmost.

Wilson,<sup>1</sup> is a good brick building of moderate size ; it has three galleries and a burial-ground adjoining. A little modern public-house, the Blue-Eyed Maid, more true to nature and politeness, is at hand, to remind us of the Blue Mayde of nearly 350 years ago. Next to this, north, was the Mermaid, also in the thick of the Fair ; its approach in the High Street, and at its back the Bowling Green. It is in the grant from Edward VI. to the City in 1551, '4s. 2d. and service going out of the Mermaid.' Taylor says something pleasant of the Mermayd in the Burough of Southwark—

'This Mayd is strange (in shape) to Man's appearing,  
Shee's neither Fish nor Flesh nor good Red-hearing,  
What is shee then? a Signe to represent  
Fish, Flesh, good wine with Welcome and Content.'

Styrye relates of Mermaid Court in 1720 that it is 'an open court, indifferently well built and inhabited, having a long passage down steps to a Bowling Green, by a ditch.' Close to it on the north was the entrance to the old Marshalsea.

Crossing the way we come, exactly opposite the Half Moon, to the Catherine Wheel, on the west side of the High Street. This is one of the sacred signs<sup>2</sup> common in

<sup>1</sup> *History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches*, vol. iv. p. 319. 1814.

<sup>2</sup> On the treatment of such signs as this in the days of the Commonwealth, Richard Flecknoe in his *Ænigmatical Characters*, 1658, 8vo, has some quaint remarks. He says, of 'your fanaticke reformers,' 'they have pretty well begun the reformation already, changing the sign of the Salutation of the Angel and our Lady, into the Shouldier and Citizen, and the Catharine Wheel into the Cat and Wheel, so that there only wants their making the Dragon to kill St. George, and the Devil to tweak St. Dunstan by the nose, to make the reformation compleat. Such ridiculous

Southwark, and was the badge of an Order of Knights for the protection of pilgrims. It is somewhat doubtful if the saint really existed; but that does not matter. It represents a reverend legend, which runs somewhat thus: St. Catherine was placed upon a wheel with pointed spikes, designed to tear her limb from limb, but at the first movement, by the power of an angel, it fell to pieces, and she was delivered from the horrible death; hence the name St. Catherine's Wheel. An exquisite picture of the saint and her wheel, by Raphael, is in our National Gallery. Among the festivities for welcoming Henry's first queen, Katharine of Arragon, into London, the legend of her sainted namesake was acted by young ladies with gorgeous decorations.<sup>1</sup> Poor soul! she found the spikes, and there was no angel to deliver her. But to the inn. We have seen that in 1534 it was part of the property left by John Scraggs;<sup>2</sup> 'the rent of the "Kateryn Whelle" was £3, and next to it was the "Unycorne" both in St. George's Parish, at a rent of £26 : 8s.' Both these and much else were left by will, forming a part of the Scraggs Charities. A large portion was diverted from the intent, in accord with the statute of Superstitious Uses, concerning property left for obits and the like. In 1564 the inn is in the possession of St. Thomas's Hospital, and is let for six years at four marks a year. 1568.—The Court grants a lease on a premium of £16 : 6 : 8, for twenty-one

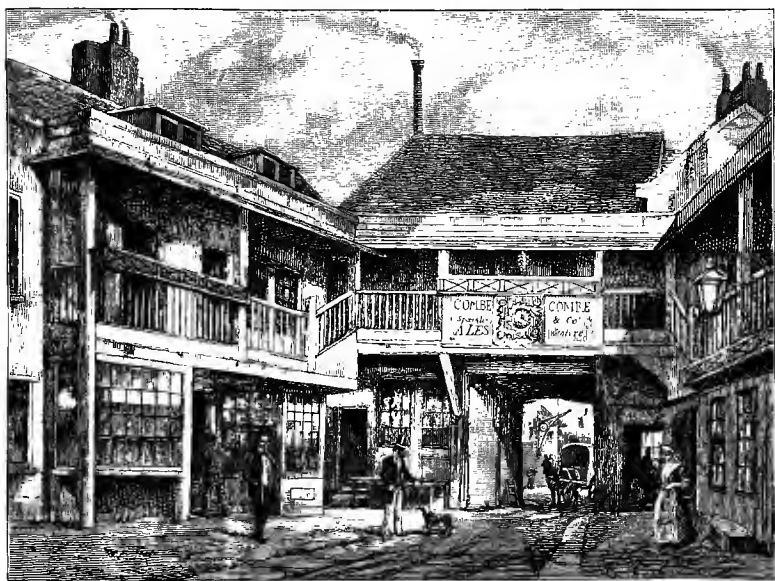
work they make of their reformation, and so zealous are they against all mirth and jollity, as they would pluck down the sign of the Cat and Fiddle too, if it durst but play so loud as they might hear it.'

<sup>1</sup> Selections, *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. i. p. 276.

<sup>2</sup> Report on Charities.

years, at a rent of £8; said inn not to be converted into tenements without leave of governors. 1595.—The tenant seeks to rebuild; the value appears to have steadily increased from the first. The Charity Commissioners note the rent in 1840 as £240 per annum. It had been £3 in 1564; the present rent is £550, a small tax excepted; the enormous difference is worth a thought. I have already noted a couple of shows during Southwark Fair time in the seventeenth century at the Katherine or Catherine Wheel (for the spelling is now being changed), and no doubt it was frequently used for such purposes. I have often gone up and down the old stairways of this inn, along its quaint galleries and into its small stuffy rooms, to see my patients, among them the landlord, Mr. M. A. Barber, whose widow was the last occupant. Some thirty years ago it was the scene of a remarkable swindling transaction. 'A charitable and religious oilman,' and member of our Vestry, whose shop was part of the inn premises, apparently intending to open a new business with great eclat, sent round a van with trumpet and drum music, to stir up the Borough folk, announcing to them that a parcel of soap, candles, and pickles would be ready on a stated day for all comers, a wonderful bargain, the price 16d. The crowd was so great that each customer was conducted by the front door through the shop, the parcel delivered and money received—a window was taken out and steps placed for an outlet into the yard of the inn, there being no possibility of return the same way. The receipts were very great. A few days afterwards the advertiser of the soap and candles had disappeared with some £16,000, obtained,

as I heard, chiefly from his bankers, and has, so far as I know, never been heard of since. Those who knew him were especially sorry, he seemed so frank and open, 'as honest as the sun' as was often said. He might have borrowed largely of any of us, but he did not ; he even



CATHERINE WHEEL INN.

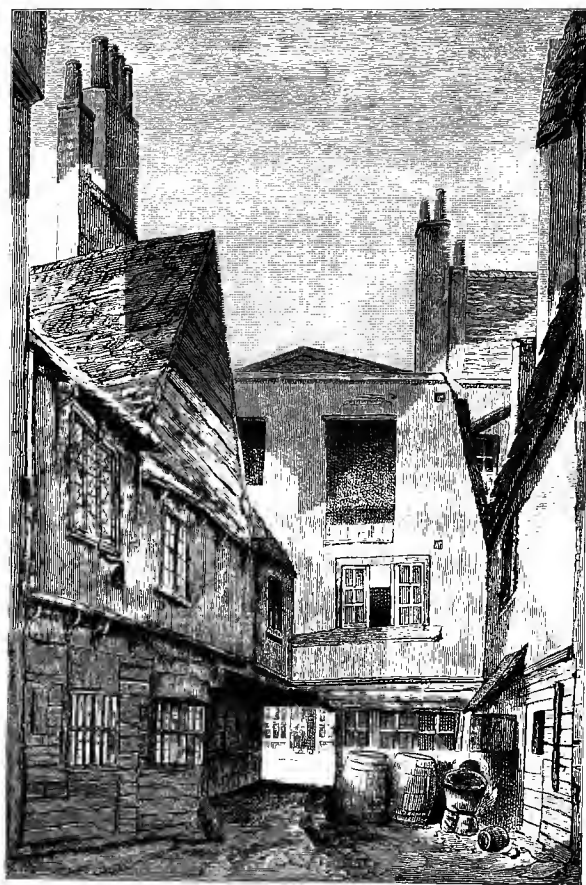
paid some small debts at the time. We give a drawing of the picturesque old building (the original by T. H. Shepherd, in the British Museum). Two trade tokens relating to the inn are known, which read thus—

*O.* John . Warner . near . the . Katherin . wheel. (In five lines.)  $\frac{1}{2}$   
*R.* IN . Y<sup>E</sup> . BYROUGH . SOVTHWARKE = HIS HALF PENY.

Another—

*O.* IOHN . STANLEY . IN = A . CATHERINE . WHEEL.  
*R.* SOVTHWARKE . 1665 = I . M . S.

John Taylor in 1637 notes that the 'Carriers of Tunbridge, of Sevenoake, and other places doe lodge at the Katherine Wheele.' In 1720 it is described as very large, and a well-known resort for coaches, waggons, and horse-



DOG AND BEAR INN.

men. It ceased to be an inn after 1869, the old structure was pulled down, and the site is now a receiving-place for the Midland Railway Company, who hold it for their purposes until 1944.

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In the Guildhall Collection and elsewhere are views of the interior of the Dog and Bear, a little way north of the Catherine Wheel, called also the old Croydon House ; the site shown in Rocque and Horwood as Dog and Bear yard. Here in 1759 the upper part of a house was blown down, by which accident one man was killed and another wounded. We give a drawing of the inn copied from J. C. Buckler, 1827. Immediately north of Dog and Bear yard was the sign of the Red Cross, still shown in the Ordnance map of 1876 as Red Cross Square, with a way through into Red Cross Street.

## CHAPTER X

MAY POLE ALLEY—RED LION—GREYHOUND—BELL—GREEN.  
DRAGON—BULL'S HEAD—BEAR AT BRIDGE FOOT

NEXT, on the north, and opposite to the old Marshalsea, was, and still at the same spot is, May Pole Alley; a long, narrow passage leading to a wide space far behind. A dangerous or a safe spot in lawless times, according to the class of people who inhabited it. There is no record of an actual inn; the name, however, suggests one; and some of them were, as we know, approached by a long and narrow passage of this sort. A well-known Puritan minister, Henry Jessey, in 1660 ejected from St. George's, Southwark, was so much exercised in his mind about the May Pole dissipations that I have thought he must have often had them before him, perhaps at Southwark Fair time. Certainly he must have been well acquainted with what Stubbes in his *Anatomy of Abuses* had, with apparent Puritanical horror, said in 1585. Not far off, however, thanks to Mr. W. F. Noble, who has transcribed the account at the Record Office, some very graphic particulars have come to light of the proceedings of the Puritan rector of Bermondsey, Mr. Elton, with the May Pole people there.



About thirty years ago, when, being parish surgeon and officer of health, I knew May Pole Alley as a Roman Catholic colony of poor Irish people, a school was established in the court and managed by some excellent sisters. At this time I took a census for my own purposes, and, exclusive of the school, I found about 160 adults and children living in this blind alley, with its long approach of about five feet in width. The place was remarkably unhealthy, its appearance was filthy in the extreme, and the people more brutal and quarrelsome than I was accustomed to, even in the worst of other low colonies in similar courts. In one instance, among many similar experiences, after successful attendance of five weeks in a fever case and a costly supply of necessaries by the parish, I was, on refusing a further boon, threatened with violence, 'when you come our way, as you often do.' And the husband was a well-to-do, stalwart navvy, whose family had had all this help improperly out of the parish. I shall never forget one scene in May Pole Alley. Some very poor Irish people had, with much hardship, made a deck passage from Dublin in stormy weather. When landed they were lodged here, and at once developed a malignant form of fever, almost in its character a true plague. It passed from house to house, and destroyed within forty-eight hours of the attack almost every one of my patients. The continuity was only broken by watchfully noting the slightest symptoms, and on the instant removing the patient last attacked to the hospital. I have seen nothing of the sort since; but for the timely aid of the Fever Hospital, the medical and other officers

brought in contact with the disease would have had but a bad chance, and once ahead among the close courts there might probably have been a fearful epidemic. Having such numerous small colonies of the poorest Irish stowed away in obscure and overcrowded corners and alleys of St. George's parish, in which were our principal nests of disease, I once made an attempt to enlist the clergy and others of their great church in St. George's Fields in the cause of our local sanitary work, but I met with small encouragement. By and by the good sisters came, and I found them in this sense far more catholic than the brothers, at least in their demeanour and appearance of intelligent kindness; but doubtless a better spirit has since prevailed. The desperately filthy and cruel habits of these colonies, as I observed them, needed all the help their spiritual guides could render; it was, so to speak, barbarism in the midst of civilisation.

North of May Pole Alley, between it and the Greyhound, was the Red Lion Inn, which disappeared towards the end of last century. A foolish story is told in connection with this same Red Lion, which I will briefly refer to, as it is an item showing the tone of the time. In a MS. of the Spalding Society, 1718, is this note, 'The Southwark pudding wonder is over.' The facts are given in the *History of Signboards*, Edition 1866, pp. 379, 380, and in Malcolm. The gist of the matter is, that in May 1718, James Austin, 'inventor of the Persian ink powder,' desiring to give his customers a substantial proof of his gratitude, invited them to partake of an immense plum pudding weighing 1000 lbs., a

baked pudding of a foot square, and the best piece of an ox roasted. The principal dish was put in the copper 'at the Red Lion by the Mint,' and had to boil fourteen days. From there it was brought to the Swan Tavern on Fish Street Hill, accompanied by a band playing, 'What lumps of pudding my mother gave me.' The drum matched the pudding, being 18 feet 2 inches long and 4 feet in diameter, drawn by 'a device fixt on six asses.' Finally, the monstrous pudding was to be divided in St. George's Fields, but apparently the smell and the 'enough for all' size of it was too much for the Minters; the escort was routed, the pudding taken and devoured; the whole ceremony being thus brought to an end before Mr. Austin's customers could have a chance. In my heterogeneous collection I have a picture of the gigantic pudding on its way to meet the hungry thieves of the Mint. I have already remarked that in the last century there was a Red Lion Street, which ran from Counter Lane to the High Street, nearly opposite the White Hart, and covered the site of John Crosse's brewhouse.

A few yards off to the north was the Greyhound Inn with its extensive yard. It was noted for its carriers, who, a couple of centuries ago, as is the case now in remoter parts of the country, were in the habit of conveying not only parcels but passengers. Taylor in 1637 says, 'From Hanckhurst and Blenchley, and from Darking and Ledderhead, they come to the Greyhound.' In 1732 they journeyed to and fro from Eastbourne and other places as well. The Greyhound appears in Rocque, 1746, intact, as it had been no one

knows how long. Horwood, 1799, shows Union Street in the place of the Greyhound, which has disappeared; how this came about we shall see. The opening of Blackfriars Bridge in 1769 had precipitated the question of this new street. The vestrymen of St. Saviour's felt a little exercised in their minds as to how the new bridge would affect their parish: 'Would it injure trade?' 'Would it lower house value?'—like prudent men, they left the questions unanswered and provided for the worst. The best way to meet the difficulty was, they said, to open up a road through the Greyhound, and they petitioned the House accordingly. In 1781 the inn was taken down and the new street was opened. Union Street being thus made, the Gwilts built here two or three houses, of fine proportions and workmanship, a contrast to the usual work done in these days,—as a rule, that is, for of course good work can be and is done when the over-reaching common way is set aside. In my time these good houses were inhabited by the Gwilts themselves, and by a leading kindly physician of Guy's, Dr. Barlow. Mr. Gwilt had here his wonderful museum of local antiquities, rescued from underground, which had been buried—many of them in Southwark—since Roman times. I have one of them now before me, from a grave perhaps of the fourth century. Even in the very limited share of such remains which has come into my possession—beautiful pottery, combs, lamps, and what not—we can see what a Roman settlement Southwark was. When I saw Mr. Gwilt's collection long after his death, it was passing to ruin. The rain was coming

in through the broken roof, and almost priceless valuables were being seriously damaged ; but I think the collection was sold and dispersed in time to save the greater part of it. Mr. Gwilt discovered many sepulchral remains under this very spot, the Greyhound yard. Next door, as it were, west of Mr. Gwilt's, was the old Cross Bones burying-ground or single woman's churchyard, briefly mentioned before. It was first used probably soon after the time of Henry II., for the women of the stews on the Bankside, who were denied burial in consecrated places. On the east side of Mr. Gwilt's house the Nonconformists, who had worshipped at Deadman's Place, erected their new chapel ; a substantial brick building, in dimensions about 40 feet by 42. It had in the usual style three galleries. The first brick was laid 9th May 1787, by the minister's son ; the opening services were held 2d January 1788.<sup>1</sup> 1782, Union Hall, opposite Mr. Gwilt's house, was begun as a Court of Justice for trivial cases and for the recovery of small debts ; the magistrates were said to have sat previously at the Swan Inn, afterwards the wholesale warehouses of Mr. Owen Marden, No. 48 Borough High Street (doubtless the Black Swan alluded to, p. 118). On the demolition of the Town Hall at St. Margaret's Hill, the County Sessions were several times held at this place. Adjoining was the Surrey Dispensary for relief of the sick poor, with advice and medicine supplied without cost to them. It had been

<sup>1</sup> Hanbury, in his *Historical Research*, contends that the Deadman's Place community had formed the first Congregational church in England, say from before 1600.

carried on before this in Montague Close, and was removed hither from that place.

The Greyhound at the first must have opened out into St. George's Fields, very sparsely populated up to that time. And here I note a few instances more or less in connection with sport, but whether they have aught to do with this Greyhound, in fact or in name, or the Greyhound with them, I know not. There was formerly plenty of sport to be had in and about Southwark—coney warrens at Star Corner, Bermondsey, and at Paris Garden; hawks at Bermondsey Abbey. A local gamekeeper was in later times regularly appointed at a salary; hawks and dogs were, to judge from the dealing that took place in them, Southwark specialties. Gamekeepers were appointed in and about Southwark. We have: 1608.—Thomas Tower, a grant of office of gamekeeper for Southwark, etc. 1612.—Ellis Holambe, grant of office to keep the game, Southwark to Lambeth Marsh, for life. 1657.—'Captain Potter's salary, gamekeeper of Southwark, and ten miles about.'<sup>1</sup> 1661-62.—Warrant for gamekeeper in Lambeth and Southwark; wages, 1s. per day, and 26s. 8d. for livery. Bearing on this subject, among ancient tenures, is this one: Thomas English, 12 Henry VII., held an annual rent of £10 with appurtenances in the vill of Southwark, which he was to receive in fee from the farm of the vill by the hands of the sheriff of London, the farmer of it, by grand serjeantry, namely by service of keeping a greyhound or harehound at command of the king.<sup>2</sup> I must not omit to mention a

<sup>1</sup> Public Records, s. d.

<sup>2</sup> Harleian MS. 5174, pp. 18, 19.

Greyhound Inn, part of property in Horse Shoe Alley, Bankside, belonging to the Cordwainers' Company, noticeable as to one of its deeds, that it has the signature, as witness, of Peter Shakespere, 1 Richard III., 1483; a hundred years or more before his namesake appeared on the stage of the Globe a few yards off. This property was east of the present Southwark Bridge, and lay along the river and Horse Shoe Alley as far as Maid Lane, now New Park Street. 'John Freeman grants to Elderton, Balte, Hanson, and Bere two messuages and appurtenances near the Greyhound Inn.' Mr. Syer Cuming notes it as not mentioned by Stow, and there is no seventeenth-century token of it, so perhaps it was demolished earlier. This must have been Richard Minge's Charity, left to the Cordwainers in 1622 (noted in the *Charity Report*, vol. vi. p. 247, 1822) on these conditions: that every New Year's Day for ever, some learned and godly preacher should preach a sermon in the parish church of St. Ann and Agnes within Aldersgate, and have 10s. for his pains, and should upon the same day distribute to twelve poor people of the same parish 12d. apiece; and that upon every 24th June they should cause some godly and learned preacher to preach a sermon in the parish church of St. Leonard, Foster Lane, and should give him for his pains 10s., and distribute among eight poor people of that parish, 12d. apiece. The report further says that the property so left consisted in 1822 of a wharf and dye-house in Horse Shoe Alley, and some small tenements in Maid Lane, Southwark.

We will now continue our walk along the western side of the High Street on our way to the Bridge and

Bankside. Chaucer, wishing to make known to us the gathering place of his pilgrims to Canterbury, tells us it was 'in Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie that highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle,' the Bell being apparently at that time a better known inn. Happily our ingenious Rocque in 1746 shows us both—of equally extensive ground space—inns alike in all respects as in Chaucer's time, and as was said, fast by each other. The Bell has long since disappeared and left as its modern representative Maidstone Buildings, a place now of offices for hop merchants and others. It was common to have burial-grounds in main roads, with public pathways through them; so it was with that of St. Margaret's, which at length became full, the result being that bodies were taken up before the time, to make room for others—a scandal which led to an Act of Parliament, 28 Henry VIII., and the purchase of an acre of ground for its extension. In point of fact the Bell was between the old and the new churchyard. A coin of a Roman emperor has last year been found near its site, beneath ground in which formerly was a large accumulation of bones, most probably the old burial-place of St. Margaret's. In 1577 mention is made of one John Woodward of Southwark, who is the 'hoste' of the Bell. The man who brings the action in which the name appears had lost a money bag, and he states in the depositions that 'he was in the howse of one John Woodward, called the signe of the Bell, and did inne there.' The Bell figures as an important landmark—'from the Bell, towards Waverley House,'<sup>1</sup> which had

<sup>1</sup> Waverley House and its appurtenances became part of the endow-



been the inn or town house of the Abbot of Waverley,<sup>1</sup> near Farnham. The wardens once a year go from house to house, delivering their sacramental tokens of lead, having some device on them, and note each name as they go. Bell yard, with twenty poor tenements in it, figures in these lists in 1637, this inn, as others, being in the transition state from the old spacious inn yard to a place of tenements for poor people. A trade token is noted in Boyne—

*O. ANDRA . RANOLS . IN . BELL = A fox.*

$\frac{1}{4}$

*R. YARD . IN . SOVTHWORKE = A . M . R*

The fox is apparently a rebus, Ranols quasi Reynard; such misspelling is common on seventeenth-century trade tokens. We give a drawing of this, the only pictorial record we have of the inn that was mentioned by Chaucer. The



Bell as a sign has a distinct church flavour about it; so Taylor, the Water Poet, seems to think, in his way—

‘These bells are never tol’d with Rope in Steeple,  
Yet there’s od Jangling ’mongst od kind of people;  
And all these Bells at once are dayly Rung  
With 2 strange Clappers, Pewter and the Tongue.’

The Bell like other signs appears sometimes in front of

ments of Thomas Cure to the parish of St. Saviour’s to found a college or hospital of the poor. A modern public-house called the Yorkshire Grey, in Park Street, has a stone let into the wall in front with Cure’s arms and the following inscription:—‘This part of the estate of the late Thomas Cure, Esq., Sadler to Queen Elizabeth and Founder of the College, was rebuilt 1831, John Wild jun., Warden.’

<sup>1</sup> The first house of the Cistercian order in England, founded by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, in 1128.

the house, with the Hoop, in plain English the Bell, an inn. The Belle Sauvage not in Southwark is an interesting example. It is referred to in the will of John French, gentleman, 31 Henry VI. (original in Latin): 'Know ye that I have granted and by this my present writing confirmed to Joan French, my mother, all that tenement or inn with its appurtenances, called Savage's Inn, otherwise called "le Belle on the Hope," in the parish of Fleet Street, London.'

Other old inns are also in visionary way before us, named in the old map of 1542, the Clement and the Salutation, both religious signs, changed more than once to other signs, as lay or Romish influence predominated. The Goat or Gotte in the same map stood its ground through all the turmoil, and became Goat yard in 1732. A touching suggestion comes out of this name: the Copleys, lords of the Maze and much other property in Southwark, are, one time or another, out of the country, proscribed Romanists; but, mindful of their poorer people in gaol, recusants like themselves, Copley's factotum, Donald Sharples, is often in Southwark on his masters' charitable and business errands, and is at the Goat, the Three Crows, or the George. For instance, I find an entry, 'Horsemeat at the Goat,' and so on. A will of 1557 gives us 'Robert Gaynesbrowe, Innholder, signe of the Goate,' who orders his burial in St. Saviour's Church, 'agaynste the pewe wherein he was wonte to sitt, in the southe isle.'

In the map of 1542, so often cited, close to the Bull Head, within St. Saviour's precincts, is shown the Gryne Dragone, and later Green Dragon Court, the churchyard

north, Foul Lane south. In a return, 35 Elizabeth, it is, 'The Green Dragon, sometime called Cobham's Inn.' It was in 1413 left by Sir R. Cobham, and is no doubt the same referred to by Joan Cobham in her will of 1369 as her inn or hostel. In this most interesting will of Joan Lady Cobham, she directs 'her body to be buried in the churchyard of St. Mary Overthere,'—over-the-re or river—'before the door where the Blessed Virgin sitteth on high,' a plain marble stone to be laid over her grave with a cross of metal thereon, and the touching words, 'you that pass by of your charity pray for the soul of Johane de Cobham.' Before everything else, at once after her death, 7000 masses are to be said for her soul, for which she leaves money, legacies to the priests, to the sisters ministering in St. Thomas's Hospital, to sick persons lying there, and to the prisoners in chains and fetters near to St. George's, Southwark. Her burial-place would be between her inn, the Green Dragon, and the south door of the church, over which, deep in the recess, was an image of the Virgin.

In 1559, 13th August,<sup>1</sup> a new schoolhouse is to be built where the old church house stood. This is not done; but in 1562, a few days before the grant of the charter for the grammar school (Queen Elizabeth's School), it is ordered that £42 be paid to Mathew Smith for the purchase of the schoolhouse. Smith appears to have thought that he did not get enough out of the transaction; he 'repents his bargain, and will give £6 : 13 : 4 to be relieved of it.' To use a modern but expressive phrase, he is 'trying it on.' The vestry agree

<sup>1</sup> Vestry Minutes, St. Saviour's.

to take the forfeit money and relieve him, whereupon they hear no more of it, and the bargain stands. The return here following and already referred to makes all clear: 'In fflowle lane one small inn built by Wm. Batty late deceased, now in the occupation of William Chappell, with some small tenements, inheritance of Captain Garwood, sometime called Cobham's Inn, in 1562 in possession of Matthew Smythe, for the consideration of £40 is transferred by indenture to Cure and others, governors of the grammar school, including a schoolroom with appurtenances nigh the parish church; the garden is 18 yards of assize bredth, 17 yards at the end next the church, 15 yards at the other end.' 1577.—There is a dispute as to title. In 1600 the Green Dragon and its precincts have got somewhat thickly inhabited—probably it has tenements for people of poorer or working condition. The wardens' list records forty-three persons of at least sixteen years of age who are bound to attend Sacrament at the church. Taylor gives the usual doggerel—true it is for a Dragon, near St. George's Church, but is just as appropriate here—

'These Dragons onely bite and sting all such  
As doe immod'ratly haunt them too much;  
But those that use them well, from them shall finde  
Joy to the Heart, and Comfort to the Minde.'

There is no trade token to produce of this especial inn, but winged dragons in the field and the name of the tradesman are common enough. 1637.—We begin to find traffic, 'Every weeke there cummeth and goeth from Tunbridge in Kent a Carrier, that lodgeth at the Greene Dragon in Fowle Lane in Southwarke, near the

Meale Market.' 1660.—I note, 'Mrs. Harvey,<sup>1</sup> of the Green Dragon.' The Harveys or Harvards, as we have seen, were concerned with inns and with the butcher's trade; the landlady of the Green Dragon was most probably of this connection. In 1676 the fire reaches this spot and destroys the grammar school, and probably the inn. 1680.—The inn becomes somewhat of a nuisance, water from there being allowed to run over the churchyard; the vestry deals with this, but in '1700 the water-course to the chaingate is still troublesome.' The spot becomes the centre of the penny post in Southwark. It is advertised as one of the six metropolitan offices; one penny is to be paid at the receiving houses, and the messenger may take for his own pains and care one penny for each parcel or letter at the delivery, and no more. Besides the Green Dragon, a receiving house was also at Mr. Harding's, a girdler, at the sign of the Bell at the Bridge Foot.<sup>2</sup> In *New Remarks*, 1732, is a notice of the Southwark office, still kept in Green Dragon Court, near St. Mary Overy's (*sic*) Church, and in extended action receiving and delivering for some sixty-four distant places in the outskirts of London. 1827.—An uninteresting court is there, the buildings apparently Georgian. Now nothing but the name remains, and so the Cobhams and their inn have faded away together.

Taylor, the Water Poet, waterman, dramatist, writer upon almost everything in a rough way touching Southwark, takes us on a fanciful visit to the inns about the

<sup>1</sup> Parish Register, St. Saviour's.

<sup>2</sup> Bagford Collection. British Museum, 5935.

Zodiac as it were,<sup>1</sup> introducing us to our Rams and Ram's Heads, say of Tooley Street, under the sign of



Aries—under Taurus, Bull Heads and Bulls. Bulls of all sorts, colours, and conditions, that of Chain Gate for instance, of St. Margaret's

Hill, of the Stews Bank, and by St. George's Church. Taylor having left the Zodiac, comes to a little common-sense rhyme, for instance, anent 'the Bull Head, in the Borough of Southwark ; Bull blacke'—

'These Bulls were never Calves, nor came of Kine,  
Yet at all seasons they doe yeeld good wine ;  
But those that suck these Bulls more than they ought  
Are Waltham Calves, much better fed than taught.'

He dedicates some lines of the same sort to Mr. Thomas Godfrey, the noted bear master—

'There are bull beggars that fright children much,  
There are bull taverns that men's wits will touch,  
And further for the bulls' renown and fame,  
We had an expert hangman of that name.'

But we have trade tokens of far more businesslike appearance than these fantastic rhymings, *e.g.* that of

*O. Richard . Roberts . at . ye . Bulls . head . Taverne . in . Southwark .*  
(In five lines.)  $\frac{1}{2}$

*R. HIS . HALF . PENY = A bull's head. R . R. 1667.*

of which we give a drawing.

In the map of 1542 a few significant sketchy lines by way of a drawing tell us of the Bolles Hede, at the south-east corner of the precincts of the late priory of St.

<sup>1</sup> *Works*, 1630. Other Works, Spenser Society.

Mary Overy, and by the Chain Gate, which protects the entry to the churchyard from the High Street. The Bull Head is so notable that by and by when the churchyard requires enlarging, as it often does, the ground between the church and the inn is named the 'Bull Head churchyard.' Longbaine, an old dramatic authority, says that Massinger was buried in the Bull Head churchyard, the player people attending their friend to his grave. The parish books, however, show that he was buried in the church, the increased fee being for one not a parishioner, and so buried as a 'stranger';<sup>1</sup> and the scale of charge was for a burial within the church. Sir Aston Cokayne also says that Massinger and Fletcher were buried in one grave, and Fletcher was, we know without doubt, buried in the church. I cannot reconcile the two statements, but the former partakes of the character of gossip, while the latter is official, and I think conclusive. The names of the honoured dead, Fletcher and Edmond Shakespeare, have been lately inscribed on the floor of the choir of St. Saviour's Church by the thoughtful registrar and some other friends of the parish. Various entries among the vestry proceedings show how the churchyard was regulated and attended to. In 1706 walls and gates, doors and iron rails, were put up. In 1771 'the Bull-Head churchyard to be cleansed twice a week; the salary 40s.' Burial charges in the Bull or Green churchyard, as well as in each of the other eleven places of burial, are given by Concanen and Morgan in their history of St. Saviour's.

The Romans were busy here, and left their usual

<sup>1</sup> He appears, nevertheless, to have lived 'at his own place in the parish.'

marks about. In 1820, south of the church, much mosaic, 7 or 8 feet of it, with figured guilloche, etc., was found. Digging in 1846 for the new railing, south portions of the wall of the older rails was discovered, resting on an ancient piece of masonry, 3 feet wide, consisting of rubble and flint and cement after the old manner, probably Roman, and broken pottery and coins scattered about. Digging for a grave at the south-east corner of the churchyard, at some depth were tiles and pavement undoubtedly of the same character.

This Bull Head Inn was one of the resorts of Edward Alleyn, as among others were also the Dancing Bears, the Paul's Head, the King's Arms, the Red Cross, the Three Tuns, and the Dolls, next the Rose on the Bank-side. A pleasant convivial man was Alleyn, and one much liked, who could touch pitch, and plenty of it, and keep reasonably clean. In 1620 he dines at the Bull Head with Bromfield and Tichborne, probably an election affair and involving a little dissipation, as this dinner is followed by wine at the Bear Garden. Perhaps the remarks of Satirical Dick, long after, may explain why they went elsewhere for their liquor. The parish chiefs in their local feastings, which were many,<sup>1</sup> distributed their favours among the inns; in 1635 their augmentation dinner was at the Bull Head. The visits of the churchwardens were not always so pleasant. They had, as we know, to look after such places, to see that nothing went

<sup>1</sup> And indeed, if kept within bounds of reasonable expense and propriety, one would not much object; they must have drawn people together and promoted a friendly feeling. Alleyn knew the true secret of doing these things in a pleasant and sensible manner.



wrong during Divine service—tippling or what not. Sometimes the landlord was presented for having ‘gues’ in the house. But mine host of the Black Bull in Montague Close did far worse than this: a little in liquor, perhaps, he had the passing bell rung for his wife, who was alive. This was in Laud’s time, so he had to pay smartly for that freak, as indeed he ought. In the fire of 1676, which destroyed so much of Southwark, the Bull Head near the Chain Gate was burnt, and subjected to the settlement of the fire decrees. The difficulty was about a watercourse disturbed by the fire, a watercourse to the road by London Bridge. 1733.—The house was noted in the vestry minutes as leased at a rent of £11—a large house with vaults and warehouse room, a little south-east of the church, exactly where the High Street is now. 1756.—The old inn, we find, is not well off. The advertisement runs thus: ‘To be lett, being lately repaired, in the Boro of Southwark, near the hospital, a large house, late the Bull-head tavern, either as a tavern or otherwise, having large vaults and a great deal of warehouse room.’ The new bridge effectually altered and cleared the neighbourhood in 1830; so exit Bull Head with many of its notable compeers.

Close to the Bull’s Head was a house called the Swan with Two Necks, of which it is recorded that in 1722, Edward Hewlett by deed conferred a rent charge of £20 on it and another adjoining thereto, to the poor in general. And in the same year, by a second deed, gave to the poor of Cure’s College the remainder of the Swan with Two Necks



and Dagger tenements. In 1632 we hear of Hewlett's gift in Swan Alley. 1719.—The two tenements are made into one, being described as the 'House over against the Bull Head, which was formerly known as the Swan with Two Necks and Dagger.' A pretty trade token, of which we give a drawing, has on it—

*O.* AT . THE . SWAN . WITH . 2 = A swan with two necks.  $\frac{1}{4}$

*R.* NECKS . IN . SOUTHWARKE = R . I . A

The Bear at the Bridge Foot, at the Corner of Pepper Alley, and abutting east on Montague Close, deserves almost a little history to itself. In that scarce poem called 'The Last Search after Claret in Southwark, or a Visitation of the Vintners in the Mint,' etc., printed in 1691, the facetious rhymester gives the inn a high antiquity. Wafted across to Old Pepper Alley he says—

'Through stinks of all sorts both the simple and compound,  
Which through narrow alleys our senses do confound,  
We came to the Bear, which we soon understood  
Was the first house in Southwark built after the flood,  
And has such a succession of vintners known,  
Not more names were e'er in Welsh pedigree shown.  
But claret with them was so much out of fashion  
That it has not been known there a whole generation.'

As to plain, fact in 1319, 12 Edward II., Thomas Drynkewatre, taverner of London, lets to James Beauflur all his tavern which he holds in the parish of St. Olave, recently built by him at the head of London Bridge. James has expended much money, and engages to sell no wines but from Drynkewatre, who is to find handled mugs of silver and wood hanaps, curtains, cloths, and other things necessary for a tavern. Very like some

modern arrangements, as when an innkeeper has not money enough, it is to some extent provided by the distiller and the brewer; he, like Beauflur, probably selling no beer or spirit but those of his two backers. We may form some notion of this Bear by the description, long after, of the Bear by the Bridge Foot at Stratford-on-Avon, both without doubt known to the great player and writer for the Globe on the Bankside in Southwark. The country inn had its large hall; its nominated rooms, such as the Lion and the Talbot chambers; an enormous quantity of house linen, a whole pipe of claret, two butts of sack, plenty of beer, upwards of forty tankards of different sizes, and amongst its plate one goblet of silver, parcel gilt.<sup>1</sup> In 1429 Robert Mokyng, citizen and vintner, makes his will, and in it he 'devises a messuage or teneement called the Dolfyn, and a brewhouse called the Bere, with a tavern thereto belonging, in the parishes of St. Mary Maudleyn and Seynt Oulupte' (St. Mary Magdalen and St. Olave). 1513-14.—John Cooke pays eight marks, £5:6:8, to the prior of St. Mary Overy for the inns, the Dolphin with its yard and way to the Thames, the stable and hayhouse, with the way to the Bear. The Dolphin, with brewhouse, curtilage, etc., as far as the water of the Thames, belonged in 1540 to Anthony the pouch-maker and Derewick the shoemaker. In 1542 the site of these inns is shown between Pepper Alley, Bere Alley, and the Thames. It must always have been a good place for business. It had, as we see, passed from hand to hand. Now in 1554, 2 Philip and Mary, 'Edmund Wythipolle conveys a quit rent out of this tavern called the Beare,

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Shakespeare*, 3d Edition, p. 123. J. O. Halliwell Phillipp.

to Henry Leke, Berebrewer, together with the Dolphin<sup>1</sup> and its wharf, to the Thames, for £161:13:4 per annum.

Naturally for those who craved excitement, backed by noise, the roaring of the Thames as it rushed through the narrow arches of London Bridge, the Bear close at hand must have been a favourite resort. It is known that a haberdasher who had retired to Chislehurst from his shop on the bridge could not sleep away from the accustomed sound, and he was obliged to return. The miller and his millwheel over again; the mill stops and the miller awakes.

I daresay, if we could follow the matter out, we should find there were few people of any note for centuries but had visited the famous inn at its famous corner. In 1428 John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, with many gentlemen squires and yeomen, took his barge at St. Mary Overy, and tried to pass by boat under the bridge. They failed, however, and some were drowned; the Duke and others clinging to the starlings were saved,<sup>2</sup> and we may assume sought the friendly shelter of the Bear, the nearest house. Sir John Howard in 1463 whiled away an hour or two at the Bear, to shoot at the target and drink wine, and, the one probably acting on the other, he lost 20d.<sup>3</sup> The account is, 'Item red wyne at the Bere in Southwerke, iiiiid.' In 1633, the Earl of Buccleuch, colonel from the Low Countries, posts from Rochester, and

<sup>1</sup> The Dolphin sign may, it is suggested, come from the Dauphin, with the fleur de lis cognisances and dolphins.

<sup>2</sup> Harleian MS. No 565, folio 876.

<sup>3</sup> *Manners and Household Expences*. Sir John Howard. Roxburghe Club Publications.

lighting at the Bear takes 'a glass of sack with a toast,' and so away by boat, but soon exclaims, 'I am deadly sick; row back. Lord have mercy upon me!' without more words spoken died that night (Gerrard to Lord Stafford, 6th December 1633). The glass of sack was a bad business for him probably.

Shirley, in *The Lady of Pleasure*, 1637, mentions the Bear at Bridge Foot. The following allusion occurs in the Cavalier's ballad on the funeral of Admiral Dean (killed 2d June 1653)—

'From Greenwich towards the Bear at the Bridge Foot,  
He was wafted with wind that had water to't,  
But I think they brought the devil to boot,  
Which nobody can deny.'

Another ballad, 'On banishing the ladies out of town' by the authorities of the Commonwealth, refers to the traitors' heads exposed on the Bridge Gate, which appear in our illustration from Visscher—

'Farewell Bridge Foot and Bear thereby,  
And those bald pates that stand so high,  
We wish it, from our very souls,  
That other heads were on those poles.'

As a rule the passage under the Bridge by boat was perilous. The fall and rush of the tide through the arches, boats upset, and people in the water, are shown in Norden's *Plans of London Bridge*, 1597<sup>1</sup> and 1624. So many were drowned that it became a proverb that wise men went over and fools under. The significant phrase was, 'Shooting the bridge.' Burials at the neighbouring churchyards, 'drowned at the bridge,' were

<sup>1</sup> The very rare 1597 copy I saw in the Halliwell Phillipps Collection. A fine print it was.

common entries. We have seen how Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, had made the attempt and failed; in March 1662, Samuel Pepys and his friends tried the like feat, the tide against. The boat, when nearly through, was driven back, 'with much danger,' so he took the frightened ladies to the other side and walked to the Bear, doubtless for a little cheer as well as refreshment.<sup>1</sup> He had been there the previous year, 'thinking to have met my Lord Hinchinbrook and brother, setting out for France;' it was a sort of Clapham Junction in those days—you might go anywhere from the Bear. Another time, 24th October 1664, Pepys goes to the Bear and afterwards has an awkward adventure; his account is worth quoting verbatim. 'Dark when we came to London, and a stop of coach in Southwarke. I staid above half an houre, and then light and finding Sir W. Batten's coach heard they were gone into the Beare at the Bridge Foot, and thither I to them. Presently the stop is removed, and then going out to find my coach I could not find it, for it was gone with the rest. So I fain to go through the dirt and dark over the bridge, and my leg fell in a hole broke through the bridge, but the constable standing there to keep people from, I was catched up, otherwise I had broke my leg; for which mercy the Lord be praised.' The house seems to have had a special attraction for Pepys, to judge from the number of times he visited it. Again, 14th September 1665, 'Having taken a copy of my Lord's letter I away back to the Bear at the Bridge Foot, and called for a biscuit, a piece of cheese, and a gill of sack,

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix for the whole passage.

and was forced to walk over the bridge toward the change, the plague being all thereabout.' The diarist, as we know, was very fond of nice women. Passing the bridge by water (24th February 1666-67) his special sympathies were excited by the story his waterman told him. 'The mistress of the Beare Tavern at the Bridge Foot had flung herself into the Thames and drowned herself, which did trouble "him" more, because she was a most beautiful woman, as most "he" had seen.' Another time, taking the opportunity on one of his visits to Southwark, Pepys has a look at the old church of St. Mary Overy, next door, so to speak, and he says, 'This has been a fine church, with fine monuments of great antiquity in it.' Sir Christopher Wren, however, great man though he was, about that time did a little rather awkward patchwork here, as he did at Westminster,—planting Classic on Gothic, 'cream upon pilchards,' as we say in Cornwall. One more of our old friend Pepys's visits to the Bear is worth recording. 1668.—He tells us of a very pleasant scene, but there was a little charming trouble in it. His wife was shopping, he, waiting with Mercer in the coach, takes the opportunity to teach her 'the Larkes song' while they waited, which she learned perfectly. They now landed at the Bear, it being fine moonshine there. His wife, however, was vexed, and when they got home she gave him a piece of her mind, but as he said nothing by way of retort he comforts himself that 'it was soon over.' Sir John Suckling also frequents the Bear, and he dates his letter from the wine-drinkers to the water-drinkers, at this house.

From the Bear the arrangement between the Duke of Richmond and the fair Frances Stewart came off in 1667. She was to leave the Court privily and join him at the Bear, where a coach would be ready; so, they 'stole away into Kent without the King's leave.' From this lady is supposed to come the face or figure of Britannia on the coins; a like figure, however, is shown on Roman coins dug up in Southwark and elsewhere. Pepys, under date 25th February 1667, says, 'At my goldsmith's I did observe the King's new medall, where in little there is Mrs. Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life I think; a pretty thing it is that he (Roettier) should choose her face to represent Britannia by.' No doubt there was in the coin a strong resemblance to Frances Stewart, whom Charles loved perhaps as much as he was capable of loving any one except himself, and who, although Pepys at one time formed an adverse opinion of her, seems to have preserved a sort of purity in the tainted atmosphere of that Court; at any rate so thought Evelyn.

The Bear was the waiting place for persons going by the tilt-boats to Gravesend and to Greenwich. Gerrard records in a letter to Lord Strafford, 9th January 1633, that 'all back doors to taverns on the Thames are commanded to be shut up, only the Bear at the Bridge Foot is exempted by reason of the passage to Greenwich.' It was an old grievance that malefactors had ready means of escape through these houses. 'The cautious debtor,' in Powell's *Mystery of Lending and Borrowing*, 1636, 'hath a list of these taverns with back-doors,' notably the waterside ones. The neigh-



bouring spot, Montague Close, is mentioned by Powell as one of the special 'sanctuaries' for the class of people referred to.

The Bear is very much the scene of action in 1680, in the trial of one Margaret Clark for setting on fire 'her master's house in Pepper Alley, at the backside of the Bear Tavern, amongst abundance of old wooden buildings close to St. Mary Overies stately church.' 'A gentleman, supposed to be the tempter, comes alone to the Bear Tavern and calls for a pint of port, mutters to himself, and tears papers into little bits;' suspicion is rife, just now it is always Papists when ought goes wrong. In this case the girl is to have £2000 and a priest to absolve her. In the fire of 1667, which Pepys saw, it was 'three Frenchmen' who fled. A witness in Margaret Clark's case, one of the Duke of York's guard, gives this account of himself: 'He came only to meet a fair neighbour at the Bear, and to eat a barrel of oysters with her.'<sup>1</sup> Considering the times, the young woman is of course hanged, saying aloud as she went in the cart, 'This is the blesseddest day to me—this is my wedding day—I shall surely be married to my Saviour.'

The Bear was a place of free enjoyment for every one. 'The maddest of all the land came to bait the Bear,' and, among the rest, the jovial parson, who on the week-days learns of his companions, and 'on Sundays does them teach.' At the Bear, says one, 'I stuffed myself with food and tippie till the hoops were ready to burst.' But grave people also came; the church-

<sup>1</sup> Trial of Margaret Clark, 1680.

wardens of St. Olave's in 1568, and not in 1568 alone. The parish book tells us this: 'It'm for iiij dinners at the Visitation, whereof one at the church hows and three at the Beare, viij<sup>li</sup> xiijs'—fifty pounds now at the least. 'It'm p'd for drinkynge at ye Beare wh Mr. Norryes P'son and certain of the Auncients of the parishe, and another tyme at the same place for the lyke drynkyng, v<sup>s</sup> iiij<sup>d</sup>.' Amongst the St. Saviour's records are some quaint bills of about Shakespeare's time. The player, Edward Alleyn, a man of note, was then churchwarden and vestryman of the parish. Here is a bill of a vestry dinner, date 1636.

Pd for 3 Geese, 3 Capons, and one Rabbit .	00	14	08
3 Tarts .	00	12	00
a Giblett pie makynge .	00	02	08
9 stone 5 lb. of Beeffe .	01	02	06
3 leggs of mutton .	00	08	00
wine, and dressing the meat, and naperie, fire, bread, and beere .	02	11	00
18 oz. Tobacco and 12 pipes <sup>1</sup> .	00	01	02
12 Lemmonds .	00	01	06
18 oranges .	00	01	06
	<u>05</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>00</u>

At the bottom are the words, 'Taken the money out of the bagg to pay this bill.' Other bills tell of 'Sugar and Rosewater,' 'More for wine,' 'For a green goose,' 'Claratt wyne.' A slight affair runs thus:—'Bread and beare, wyne, sugar, and lemonds (punch, no doubt), boiling of your chicken and your mutton, a quart of sacke, a pint of white, naperie, and sweet watter.' There was some dignity and display on special occasions. In the list

<sup>1</sup> A long clay pipe is often nicknamed a churchwarden.

of plate of St. Saviour's at the dissolution we have 'a macer with a border, and a knop of silver all gilt,' which macer was given to the wardens when they 'mete' to drink. And this was in some sort called for; taking St. Saviour's, for instance, there were recognised feastings on Easter Day, Audit, Ambulation, Visitation, and, if I mistake not, one for Goodfellowship on the occasion of eating Sir Edward Dyer's buck.

The Bear was very handy; it overlooked the river. A boat could be had at once to take you anywhere along the great highway, which the Thames, with its hundreds, or even thousands of boats, then was. It was a pleasing alternation from the vexations of parish business; but public-house pleasure is apt to encroach. The dignitaries of St. Saviour's seem to have felt this. In 1618 is an entry as follows: 'The vestrymen have been wont at the parish charge to have a dinner this day, but . . . every man shall spend his own money at this dinner, and he who does not come shall pay 4d.' May 23d, 1614.—'It is ordered that there shall be a drinkinge on the p'ambulation day for the company, according to the ancient custom, yet sparinglye, because the corporation is indebted.'

Wycherley, the dramatist, described a curious fashion in his day, when persons of distinction used to resort to the house at Bridge Foot, 'for pleasure and privacy.' It seems that the wine the ladies and their lovers drank was canary, and the health of the former was pledged with certain grotesque ceremonies. If my reader has further curiosity on the subject, I must refer him to Major Pack's *Miscellanies*, p. 185, 8vo, 1719. He tells the story more graphically than I should venture to do.

There are extant two seventeenth-century trade tokens issued by occupiers of the Bear, which read thus—

*O.* ABRAHAM . BROWNE<sup>1</sup> . AT . Y<sup>E</sup> = A bear with a chain.  $\frac{1}{2}$

*R.* BRIDG . FOOT . SOVTHWARK = HIS HALF PENY.

The other, of which we give a drawing, has—

*O.* CORNELIVS . COOKE , AT . THE = A bear with a chain.  $\frac{1}{4}$

*R.* BEARE . AT . THE . BRIDGE . FOT = C . A . C

This Cooke was a noted man. He is mentioned in the



St. Olave's parish accounts as overseer of the land-side as early as 1630; he was afterwards a soldier and captain of train bands;

rose to be colonel in Cromwell's army, and was one of the commissioners for the sale of king's lands. After the Restoration he seems to have been settled down as landlord of the Bear. In 1641, Cornelius Cooke, being churchwarden of St. Olave's, was concerned with others in pulling down the altar rails, as was done at the same time by people of like feelings at St. Saviour's, for which they were ordered to the pillory and heavily fined. The curate said they insisted on his giving the Sacrament to them sitting, after about five hundred had it kneeling, and told him if he did not, they would drag him about the church by the ears. These very cool churchwardens give this as their version: 'Many hundreds of the parishioners refused to come to Sacrament, on account of the rails, and they having asked in vain of Dr. Turner to remove them, quietly removed them

<sup>1</sup> Browne, from the spelling, may imply a scion of the Montagues of the Close.

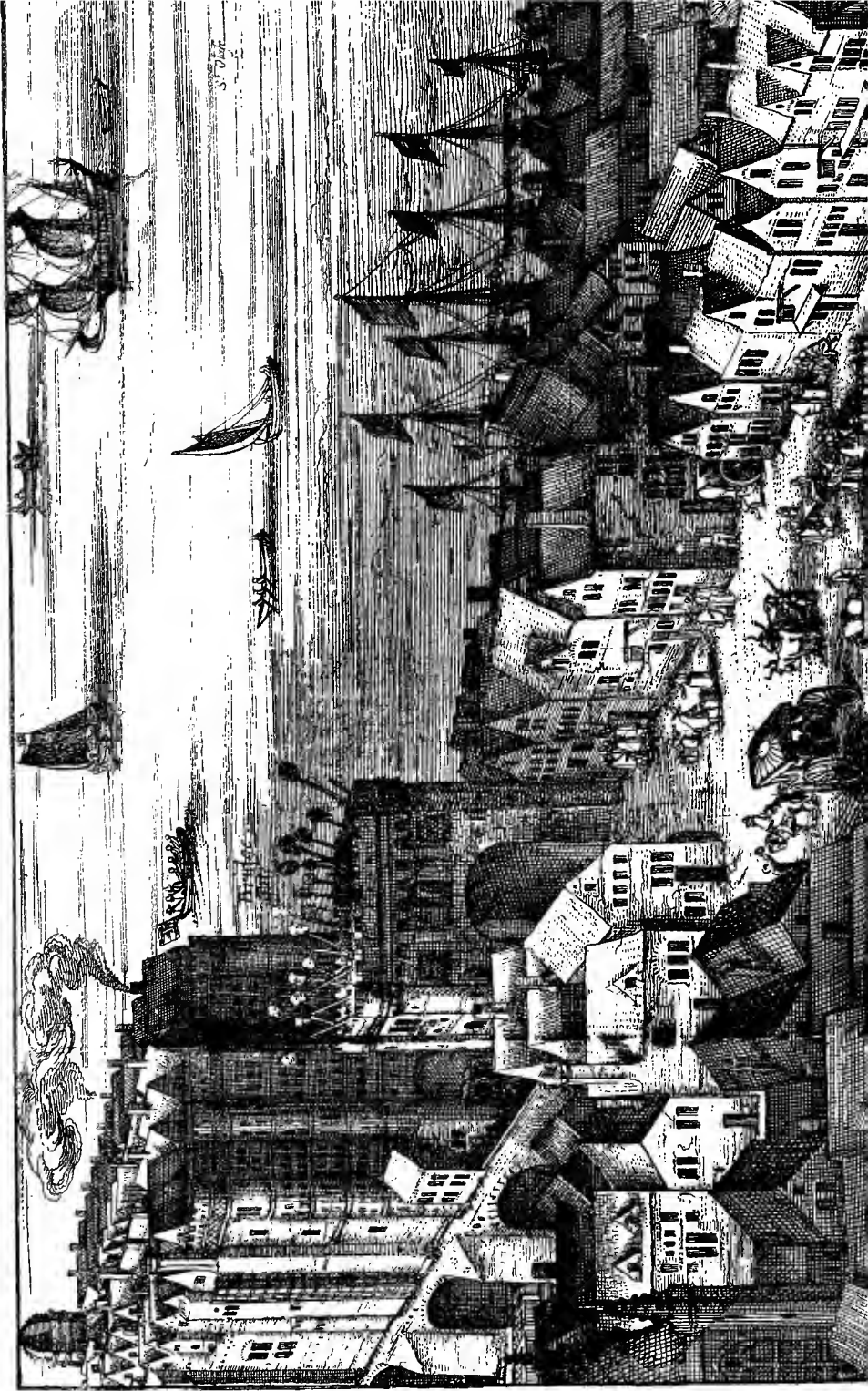
themselves, and sold them for the benefit of the parish.'<sup>1</sup> In MS. Harleian, 1666, is a list of 'some of the present governors of St. Olave's Grammar School in the year 1662,' with these remarks: 'I myself, with some other of His Ma'ties commission met at St. Mary Ovies Church for the putting out most of these governors as persons disaffected to Government, by virtue of the Act of Parliament for regulating Corporations.' 'Among others, are Mr. Magott,<sup>2</sup> alderman; Mr. Nobbes, a rebellious clerk from 1642-60; Cooke, vintner; and Hitchcocke, late a brewer.' So the landlord of the Bear had not been converted. The site of this tavern is shown in the map of 1542 as Beere or Bear Alley. Visscher's view, 1616, next the Bridge, at the south-west corner, gives most likely the actual appearance of the Bear at the Bridge Foot, and its surroundings. We have had it copied as an illustration. The house, I should say, would be the one immediately to the left of the Bridge, with an indication of a pathway leading to the open door.

The Bear was in St. Olave's,<sup>3</sup> only this corner on the St. Saviour's side belonging to that parish. If any reader would be exact as to the site, and would see it for himself, the new Bridge being somewhat west of the old one, he must descend the steps into Tooley Street, and at the bottom, a little to the left, stood the old inn,

<sup>1</sup> Hist., MS. Comm., App., 4th Report. Lords Journals.

<sup>2</sup> John Elwes, the rich miser, whose name was Meggott, was of this family; they were brewers of St. Olave's, Southwark.

<sup>3</sup> As Mr. Corner tells us, it was properly within the City of London, forming part of Bridge Ward Within, which extended all over the bridge and included the gate and some houses on each side of the way, in the parish of St. Olave, as far as the stulpes (wooden posts), which marked the extent of the barrier or outer fortification of the bridge gate.



all which particulars may be clearly made out from the appropriate sheet of the Ordnance map, published 1875.

Taylor gives very good advice ; he says—

‘No ravenous, savadge, cruel Beares are these,  
But gentle, milde, delighting still to please,  
And yet they have a trick to bite all such  
As madly use their company too much.’

The Bear continued to entertain all who could pay, until 1761, when it was pulled down, on the Bridge being widened and the houses thereon removed. At the demolition several gold and silver coins of the time of Queen Elizabeth were found, as is announced in the *Public Advertiser* of Saturday, 26th December 1761. Nearly on this spot the Overmans built some almshouses, 1770-71. On their destruction, when excavations were being made for new buildings in 1823, as low as the footings of the Lady Chapel were found Roman coins, pottery, part of a vase, with the figures of a dog and bear hunting round the pattern ; but more precious to me than all,—the only known sacramental token, with on it, S S, St. Saviour's, Southwark, roughly cast, was dug up here, and is now in my possession.

In the *Vade Mecum* for Maltworms there is mention of a Magpye at Bridge Foot, which, in conjunction with the Bear, is commended for the good quality of its liquor. There was also a Bell in Bear Alley. A seventeenth-century trade token issued there has

O. ROWLAND . PENNIFATHER = A bell. HIS  $\frac{1}{2}$ .  $\frac{1}{2}$

R. IN . BEARE . ALLEY . BRIDGFOOT = IN SOWTHWARK.

The celebrity of the peal at St. Saviour's<sup>1</sup> may have made

<sup>1</sup> Smith, in his *Book for a Rainy Day*, tells us how he meets the eccentric

the sign popular about the church itself, for we find a Bell in Clink Street, and a Bell alehouse in Montague Close, next the silk dyers, in 1723. I may remark that along the river hereabout there were many dyers. So late as fifty years ago I attended a family of dyers of worsted yarn, living where Barclay's great warehouses by Clink Street now are; but the last of these dyers was evidently then fading away from the spot.<sup>1</sup>

waterman, George Heath, who says, 'I was a famous ringer in my youth at St. Mary Overies. They *are* beautiful bells.' This was the man whom Charles Mathews the elder introduced into his entertainment under the pseudonym of Joe Hatch.

<sup>1</sup> Here is a trade token of the place—

<i>O.</i> AT . Y <sup>E</sup> . DYERS . ARMES = The Dyers' Arms.	$\frac{1}{4}$
<i>R.</i> IN . MOVNTAGVE . CLOSE = A . E . N	



## CHAPTER XI

MONTAGUE CLOSE—STONEY STREET—DOG AND DUCK—  
DEADMAN'S PLACE—CLINK—BANKSIDE—ST. SAVIOUR'S  
TOKEN BOOKS—GLOBE—ELEPHANT—STEWES—ROSE—  
UNICORN—HORSE SHOE

MONTAGUE CLOSE, but incidentally noticed, seems to require a few words more. Always the space of ground between the Church of St. Mary Overy and the river, it had been for hundreds of years the priory cloister, the quiet home of Augustinian canons. The remains of their dormitories and refectory still existed in this century, and in some slight degree even to my time ; the last vestiges of the refectory were taken down in 1836. Gower and his wife had their apartments in the conventual buildings ; here he died, and his sumptuous monument exists in the church to this day. After the dissolution, Sir Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, acquired the property, and built here a town mansion. The Montagues were a staunch Catholic family ; under their favour the Close became a refuge, to which persons hunted on account of their religion fled, and sometimes it served as a trap in which they were caught. The names of many titled and distinguished people living in the Close are recorded

before and after 1600, among others Lady Kildare, Lady Hilton, Lady Clifford, and, of course, the Montagues themselves. It was a nest of Roman Catholics, when to be of that persuasion was to invite hard measure. Later, Montague Close came into the hands of Marshall, Overman, and others, rich people who had advanced money to the Montague family. In 1775 the report is that the estate consists of sixty messuages and four wharves, most of it let from year to year, and much becoming ruinous. About 1830-31 part of Montague Close was taken down to make room for the approaches to new London Bridge. Among them disappeared a large brick building let out in tenements, which was known by the name of Monteagle House. Tradition has said that here Lord Monteagle was living when he received the anonymous letter which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot; this, however, was certainly not the case, nor can his family be proved to have been connected with the house in any way. Its appearance would lead one to suppose that it dated from about the year 1700; there is a good drawing and description of it in Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*. Possibly Monteagle was a corruption of Montague. I have already alluded to the one-storied picturesque almshouses, built by a charitable lady of the Overman family, at the corner of the Close, and but lately removed. At the end of the last century, the Close being private property, a ceremony was gone through to keep up the right. The two doors, one at the dock or west end of the Close, the other at the Pepper Alley, or east end, were shut every evening at eleven o'clock, and on each quarter day the eastern door was

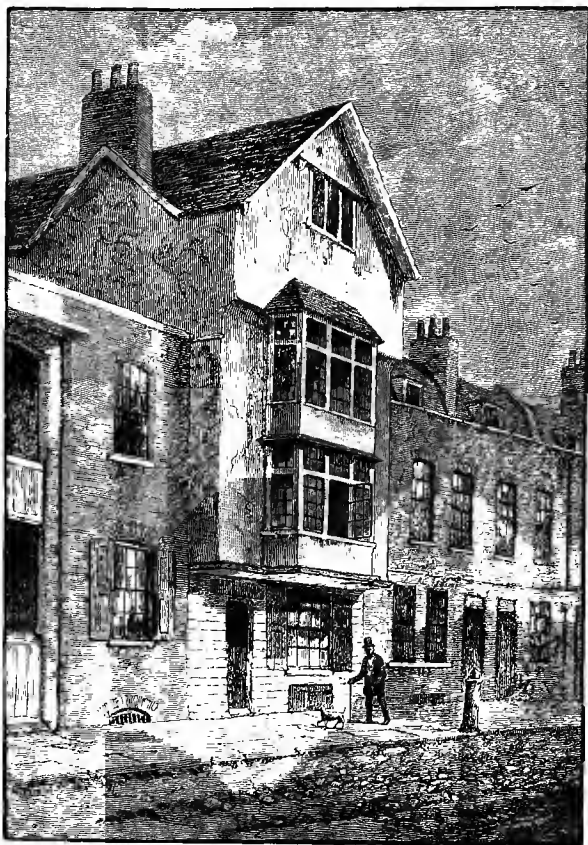
kept shut, and no one allowed to pass through; the public-house way at this corner being used for the time, and a toll of one halfpenny exacted. Montague Close still exists in name, the site chiefly occupied by wharves. I may note that the parish school now at the 'Cross Bones,' was formerly in the Boar's Head Ride, later Angel Court, in Montague Close. It is hard to realise that this now busy place of merchants and wharves was so lately restricted to a way through a beer-shop for the toll of a halfpenny; but times change, and we with them. Then, a few hundreds or less would have paid the rent, which may now be estimated at perhaps £10,000.

Stoney Street, originally Stoney Lane, Borough Market, which, as I have before said, is not to be confused with Stoney Lane, Tooley Street, where stood Sir John Fastolfe's great house, was once a fork of the Roman way from the south towards Dowgate, and here at that time a ferry existed across the Thames. In this line about 16 feet deep some strong woodwork, probably the remains of an ancient jetty or landing-place, has been discovered.<sup>1</sup> In the street some very old buildings remained until lately, as indeed we might expect, since it was part of the immediate precincts of the palaces of two bishops, Winchester House and Rochester House. Among these old buildings was the George,<sup>2</sup> with its gabled front, its projecting bow windows, and like features. The date 1500 is said to have been inscribed

<sup>1</sup> *Archæological Journal*, vol. xxv. p. 79.

<sup>2</sup> A sketch and brief account are given in the *Illustrated London News*, 25th February 1865, about the time of its demolition by the South-Eastern Railway Company, when their line was extended to Cannon Street.

on an old mantelpiece there, but this sounds apocryphal. The spot is marked George yard, west of Stone Street, Southwark, by Hatton, 1708, and George Alley in Rocque, 1746. In an old water-colour drawing by



GEORGE PUBLIC-HOUSE (Stoney Street).

Yates, 1826, belonging to the Gardner Collection, it is named the 'Bishop's House;' probably it was used by the household of the Bishop of Rochester. There is an old public-house, the Feathers, still standing in

what is left of Stoney Street, with an outlet at the back to Winchester yard.

Almost behind the George was in Deadman's Place, near the Park Gate, a Dog and Duck tavern; as parish property a lease of it was granted in 1706, and appears in the vestry proceedings. It was natural that so favourite a sport as duck-hunting should have one of its temples on the Bankside. An old book tells us in burlesque way of<sup>1</sup> 'sundry night birds hunting in the early morning. Fools who have been up all the night going into the fields with dog and ducks that they may have a morning's diversion at the noisy and cruel amusement.' Boyne gives us the usual trade token of some Dog and Duck in Southwark, but whether of the one in Deadman's Place, in St. George's Fields, or in Bermondsey, cannot be told, nor does it matter. The token I refer to reads thus—

*O. AT . THE . DOGG . AND . DVCKE* = A spaniel with a duck in its mouth.  
*R. IN . SOWTHWARKE . 1651* = E . M . S<sup>2</sup> ¼

Between the great palace of the Bishops of Winchester, where Fox, Gardiner, and Andrews, among other great bishops, lived, and the Thames to which the palace fronted, was and is a narrow way called Clink Street, along which many a noble martyr—men belonging to all forms of the Christian religion—walked to their doom into that most miserable of prisons, the Clink.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Low Life: or, one-half the world knows not how the other half lives*, 1764.

<sup>2</sup> A few more allusions to the sport are given in the Appendix.

<sup>3</sup> The Clink prison was formerly by the river side, near the garden of Winchester House, and a little east of the present Bank End. The cucking

In this street, next to St. Mary Overy's Stairs and close to the Clink, was the Bell, mentioned a few pages back ; a noted inn by the river. Philip Henslowe, one of the two playhouse managers of Shakespeare's time, lived hard by. The Token book of 1596 shows this entry, 'Philip Henslow, 5 tokens,' and his residence, 'From the Bell, near Horse Shoe Alley.' What the tokens and Token book were will be explained elsewhere. His home is further identified in a letter of 1593, p. 25, *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*,<sup>1</sup> 'to be delivered to Mr. Henslow, one of the grooms of Her Majesty's Chamber, dwelling on the Bankside right over against the Clink ;' so his household were well acquainted with this Bell. The Bishop seems to have had kindly care for the watermen, who were then wonderfully plentiful at the numerous stairs hereabout. We must remember that the Thames at this time supplied the chief, almost the only, common communication from one part of London to another, and was of very free use down to my earliest recollection. It has often been my pleasant lot to go to and fro in the wherries. In a deed of 1694 the Bishop—it must have been Peter Mews—held a piece of waste ground adjoining St. Mary Overy's Stairs, between Clink Street and the Thames, as part of Winchester House, on which was a brewhouse, and among other buildings a mast loft ; for the latter he obtains 'a rent of 10 shillings and a good fatt sweete capon,' but 'he reserves to himself a room next St.

stool was south of it. Tiler in 1765 says : 'A part of this prison with a gateway is now standing at St. Mary Overs Stairs.'

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare Society.

Mary Overy's Stairs for the use of watermen, porters, and others, as shelter against storms and tempestuous weather, where they might sit down and rest themselves.'<sup>1</sup> From the handiness of the Bell I suppose it to be the one referred to in 1603 as a place for warehousing gunpowder and as being possibly dangerous; the chief neighbours are to be informed of it, namely, the Bishop, Lord Montague, and Sir Edward Dyer. The father of Mr. John Evelyn was a manufacturer of gunpowder, of which much was made and more stored in Southwark.<sup>2</sup> In 1628 the Bell is the King's storehouse in the locality for saltpetre, and the same appears

<sup>1</sup> The fares, 1372—'Between London and Westminster, 2d., the same until the boat is full, when he may have for self, partner, and boat, 3d., and no boatman shall refuse to serve the people; but at the time of this 2d. and 3d. the sum was the wage of a day's work. 1559.—No whyrryman with a pair of ores take for his fare, from the Olde Swanne, Peper Alley, Saynt Mary Overies, etc., to Lambeth, etc., or lyke distaunce to or from, above iiijd.'—Broadsides, *Soc. Antig.*, R. Lemon's Catalogue.

1732.—'All the stairs between London Bridge and Westminster, 6d. for oars, 3d. for a sculler,' and so we may compare the times. We may judge of the river traffic and travelling in 1742 by the following list of landing-places, 'stairs' on the Bankside for watermen, beginning from the west with Old Barge House, and so on eastward to stairs called the Bull, Holy Ghost, Pigeon, Marigold, Paris Garden, Falcon, Molestrand Dock, Mason, Goat, New Thames Street (Bear Garden), Horse Shoe Alley.—See the Manor Map, Paris Garden, 1627, Pine and Tinney, 1742, and a Clink map later on.

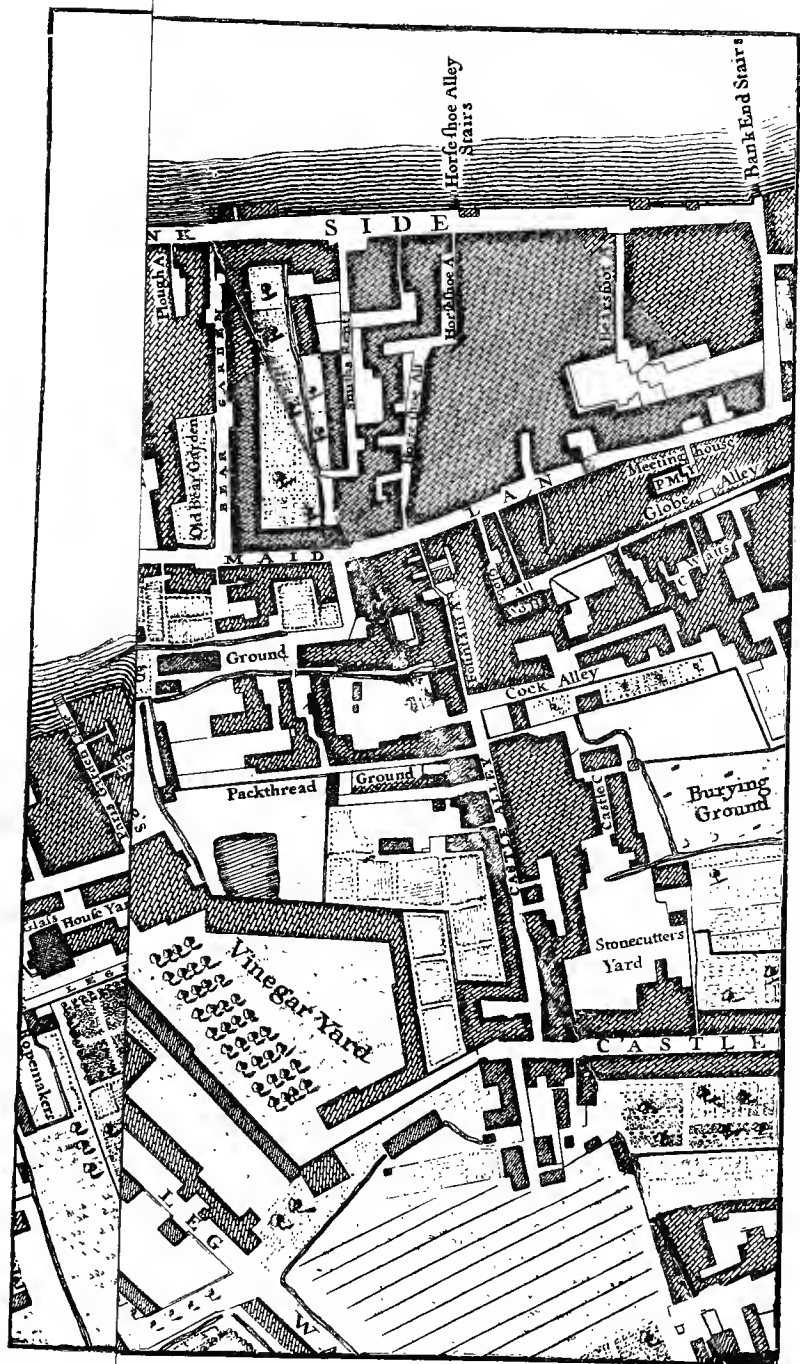
<sup>2</sup> At the time, strange as it may appear, it was allowed by law for certain persons known as 'saltpetre men' to enter private dwellings and dig up the earth in the basements and obtain from it saltpetre. Among the early wardens' accounts, St. Saviour's, Southwark, we find the following:—'To the saltpetre men, because they should not dig up the poor's houses, 6d.' (seventeenth century, not dated). Now as this salt is a result of decomposition of animal products it points to the exceeding filthiness of the soil, even within the dwellings of the people. I have met with many entries of saltpetre men in the burial registers of St. Saviour's.

to be Mr. Evelyn's store for gunpowder. The Bell is long after a central place for securing volunteers for the navy. 1795.—'Fifteen men to be appointed out of St. Saviour's parish for the navy;' they are to be entered at the Bell, Bankside, and the instructions are, 'to treat liberally with offerers.'<sup>1</sup>

Let us now travel slowly along the Bankside, searching as we go for the better realisation of old memories, noting the sites of old, and some of them famous inns, and incidentally, among other indications of the past, the playhouses which were there. We shall have to take the Token books of St. Saviour's as our guides. And now what are these Token books? I will briefly describe them and the purpose which they served. They are, in short, common books of writing-paper with brown covers, much as might have been used in a chandler's shop. The parish being a large one, it was divided into three districts: one for the Borough side, the oldest part of Southwark; one for the Bankside, or liberty of the Clink; and one for the manor of Paris Garden; and each had its separate book. The wardens went once every year to each house in the parish, and in these books they entered, against each street, court, or alley, the name of every person of sixteen years old and over, bound by law to take the Sacrament at the parish church or abide the severe consequences; to each person a ticket of lead or pewter was given to be delivered up at the table, and, where it could be afforded, a small sum for the poor with it. These books show with clearness the topography of the parish, its population, and

<sup>1</sup> Vestry Minutes, not dated.





'S MAP.



incidentally much else. Some of them are lost, and all, considering their great value, have, until the last few years, been strangely neglected; they range from about 1588 to 1630.

As perhaps the most remarkable year, when the Globe playhouse was built, and Shakespeare, Alleyn, and their fellows were in full play on the Bankside, I select and follow the Token book for 1600, giving as I find it in the book the name of the place, and immediately following the name, figures implying the exact number of persons—ages sixteen and upwards—residing there.<sup>1</sup>

Leaving now Winchester House, Rochester House, and the Bishop's Rents behind us, I note the Griffin as implying an old inn and a well-known sign. From the Bell already described there are 17 tokens; from the Clink, meaning the gaol, 16; Widow Newton's rents, 10; Drew's rents, 11; Mr. Newton's six tenements, 10; from the Park, 1. In Rocque's complete map, and, so far as it goes, the section we give of it, these places may, many of them, be traced out. It must not be forgotten that it shows Southwark 150 years after the time here treated of; there was, however, very little change even until these days of trade, steam, wharves, and warehouses. To proceed, Hilles his rents, 23; here is an incident of these Rents. The rogue it concerns 'confesses that he hosted the night before in Kent Street at the Cock, but really he lived at Mr. Hilles rentes, where he has

<sup>1</sup> 1593.—Imprisonment of any person, aged sixteen and over, absent one month from church, who must then conform, or, on refusal, abjure the realm.—Hallam, 1870, p. 159.

a pretty house well stuffed, with a fayre joyne table, and a fayre cubbard garnished with pewter, having an old auncient woman to his wyfe.'<sup>1</sup> The cranke, as he is called, was whipped at cart's tail through London to his own door.

Mr. Brande's or Brands' rents, 22. This is so called in the Token books till 1614, afterwards Globe Alley, and is the site of the Globe playhouse, now—1599-1600—being built. We find in St. Saviour's MSS. mention of 'the Globe playhouse, nere Maide Lane, built by the Company of Players with timber about 20 yeares past, uppon an old foundation, worth 14<sup>li</sup> to 20<sup>li</sup> per ann., beinge the inheritance of Sr. Mathew Brand, Knt;'<sup>2</sup> but this is the second theatre of the name, said to have been 'the fayrest that ever was in England.'

Whether there was a tavern of any importance attached to the first Globe is an open question. True, when fire destroyed the theatre in 1613, we learn from a contemporary ballad that it did not spare 'the alehouse neither;' but this may have been merely a sort of tap such as the one we shall refer to at the Rose hard by. In the St. Saviour's registers of 1637 mention is made of 'George White, vintner, at the Globe.' That a tavern so named existed hereabout in later times may be accepted as a fact. In a manuscript letter, dating probably from before 1750 (Halliwell Phillipps Collection), it is conjectured that a house then called the Blue Anchor, at the corner of the passage leading from

<sup>1</sup> Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's youth. New Shakspeare Society.

<sup>2</sup> Presumably Mr. Brand's son. See p. 60.

Maid Lane to the end of Globe Alley, had been the Globe tavern. Timbs (*Autobiography*) recollects the burning of a Globe; Concanen and Morgan, straining a point, say, 'The passage which led to the Globe Tavern, *of which the playhouse formed a part*, was, until the last few years, known as Globe Alley.' A letter which has been quoted as Peele's, in which the Globe tavern is referred to as the haunt of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and others, is a stupid forgery, dating from last century.

Maid Lane, that is, a portion of it, 45; the 'hether end of the Banke,' 20—the same spot or landing-place for the playhouses, still known as Bank End. Norman's rents, 17; Elephant Alley, 17. This place is almost identical with the site of 'The Vine,' which before the dissolution had belonged to the Brotherhood and Sisterhood of our Lady of St. Margaret's. Next it was the 'Beer-pot,' which occasionally appears in the vestry proceedings. Again in the vestry proceedings is 'The Red Hart,<sup>1</sup> now called the Oliphant,' 1598. I infer with little doubt that this Olifant or Elephant was close to the Globe, and noted enough to find its way into Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, but here is the passage, and the reader can judge for himself—

*Ant.* Hold, sir, here's my purse. In the South Suburbs, at the

<sup>1</sup> An interesting token of a Red Hart in Southwark found its way to Hastings, and was dug up from about two feet below the surface. It is wrongly described in the *Sussex Archaeological Collection*, xxiii. 199, the specimen being worn. The correct reading is given in Boyne—

O. THE . RED . HART . BREWHOV . IN . DEADMANS . PLACE. (Across the  
field.) (Heart-shape.)  $\frac{1}{2}$   
R. 1668 . CONCORDIA . PARVA . RES . CRESCVNT. (In six lines.)

Elephant, is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet, whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge with viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you for an hour.

*Ant.* To the Elephant.

*Seb.* I do remember.

We will go on with the wardens in their distribution of tokens. Awsten's Rents, 15 ; the owner was probably the subject of the gorgeous monument still at St. Saviour's, with the motto, 'Nemo sine Cruce beatus,' doubtless an austere man, and yet he was living, next door as it were, to houses professedly of the worst repute. Three Tuns Alley, 5 ; manifestly named after a sign, the Vintner's Arms, implying an inn. Horse Shoe Alley, 31 ; here, and at Bank End, a stone's throw off, were the two landing-places for the Globe. Horse Shoe Alley was for this neighbourhood a centre in which Dutch emigrants had settled ; here was their hospital or almshouse, 'the Dutchman's house in the Clink,' the 'Dutch congregation house for the poor in Horse Shoe Alley.' The name often appears in the registers, 1676 : 'Hannah Bealey, a Dutch almswoman ;' 'Sarah Beach of the Dutch House ;' 'Abraham, a man of the Dutch House.' In the returns to the Earl Marshal, 1634, is this, 'Horse Shoe Alley belongeth to the Cordwainers' Company ;' 'the Dutch congregation holdeth one great house of the same tenure, built about twelve years since, worth £6 by the year, wherein they maintain their poor.' 1639.—Mention is made of 'the Dutchman's Almshouses near Horse Shoe Alley,' and so on. I have already noticed a Greyhound here, *temp.* Richard III., with curiously a Shakespeare signature to one of the deeds.

We come next westward to Bradshaw's Rents, 6; Stockden's Rents, 7; and Bull Head Alley, 9 tokens. The south end of Southwark Bridge would, as nearly as possible, mark the spot. We are now on that part of Bankside known for some hundreds of years as the 'Stewes Bank,' a name used commonly in deeds and in descriptions of the place; it implies of course a vicious, loose neighbourhood. What follows here will sufficiently explain for our present purpose.<sup>1</sup> Bull Head Alley points, I think, to 'the Bole and the Roose on the stewes side,' one of the houses which gave the general name to the locality. What Stow says is this: 'The houses had signs on their fronts, towards the Thames, not hanged out, but painted on the walls, as a Boar's Head, the Cross Keys, the Gun, the Castle, the Crane, the Cardinal's Hat, the Bell, the Swan, etc. I have heard of ancient men, of good credit, report, that these single women were forbidden the rites of the Church, so long as they continued that sinful life, and were excluded from Christian burial, if they were not reconciled before their death. And therefore there was a plot of ground called the Single Woman's churchyard,<sup>2</sup> appointed for them far from the parish church.' I will venture to give without comment a piteous appeal to the Chancellor from a servant woman who had been decoyed into this evil region. 'To the Right Reverend Father in God, and gracious Lord Bishop of Dureham,

<sup>1</sup> For an account of the Stews, see my article, *Antiquarian Magazine*, vol. ii. pp. 70-77.

<sup>2</sup> The Cross Bones burial-ground, noticed p. 51. Here in 1791 was built at the corner of Red Cross Street and Union Street the St. Saviour's Charity School, where the red cap boys and the blue cap boys to the number of seventy are educated.

Chancellor of England—Beseecheth yr good and gracious lordship, your poor oratresse Eliza Boteler—that whereas one Thomas Boyde, innholder at the stewes side, he late was in London and came into a man's house there and met with yr sd oratresse and asked of her if she would have a good service, she said she wanted a good master to abyde with and to do such service as she could. Whereupon the sd Thomas desired to have yr sd oratresse with him to see his house upon liking; and so upon trust and by the means of the said Thomas yr said oratresse went with the sd Thomas unto the water side, and then sd Thomas took a boat and brought sd oratresse to his house at the Stews side and then would have compelled her to do such service as other his servants done there, which to do yr said oratresse fully denyed and yet doth, and would rather die than be of that disposition. Whereupon, gracious Lord, said Thomas hath taken action of trespass against sd oratresse in the Bishop of Winchester's court in Southwark, that he may condemn her in such a sum of money that she shall never be able to content it, to the intent that your sd oratresse should apply to the desire of sd Thomas; and he hath kept yr sd oratresse still in prison the space of 3 weeks and more, to her utmost undoing, contrary to all right and good conscience. Wherefore please it yr good and gracious Lordship, the premisses tenderly considered, to give a *corpus cum causâ* directed to the steward of sd court for your sd oratresse, returnable afore the king in his Chancery at a certain day by yr good Lordship, to be remitted, there to be detain'd as good faith and conscience shall



require, and this for the love of God and in the way of Charity.'<sup>1</sup>

Rose Alley, 9 sacramental tokens; Rose and Crown, 19. In the vestry of the parish of St. Mildred, Bread Street, is a plan of the Rose estate, to which parish it belongs, given for charitable purposes by Thomasyn Symonds in 1553.<sup>2</sup> Here was the site of the Rose playhouse,<sup>3</sup> close by the southern end of Southwark Bridge. Rose Alley is shown in the Ordnance map of to-day, still identifying the spot even in name. The estate becomes Henslowe's about 1584, and he entering into partnership with Cholmley, they build the Rose theatre in 1592. The latter finds most of the money. He is 'to hold and occupy a small tenement or dwelling-house in Maiden Lane or Rose Alley at the end of the ground, for the purpose of keeping victualling in or to put to any other use'—in other words, he was to build a playhouse tap; the Rose, like the Globe, requiring its place of refreshment. Human nature is the same; a run out between the acts is a matter of course,—then, for a little beer or wine, now, I am reminded, for brandy and soda, and the owners must be allowed to make profit out of the fictitious thirst. It is reasonably thought that this place was hinted at in Sidney's *Arcadia*, his ideal spot for a playhouse: 'Set in

<sup>1</sup> Public Record Office, *temp.* Ed. IV.

<sup>2</sup> Close Roll, 6 Edward VI. A deed in trust, for herself for life and to the parish after.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Halliwell Phillipps says, 'The earliest legitimate theatre on the south (of the Thames) was the Rose, the erection of which was contemplated in the year 1587; but it would seem from Henslowe's Diary that the building was not opened till early in 1592.'—*Outlines of Life of Shakespeare*, 4th Edition.

a place of roses, all the rest flourishing green, the roses adding such a ruddy show to it as though the field were bashful at its own beauty, and about it, as if made to enclose a theatre, grew such trees.' It is likely that Sir Philip Sidney knew the place well, his intimate friend Sir Edward Dyer living within sight of the Rose, where in truth there had been a veritable rose garden of some extent not many years before. In a Survey of 1547, 1 Edward VI., we learn that it paid £1 : 3 : 4 by the year, the message attached to it called the Rose paying £4. Later, curiously enough, this very ground became notorious for foul smells. 'Sweet as the Rose that grows by the Bear Garden,' is Decker's irony when alluding to it; 'Stinks all stinks exceeding,' are Ben Jonson's plain words.

As early as Edward IV.'s reign, namely in 1474, the Roose, with the Bole already noticed, had been left by Robert Colyns, cofferer of London, 'for almesse dedes, for the soul of said Robert and all Christian souls.' It appears that the executor of the will, John Skyrwith, Leatherseller, desiring to make the estate his own, neglected his trust, and so the aid of the Chancellor is sought, to the end 'that the will may be truly carried out.' Another like bequest I note, showing the custom of the time, and that 'anything was fish that came to the net.' Roger Fitz, a repentant man of violence of Lewisham, makes his will in 1504, and leaves the Lion and the Ram, Ram Alley probably, of the Stews, Southwark, 'to be sold to purchase as much as will be sufficient to obtain a chanting priest, to sing for me and my friends in the church of our Lady at

Lewisham, and in my chapell at Lewisham' (Rushey Green).

A 'Bell' is one of the Stew houses referred to by Stow, and in 1626 is mentioned in Alleyn's will, he leaving a considerable sum secured on four houses here at hand, the Unicorn, Bell, Barge, and Cock, all which had been Philip Henslowe's, and were now his. The surroundings of the four were 'the King's highway next the Thames, N.; the Rose tenement, by site of play-house, E.; a tenement of Lady Stratford's and Maid Lane, S.' The population of the neighbourhood was, it seems, a very mixed one.

We are now at the Bear Garden, apparently not so named as yet in the Token books. There was, however, a Bear Garden at the Thames end of the court, in the possession of John Allen in 1556. The signs of inns, bears and bulls with all their variations, were all over Southwark, but this on the Bankside was *par excellence* the place of rough entertainment. They tell of very important conditions in its old history—cognisances of great families some, others recalling the sports which were in those coarser times the recognised enjoyment of high and low. We have the bear, the bear and ragged staff, the bear's claw—all colours and variations of bears. 'My father's badge, old Nevil's crest; the rampant bear chained to the ragged staff' (*Henry VI.*, Part II., Act V.); both conditions, the sport and the arms, are well shown in the play—'the bear and the bearward, 'the bear on the burgonet.' The bear and ragged staff was a later sign of a copyhold near Scrubb Square, Paris Garden, in 1761, in the very district of bear-baiting three hundred years

before. All over Southwark, in maps and parish lists even to our time, we have had dog yards, dog and bear alleys, notably in Bermondsey and Horselydown. We have here and there stray notices of bear masters going down to these places where dogs were kept and sold. There are trade tokens, for example—

*O.* AT . THE . BEARE . AND . RAGED = A bear and ragged staff.  $\frac{1}{4}$

*R.* STAFE . IN . SOVTHWARKE = I . A . B. Three sugar-loaves.

*O.* BENETT . MARINOR . IN = B . E . M

*R.* KENT . STREETE . 1656 = A bear and ragged staff.

Again there was the Bear's Claw in 1689 in Bermondsey Street. The Dancing Bears at the river end of the 'Bear Garden' court was no common house; from its windows could be seen Queenhithe, opposite, one of the busiest parts of the Thames. Many landing stairs for watermen were right and left; they were always bringing passengers to the sports, from every part of London across the not then 'silent highway.' William Payne, deputy-master of the sports to Queen Elizabeth, holds the Bear Garden after Allen, until 1580. Henslowe, into whose possession it falls<sup>1</sup> in 1610, always a busy man, builds two houses on the spot, and one of them is the Dancing Bears, now under consideration, in which Jacob Meade, lessee of the Hope playhouse and Bear Garden, lives, in the midst of his work. In fact Philip Henslowe, next to the King and Bishop, is the Bankside potentate, freeholder, leaseholder, dyer, maltman, pawnbroker, stew holder, banker, owner of playhouses and Bear Gardens. He was churchwarden

<sup>1</sup> *Alleyn Papers*, p. 13.

and leading vestryman, and, dreadful as was the nuisance, he and Alleyn kept their playhouses going ; he, chief of the Henslowe and Alleyn company at Newington and at the Rose ; Burbage, Shakespeare, and Fletcher chiefs of the company of the Globe and Blackfriars. The Dancing Bears must have been a lively, cheery place of entertainment in 1600. The theatres and bear gardens being in full swing, this inn would be the very resort for players and bear people. We have seen that it was one of Alleyn's houses of call, where he made peace and settled disputes in his convivial way. '1620.—Wine at the Dancing Bear with Jacob,' 'wine with Jacob at the Garden,' and so on. In a suit, 18 James I., Attorney-General against Henslowe and Meade, the depositions<sup>1</sup> of the witnesses, very important ones—were taken at the Dancing Bears ; the document is most interesting, and where one can read a little between the lines, it opens up a good deal of the history of the Bankside in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The action related to the ground upon which the Hope playhouse and Bear Garden was built, as to whether the King or Bishop of Winchester had a right in the soil.

Tighton's Rents has 8 sacramental tokens ; Tayler's Rents, 5 ; Addison's Rents, 13. Edward Addison was a waterman, servant to her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. A lease of seven cottages, a wharf, and Unicorn Alley adjoining the Bear Garden, is granted to him and his wife Joane in 1596 ; in 1602 he pays a rent of £9:10s. to Henslowe. The Token books show John Fletcher the poet living in Addison's Rents in 1598, and for several years after, indeed he lives close at hand until his death

<sup>1</sup> Exchequer Depositions, 18 James I. No. 10.

in 1625. Taylor, the dramatist, introduces us to a feast given by Fletcher. I will quote part of the account from a reprint of the Spenser Society. 'A Faire Chyne of Beefe was once given to Mr. John Fletcher; he pray'd his Hostesse (being an old woman neere the Bankside, where he lodged) to salt it well seven or eight daies, and he would invite some friends to the eating of it. The day being come, and the Chine at the Fire, the woman had not played the Huswife so well in salting of it, but that it had taken Ayre and entertained more Tenants than were welcome; but after it had been three houres at the fire, Master Fletcher had a minde to have a slice hot from the spit, and for that purpose came downe from his Chamber, drew his knife, and cut.' The rest of the story is perhaps somewhat too realistic for our present taste. In spite of its coarseness, however, something might be learnt from a glance at Taylor's narrative; the actual scene and its surroundings are brought vividly before us. The poet has a neighbour not illustrious as yet. It might indeed have been next door that Shakespeare himself lived in Southwark, 'near the Bear Garden in 1596, and after,' as Malone,<sup>1</sup> with the papers before him, says.

In Spencer's Rents are five token-holders; the widow Spencer was the intermediate landlady between Philip Henslowe and the tenants. I think we do not stretch the point when we see in this widow the relict of Gabriel Spencer the actor, killed by Ben Jonson in Hoxton Fields, September 1598.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Inquiry*, p. 215.

<sup>2</sup> Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 263. Spenser Society.

Garland's Rents, 8; Mr. Porkett's Rents, 12; most of these are the names of owners distinguished in the parish for one thing or another, Mr. Garlonde (*sic*), for instance, was appointed, 19th July 1598, with other wardens of St. Saviour's, to appear before the Privy Council and present a petition 'concerning the playhouses in this parish, where the enormities shall be showed that come thereby to the parish, and that in respect thereof they may be dismissed and pulled down from playing; and that four or two of the churchwardens, Mr. Howse and Mr. Garlonde, Mr. John Payne and Mr. Humble, or two of them, and Mr. Russell and Mr. Ironmonger, or one of them, shall present the cause, with a collector of the Boroughside and another of the Bankside.'<sup>1</sup> I presume this resolution of the vestry was, as we say now, for the outdoor public. The course mentioned was not likely to be seriously pressed, with Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn high in parish position and in everybody's favour, both shortly after vestrymen and wardens.

Bore's Head Alley, 38; here no doubt had been an inn, which I have already referred to, p. 115; few more common signs are to be found than this favourite heraldic badge. Having been turned into tenements, they yield plenty of money to Henslowe, from 'my tenants belonging to the Boar's Head,' as he says. Chettle in *Kind Hart's Dream* tells us a little of landlord and tenants hereabout, 'poor souls,' he says of the latter, but perhaps he was in Henslowe's debt. The poets of the Bank were as a rule spendthrifts, and Henslowe liked to turn a penny, nor was he particular as to the way.

<sup>1</sup> Vestry Minutes, St. Saviour's.

Scottes Rents, 7 tokens ; Cardinales Hatte, 8. The Cardinal's Hat was, as we have seen from Stow's list, the sign of an inn or house, of a character, to put it mildly, no better than it should be. The first date known to me in connection with it is 1368, but the district and its customs were legislated upon in 1162—8 Hen. II. 1468.—The Prior of Merton owned it, and might, under conditions, seize in default for his rent of 10s. The district at that time was under ecclesiastical jurisdiction, no doubt from the wording of the Act, by way of mitigating an evil that could not then be suppressed. Skelton in 1529 understands its character, but, as he says, 'that inn is now shut up'—for a time. Carnalls Hat Alley and Love Lane appear in 1630, with apparent fitness together. *Temp.* Henry VII. such houses are dealt with, and some are, as Skelton says, shut up. We have the familiar signs noted, Boar's Head, Crane, Cardinal's Hat, Thatched House, and others, all on the Bankside. Drunken Barnaby flies to the Cardinal's Hat. Our eccentric Water Poet puts a patch upon it—

'We are much better pleas'd with the bare Signe  
Than with the Hat or Card'nall—there's good wine.'

Taylor must have known. The players made it a resort and supped there, and he with them, as the advocate for the watermen in a dispute with the players. He is accused of 'selling them, taking bribes of the players, and having a supper with the latter at the Cardinal's Hat. Cardinal Cap Alley in the Ordnance map now points to the site of this ancient house just where it was five hundred years



ago. The place, as we have seen, is named in the Token book, and appears a well-frequented lodging for decent people, token-holders. In the book for 1592, Richard Fletcher takes 8 tokens; he resides at the Cardinal's Hat. We did not keep all these signs to ourselves; let me mention a passage on the other side of the river, between Nos. 77 and 78 in Lombard Street, which led to Cornhill, and existed before the Great Fire and into this century; some trace of it still exists. Here was a famous tavern called the Cardinal's Cap, of which a farthing trade token is known. In 1445-46 the Lord Mayor gave this tavern, alley, and another house to the brotherhood of our Lady in St. Mary Woolnoth.

Next on our list come Moyses Alley, 21 tokens; Selbyes Rents, 9; Rocket's Rents, 8; Mason Stayres, 16; Mr. Russell's Rents, 12; Mowl-Strand, 4; Oares Rents, 31; Northside, 29; Clarke's Alleye, 33; End of the Bankside, 2. Clarke was, I think, Lady Jacosa Clerke, mother of William Austin, referred to p. 328; her name is to be found on the St. Saviour's memorial stone. At Mason's Stairs, and in Maid Lane south of it, were the two bull and bear baiting places of the oldest maps.

I would remark here upon the population of the Clink at this great era of its history, 1600. The wardens' list of token-holders, *i.e.* of persons at the age of sixteen and over, is 579. That number would now imply a total population of about 930 in the liberty; but as no doubt there were many omissions or erasures, I would put as an approximation, say 1200 persons of all ages living in the Clink in 1600. There is a document at Dulwich

College which will help to place the matter beyond doubt,<sup>1</sup> namely, the state of the Clink liberty in 1608-9, at the assessment for the payment of the third subsidy. We are told that 'it consisteth of 560 householders, 201 being watermen, 100 men of handy trades, besides 150 very poor people, widdows and others all ready to take and not one of them fit to give; many of them receive a weekly pension, the charge coming on the subsidy men, with the help of a few others.' The seasons (assessors) of the subsidy were 'Philip Henslowe, Esq., Edward Allen, Esq., Henry Draper, Roger Cole, John Lee, William Benfield, Francis Carter, Edward Griffen, and William Corden.'

As we saunter along, mentally picturing the past, we cannot but observe the swampy and offensive state of this district; no considerable house was built but on a foundation carefully prepared with piles—well-sinking and pile-driving were common trades. A network of ditches ran in all directions from St. George's Fields to the river, stirred up and perhaps washed out by the tides; these ditches, with all the filth which ran into them, were filtered through the saturated soil into the wells, forming the only water-supply for the people. We can fully account for the visitations, at intervals of a few years, of a plague which destroyed each time from an eighth to a fourth of the people; and when death came upon these multitudes, they were buried in and about the churches, and withal, wells in the porous soil not far off. The wonder was not that so many died, but that so many survived.

<sup>1</sup> Warner, *Catalogue*.

The *Calendar of Surveys*, 1551, shows us with the Bear House and Garden, the Rose and its gardens, the Unicorn inn, and the King's or Queen's Pike Garden, the rent of each, and how they all stood relatively to each other between Maid Lane and the river; Pond yard, hinting at the bear ponds, still exists, marked in the Ordnance map: we might with a deep-seeing backward look recall the bears being washed there.



SMITHS' ARMS, BANKSIDE.

Pitt's Place, Guildford Street, and Pond yard are in the midst of the old Pye or Pike Gardens. Noah's Ark Alley is on some charity ground named as 'God's Providence;' here was the old Noah's Ark, and opposite, the Smiths' Arms, of which departed house a picture, as of old it appeared, is given among our illustrations.<sup>1</sup> The quaint antique look of it seems to imply that the bear people may have talked over many a match and

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted to my friend Mr. J. W. Jarvis for the illustration of this house.

settled many a dispute at the Smiths' Arms, or by whatever name it may have been called then. Certain 'Fish Pondhouses' were here, a highly decorated building of the time of Elizabeth perhaps, with piscatory devices emblematic of the use of the place; a print and account of them is given in the *European Magazine*, 1793. Hereabout was the Unicorn; I cannot go back to the beginning, but it was included in one Henry Polstead's lands, which he purchased by exchange of King Henry VIII., and came no doubt out of the forfeitures of the monks of Bermondsey, the Templars, and knights of St. John, to him. Before all these, it belonged by right of conquest—all this district did—to the Conqueror's soldiers; there is quite ground enough to believe, indeed to be sure of, so much. *Temp.* Edward VI., the inn is leased to Polstead, under the hands of Sir Richard Sackvyle, Walter Mildemay, and Richard Goodrich,<sup>1</sup> as a '*messuage sive hospicium vocat le Unicorn*,' etc., of which he had a lease from the crown for twenty-one years at a rent of £32 : 4 : 5. Addison, the Queen's waterman as I have said, had once a lease of it. In the Polstead leases a tenement, land and pond called the Queen's Pike Garden, are specially reserved with the appropriate charge of a pike for the superior landlord, the Bishop of Winchester.<sup>2</sup> In process of time the property came to Henslowe and to Alleyn. In Alleyn's will the Unicorn is among the property left to his wife Constance.

The Unicorn, but not the Queen's Pike Gardens, in the occupation of his Majesty's purveyor of pike, is

<sup>1</sup> *Survey*.

<sup>2</sup> Recited in copy of a Winchester lease of 1621.

granted by King Charles in 1635 to Sydenham and others, who afterwards dispose of it. In 1759 it is renamed New Thames Street and Crown Court, and some glass works are erected there. In 1779 the property is divided into divers portions, and is covered by a timber yard, and buildings belonging to mast makers; later on we see it as the Skin Market, shown still in the Ordnance map. Unicorn Alley in the Clink map identifies the site in 1827. The following trade tokens were issued from here—

*O.* HANDREY . STROVD . ON = A unicorn.  $\frac{1}{4}$   
*R.* THE . BANK . SIDE . 1658 = H . E . S

again—

*O.* THOMAS . SEABRO = A unicorn.  $\frac{1}{4}$   
*R.* ON . Y<sup>R</sup> . BANK . SIDE = T . E . S

Another Unicorn from Montague Close—

*O.* STEPHEN . OVERMAN = A unicorn.  $\frac{1}{4}$   
*R.* MOVNTAGV . CLOSE = S . M . O

In a will of John Scraggs,<sup>1</sup> elsewhere referred to, among much property left for charities, obits and what not, is a Unycorn next the Catherine Wheel in St. George's parish, the inn of that name which we have described, on the west side of the High Street. A curious and valuable record of 1561 has been found,<sup>2</sup> the original of which is at Warwick Castle: 'Christopher Rolle of London and George Thompson of St. George's, Southwark, carpenter, and Johane his wife:—Sale of six tenements, cotages and gardeyns, called the Bulryng

<sup>1</sup> Schargges, warden of St. Margaret's, *temp.* Henry VII., and Scraggys, 1533, refer, I think, to the same family.

<sup>2</sup> *Halliwel Papers.*

in Bull-ryng Alley of the High Street, St. George's, Southwark.' This document refers to ground covered by the Unicorn, Catherine Wheel, etc. — Scraggs's property. Comparing the names of the alleys and inns which appear in the Record Office map<sup>1</sup> of 1542, with those of Rocque and others, I think I see the George of this 1561 document, in George Alley and yard of Rocque, 1746; the Pewter Pott on the Hoope, in the Falcon inn, now Adam's Place; next door to which north is the Catherine Wheel. The Bull Ring Alley, which the document describes as between the George and the Pewter Pott, would be Three Tun Alley now Brent's Court. This identification settles other points, namely, the site of Brandon's palace, the Bull Ring in the High Street of Southwark, the King's Bench Prison opposite, and the general features of the spot in 1561.

Considerably farther south we come to another Unicorn, which I take the liberty to describe here, leaving the Bankside for the purpose. It was on the east side of Blackman Street, nearly opposite Dirty Lane, now more elegantly Suffolk Street. This is a much more interesting Unicorn, not in itself perhaps, but by good hap from the preservation of an elaborate ground-plan of two hundred and fifty years ago, the original presented to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Halliwell<sup>2</sup> — a picture of a little township at Stone's End. 1627. — The 'Unicorne' Brewhouse is let to George Marsham to make it an inn. He is to lay out £300, of which £40 are allowed him, and to have a lease for thirty-one years

<sup>1</sup> Old Southwark.

<sup>2</sup> Now Mr. Halliwell Phillipps.

at £26. In a suit of 1687-88 this Unicorn is described as in all about twenty houses, granted by the Crown to Thomas Kay and his wife, Robert Livesay, and Gerrard Hore, and now occupied by Bowles and Stephens.<sup>1</sup> The plan is a quaint specimen of old work, with elevations of gable-fronted houses, part inn, part tenements, extending from, say, Trinity Street of the present time to Horsemonger Lane or Union Road. (In Rocque, Unicorn Alley marks the spot.) We have first at the north end the Boar's Head, Mrs. Miller's Shipp or Gallye, pothouses or private signs perhaps; then a court way to private premises behind; then a wider way to extensive Unicorn premises, with parlour, back-kitchen, kitchen, several warehouses, hall, extensive yard, and behind all a large well-appointed garden railed in, apparently on the site of the present Trinity Square. The stabling might well take fifty horses, with behind it a large laystall, the use of which was then free to neighbours. A gunsmith's shop is next the main street (Blackman Street), with a warehouse behind. Between all this group of places and Horsemonger Lane are wheelers, cowkeepers, and perhaps weavers; we have 'Brown's seller' and over that 'Long's chamber,' and so on. I have looked at the very interesting plan until I have mentally seen the multitude of people and the busy life of the place—in the spacious kitchens, parlours, halls, stables and what not, a host of guests of the first quality, and in the extensive yard a play. Written on the plan are memoranda of leases of small subdivisions from 1606, running on some of them for ninety years or so; for example—'Blackwell Skeares,

<sup>1</sup> Hist. MSS. Comm., App. 40th Report, p. 445.

garden yard and bankside at ye upper end of Blacke Street for 44 years at £1 per ann., and a capon and 10s.



KING'S ARMS PUBLIC-HOUSE (Blackman Street).

every "allinācon." Inquire of W. Rawlins, August 1633—14 days after quarter day.' This is close to the site of the present Horse Shoe inn. I have but scant



right to hint that in Strype's *Stow*, 1720, a mistake has been made, and that two Unicorns have been mixed up. The statement I doubt runs as follows: 'On the east side of Blackman Street is the Unicorn Inn, very neat and fine, adorned with carved figures and sundry sorts of birds stuf and set about as if they were alive, with a small ship, such as are hung up in great halls.' Such associations and decorations are far more in accord with the Bankside Unicorn, but I would not presume. Certainly Mrs. Miller's Shipp is here, favouring the account in Strype's *Stow*. At this time, as if a veritable remnant of the place I have been describing, are some picturesque old houses, built of wood and plaster, at precisely the same spot, on the east side of Blackman Street. They have been drawn for this work; one of them is a tavern with the sign of the King's Arms. These houses are in the style of the early seventeenth century, and their gables resemble those shown in the old ground-plan; it seems almost certain that they formed part of the Unicorn. I may add that a seventeenth-century trade token was issued from this inn—

O. IOHN . PRINCE . IN = A unicorn.

R. BLACKMAN . STRET . SOVTHWAK = I . E . P

Rocque's map, 1749, shows, a little north of the Unicorn, Flying Horse yard, still existing, and a little south, near Horsemonger Lane, the Horse Shoe inn.

This will perhaps be a convenient place for saying a few words more about the Horse Shoe inn, otherwise Sacheverell's alehouse; something has already been said of it (p. 55) in connection with a political meeting.

From this house was issued a seventeenth-century trade token which reads thus—

O. IOHN . IVES . IN . 1667 = HIS HALF PENY.       $\frac{1}{2}$   
 R. BLACKMAN . STREET = A horse-shoe.    I . I . I.

Sacheverell, the notorious divine, was appointed preacher at St. Saviour's in 1705. There is a tradition that he and the high church party of the neighbourhood used to meet at this inn and discuss matters connected with their opinions. In that scarce book the *Vade Mecum* for Maltworms, written about 1715, is a somewhat enigmatical allusion to the 'Horse Shoe by the King's Bench,' 'Jonney, my dear Honey, is the Reckoning paid?' which may or may not be meant for this. But the house is best remembered from the following circumstance: in the Wilkes and Liberty riots of 1768 several persons were killed, and among them William Allen, son of Allen, keeper of the Horse Shoe, was shot by a soldier,<sup>1</sup> who pursued him into the cowhouse there. The matter was of course very hotly taken up; the Rector of Newington preaching an indignant sermon, *England's Warning Piece*, which was published, 'and sold by Mrs. Shepherd at the end of Horsemonger Lane, where the murder was committed.' A picture showing young Allen in the cowhouse, unarmed, attacked by the three soldiers, was published in the *Graphic*, 21st November 1885, copy of an original in the Gardiner Collection dedicated to the Earl of Bute; the figure of a boot derisively shown in it.<sup>2</sup> A petition

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, quoting Northouck; and a collection of pieces relative to the inhuman massacre in St. George's Fields, 10th May 1768. Printed 1769.

<sup>2</sup> See Annual Register, p. 196, etc. 1771.

presented to the Commons by Mr. Serjeant Glynne from Allen's father, 'praying an inquiry into the murder of his son, and for justice against the inhuman murderer,' was rejected—158 against, 33 for. A somewhat sumptuous monument was placed in Newington churchyard, having on it this inscription—

'Sacred to the memory of William Allen, an Englishman of unspotted life and amiable disposition, who was inhumanly murdered near St. George's Fields on the 10th day of May 1768 by a Scottish detachment from the army. His disconsolate parents, inhabitants of this parish, caused this tomb to be erected to an only son, lost to them and to the world in his twentieth year, as a monument of his virtues and their affection.'

On the west side of the tombstone was the inscription, 'Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness,' Proverbs xxv. 5. It is however implied in the evidence of an eye-witness that Allen was in the riot, and threw a stone, which reached its mark on a serjeant's face, and that running into the cowhouse he was pursued and shot. In Totteridge's *Compleat Guide to London*, 1742, the Horse Shoe appears largely resorted to by coaches and carriers for short stages; it still has extensive stabling, and is now No. 7 Newington Causeway, the street having been renamed. The house is modernised, but part of the interior is of considerable age.

## CHAPTER XII

THE FALCON—SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN—IRON RAILINGS  
ROUND ST. PAUL'S—PARIS GARDEN—GOLDSMITHS' ARMS  
OR FINCH'S GROTTO—OLD KING'S ARMS, SURREY ROW  
—ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS—APOLLO GARDENS—DOG  
AND DUCK

WE must now return to the Bankside, and finish our quest there. The Falcon, at the boundary of St. Saviour's parish, west by the river, has disappeared as an inn, leaving, in several ways, its name behind—Falcon coal wharf, Falcon glass works, Falcon foundry, Falcon docks, etc. The boundary marks appear to be misplaced; the parish of Christchurch is said to have encroached by claiming (this was some time since) the whole of Horne's<sup>1</sup> premises. In the act forming Paris Garden manor into a new parish the boundary west is described as on the west of Horne's house, the whole of that house being therefore in St. Saviour's parish.<sup>2</sup>

The place known as Widflete, before 1113 in possession of one of the Conqueror's soldiers, Robert Marmion,

<sup>1</sup> The predecessor of the present Mr. Horne.

<sup>2</sup> See the official copy of Parish Boundaries, 1821. The Ordnance map does not recognise this statement, so possibly there may have been a compromise.

passed from the Marmions to the Prior and Monks of Bermondsey, and then successively to the Templars, the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to the King, and to others. The corn of the priory of St. Mary Overy was ground at this manorial mill.<sup>1</sup> *Temp.* Henry VI. the premises were recovered by the Bishop of Winchester from the prior of St. John of Jerusalem.<sup>2</sup> In a deed, 32 Henry VIII., a tenement called the 'ffawcon' is described as bounded by the wall of the king's manor, 84 feet; in breadth towards the king's park, 43 feet; in length towards the tenement called the George, 92 feet; in width against the King's High Street, 44 feet.<sup>3</sup> Time passes on, the property often changes hands. In 1647, the war between the King and Parliament over, the Falcon and the Stews are sold as church lands for £484, the former described as 'all that tenement or inn with the appurtenances known by the name of the Faulcon, part and parcel of the possessions of the late Bishoprick of Winchester, consisting of 29 rooms, 3 cellars, 1 stable, with hay-loft yard, and a wharf with a pair of stairs to land at from the river Thames.' Apparently, as was said, the travelling and lodging accommodation was suitable for one of the most considerable inns in this part of Surrey. Here was a ferry, boats without number, and coaches to all

<sup>1</sup> See Ordnance map, London. 1875.

<sup>2</sup> Recited in a lease of the Bishop's, dated 1640, from much earlier ones, as St. John's Mill, otherwise Paris Garden Mill, excepting a 'messuage or tenement now used or occupied as an inn, called the Faulcon, in tenure of John Gough.'

<sup>3</sup> In possession of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, who kindly drew my attention to it. The King's Park means, I think, Winchester Park, which had just been taken from Wolsey's into the King's hands.

parts of the near counties. Looking back a little, it is said that Shakespeare and his fellows resorted hither, which no doubt they did, to this and to other of the numerous inns on the Bankside with landing places, where a little sack might be had. The players were continually passing to and from the Globe and Blackfriars playhouses, but no formal mention is made of the Falcon in connection with Shakespeare.

Taylor, referring to the Falcon on the Bankside, gives us one of his playful verses—

‘These Faulcons to the lure did never stoope ;  
Nor do they mue, mute, cast their gorge, or droope,  
Nor ever mounted to the sky, past ken,  
Yet all their game is still to pleasure men.’

In sober prose he tells us (1687) that ‘a carrier from Reygate in Surrey doth come every Thursday (or oftener) to the Falcon.’ Southwark, as has been pointed out in our account of the Greyhound and elsewhere, was quite a sporting place. The bear garden masters seek dogs in Bermondsey; hawks are bought in the same neighbourhood; and, as we see, the Water Poet is familiar with hawking phraseology. 1594.—‘Tom Forman<sup>1</sup> buys in Southwark a cast of tassels, so he wanteth nothing but a good cyterne to his voyce.’<sup>2</sup> Pepys, as we should expect, visits the inn. 23d Feb. 1667-68.—‘Lord’s day, by water

<sup>1</sup> Cal. Dom. s. d. Tassel, a male falcon. Tarsell, value 13s. 4d.

<sup>2</sup> Hawking or falconry was in great favour, and the beautiful cruel bird so much fancied, no wonder that many inns bore the sign. The plains and woods about Southwark were charmingly fitted for sport; the monks of Bermondsey often gave their friends fine opportunities for these diversions. In 1337, the Bishop of Ely excommunicated certain persons who had stolen a hawk from its perch in the cloisters of Bermondsey Priory.

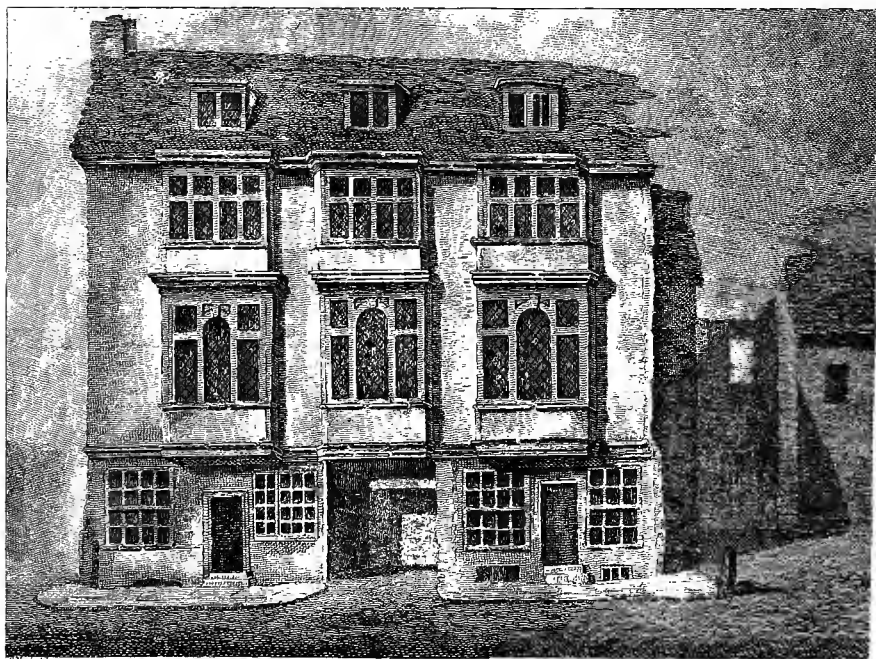
over to Southwark, and so walked to the Falcon on the Bankside, there got another boat and so to Westminster, where I would have gone into the Swan, but the door was locked.' It was the Lord's day, perhaps the wardens<sup>1</sup> were still on duty, willing to present any houses open at the time.

Concanen and Morgan (*Account of St. Saviour's*, 1799), when noticing the Falcon Iron Foundry, mention 'the Falcon public-house adjoining' as having been part of it. They go on to tell us that 'the dwelling-house now occupied by Mr. Prickett at the foundry is said to have been built by Sir Christopher Wren for Mr. Jones, who then carried on the business of an iron founder, and contracted for the railings round St. Paul's Church, which were here cast.' On a drawing, signed C. Richardson,<sup>2</sup> copied from one by W. Capon in 1789, is some writing to the point as follows: 'Part of the dwelling-house of Sir Christopher Wren is seen through the opening of the gates of the iron foundry, in which was cast the ironwork of St. Paul's Cathedral. From a balcony on the top of the house Sir Christopher used to watch the work at St. Paul's as it proceeded; it was his constant custom to do so in the morning. I was so informed by a very old gentleman belonging to the foundry, at the time I was making my sketches for the pantomime at the Royal Circus, St. George's Fields, in 1789. I have never seen any representation by

<sup>1</sup> 1634.—St. Saviour's, Southwark, Bishop to Churchwardens—'Do they, about the midst of Divine service, usually walk out of the church, and see who are abroad, in any alehouse or elsewhere?'

<sup>2</sup> Gardner Collection.

any hands but my own, and I believe this to be perfectly unique.' The scene referred to by Capon was destroyed with many others when the playhouse was burnt in 1805. 'The dwelling-house,' says Capon, 'was taken down some time since.' Mr. Norman sees reason to doubt this. From a comparison of various



FALCON TAVERN, 1805.

drawings and an inspection of the place he thinks it is still standing, though modernised now, as 46 Holland Street, in the occupation of the Hydraulic Power Company. The south front is much the same as it was when a drawing of it was made in 1794, which is now lost, but has been copied for the Crace Collection by T. H. Shepherd. The copy is in portfolio 34, No. 179,



and is named 'South front of Falcon, Bankside.' Above is another drawing with the words, 'North front of the Falcon, and Sir C. Wren's on Bankside and the place (foundry) in which were cast the iron rails of St. Paul's, as it appeared in 1710.' The drawing of the north side shows a brick building with much ornamentation, which has now disappeared, the brickwork on this side having been faced with stucco. Next it, on the west, is evidently the Falcon Tavern, as can at once be told by comparing it with the well-known engraving in Wilkinson's *Londina*, of which we give a copy. In an illustration to Pennant (Guildhall Library) is a drawing of the house, which is described as 'Falcon coal wharf, Bankside, Southwark,' and in pencil, 'said to be the house inhabited by Sir Christopher Wren during the building of St. Paul's.' It is stated by another authority that the railings of St. Paul's were cast at Lamberhurst in Kent—that there were some 2500 palisades inclosing upwards of two acres of ground. The following from our first authority on this subject, the Rev. Dr. Simpson, sub-Dean of St. Paul's, is from *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, vol. ii. p. 445, and is supplemented by a very kind letter to me to the same effect.

#### THE IRON RAILINGS ROUND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Three short paragraphs relating to the iron railings round St. Paul's Cathedral have appeared at various times in *Notes and Queries* (1st Series, vol. i. p. 446, and 5th Series, vol. i. p. 60 and vol. v. p. 77), but I do not find that I have ever sent you the actual details of their weight and of their cost. The following particulars are taken from the original account books, of which a fine series is preserved in the archive room of the Cathedral. I have retained the original spelling.

From 24 June 1714, to 31 Decr. following inclusive.

To Richard Jones, smith, ffor the Large Iron Fence round the Church (viz<sup>t</sup>):—

	Tun	cwt.	qrs.	lb.	£	s.	d.
Totall weight at 6d. per lb.	207	5	3	09	11,608	06	06
Deducted for several parcels returned . . .	7	5	0	12	406	06	00

Remains for acco<sup>t</sup> at 6d.

p<sup>r</sup>. lb. . . . . 200 0 2 25 11,202 00 06

To John Slyford for Carriage, &c., of Mr. Jones's Iron Worke from the Water side to the Church, viz<sup>t</sup>:—

ffor Cranage, Wharfage, and Carrage of 207 Tonn of Iron Worke to St. Paul's, ffrom 13th Sept.

1710, to the 10th June inclusive, 1714, at

2<sup>s</sup>. 6<sup>d</sup>. p<sup>r</sup>. Tonn . . . . . 25 18 00

W. SPARROW SIMPSON.

From other numbers of *Notes and Queries* I learn that the auctioneers at a sale of some of these railings announced them as made of the best Sussex charcoal iron, cast about 1710; and it appears that they are nearly the last specimens known of Sussex iron. This trifling discrepancy is explained by the fact that Lamberhurst is in both counties—Kent and Sussex. The neighbourhood<sup>1</sup> contained iron ore in abundance, and, before the smelting with coal, there were furnaces here and works for castings. The Duke of Gloucester visited Lamberhurst works,<sup>2</sup> and one of the furnaces—the one in which the iron railings of St. Paul's were cast—was called the Gloucester furnace in honour of the visit. I cannot but conclude that the railings were cast at Lamberhurst, and from there sent, by water

<sup>1</sup> Charles Knight's *Journey Book of Kent*, p. 221. 1842.

<sup>2</sup> I have not the date.

chiefly, to the Falcon foundry, to be finished and fitted for St. Paul's.

Not far from here, at the east corner of the northern entrance to John Street, was an ancient public-house, called the Baptist's Head, from which perhaps the street was named. I am reminded by the very wide associations of the Falcon that in the last century, and indeed long before, there were houses by the riverside<sup>1</sup> for refreshment and pastime, known by curious characteristic signs. In Braun's map of 1572 are shown 'Beere-houses,' extensive places with trees and walks; the largest apparently at Horselydown, already alluded to, others at St. Catherine's opposite, and one by Charing Cross. Beerhouses, as these fine places were called, developed or retrograded at last into such places as Cuper's Gardens, Vauxhall, Cremorne, or, farther from the river, into the Dog and Duck, Restoration, Apollo, Grotto, and Marylebone Gardens.

At Paris Garden were some less important places of the same kind—humble resorts—where the citizen and his family might have refreshments and a view of the busy river. The Leaguer is handy for the coarsest tastes, set forth in a well-known description.<sup>2</sup> The Beggars' Bush, Holland's Leaguer, and Mock Beggar Hall are probably identical, referring to different phases of the same place. At one time it appears to be the Manor House of Paris Garden, inhabited by

<sup>1</sup> Of course the only very facile means of local travel at the time was by the river.

<sup>2</sup> Wilkinson's *Londina*, with illustrations, and the contemporary 'Holland's *Leaguer*; a historical discourse,' etc., 1632. Also a picture of the Leaguer—a turreted building near the Swan, 1608 and after.

noted people; at another, the vilest stew house in a district of stew houses, known as Holland's Leaguer; at another, a poor man's refuge or early lodging-house. In the St. Saviour's vestry minutes of 1688, we find reference to Beggar's Hall, by Maid Lane—'Mock Beggar Manour, for they came in vain,' of the Water Poet. Among the ballads annotated upon by Mr. Chappell for the Ballad Society, is 'the map of Mock-begger Hall, with his scituation in the Spacious Countrey called Anywhere.' The illustration, in Mr. Halliwell Phillipps's opinion, 'represents the notorious brothel in Southwark, kept by a Mrs. Holland in the reign of Charles I.; the present Holland Street runs over the site of the house,' but apparently has no other connection with the Holland's Leaguer.

There are also the Windmill, the Orange Tree tea-garden, the Five Pints,<sup>1</sup> and Hot Water Alley, all in Paris Garden Lane; the Castle, the Next Bush, the Beggars' Bush, and the Blue Pump, all within sight; the Nag's Head, the Cock and Bottle, close to the Leaguer; and not far off Joseph's Dream and the Catts, on ground once the Earl of Arundel's. Later on Cat's Dock is shown near the site of the Stone Cross of the older time, a reminder of devotion by the wayside, here probably before 1500, certainly visible at the end of Paris Garden Lane in Aggas's map of 1560. The Blue Pump shows as its sign a man pumping with all his might, 'Poor Tom's last refuge.' Another Pump in Churchyard Alley, Tooley Street, must, with its

<sup>1</sup> This reminds one of the Full Pot in St. Thomas's Close, 1701, and of the fact that drinkers like good measure.

inscription, 'This pump runs clear with ale and beer,'<sup>1</sup> have been, however, a mocking sign to Poor Tom.

In 1391 this spot, *i.e.* Paris Garden, is the recognised destination for City refuse; in 1578 it is represented as dark, with trees<sup>2</sup> full of hiding-places, riverside landings, with *virgultas* (twigs) and willow aits. 1597.—Gerard finds many a wild flower here, to be mentioned in his great *Herbal*,—the hedgehog or harrie grass, the great water burr reed, the narrow-leaved arrow-head, the crow-foot and the frog-bit;—the botanist could, from these, give a guess at the kind of place it was then. In 1618 it is a grazing ground for cattle; there is right of common and pasture, as the Sewer presentments show. 1637.—The builders are at it, with such speed that thirty years after the parish of Christchurch is constituted. In 1657 Cromwell had to decide between the disputants, William Angell who would build, and others who thought it would be their 'utter ruine!'

A little west of the Falcon stairs ferry and inn we come to Paris Garden Lane and stairs, the way to the Swan and western Bear Garden. The Wardens find twenty-six persons in Paris Garden Lane of age for the Communion. A little farther west is the house and landing for the King's barges—Old Barge House Alley of the present Ordnance map. 1515.—A charge of 16d. is entered in the accounts for the King's barge to Paris Garden, probably for the sports. Officers of the Royal household, barge masters, watermen, saddlers, grooms of

<sup>1</sup> This couplet occurs on a seventeenth-century trade token issued by John Cox.

<sup>2</sup> State Papers, Cal. Dom., 13th July 1578.

the chamber, and others—many of them men of note—abound on the Bankside. Later on we have a public-house with the sign, the King's Barge House, of which a token is preserved—

O. NIC . YATES . AT . Y<sup>E</sup> . KINGS , OLD . BARGE = HIS HALFE PENY.  
1669.  $\frac{1}{2}$

R. HOVS . VPER . GROVND . SOUTHWARK = The Bakers' Arms.

We must pass on in the direction of St. George's Fields and the Dog and Duck, and shall soon come to the Grotto.

An illustration of Wilkinson's *Londina*, dated 1825, shows, in the Southwark Bridge Road, a public-house called the Goldsmiths' Arms, of a type common in my youth, having a wide frontage, a door in the centre; under the bay window on the left, half beneath the street level, a cobbler's stall, a girl in front offering shoes to mend. A large inscription, with appropriate drawings of balls and ninepins, tells of good skittle grounds attached; in front we read 'The Old Grotto,' new revived. The picture is of the inn built after 1795, a fire having in that year consumed its predecessor, and with it a tablet on which was inscribed the following couplet:—

' Here herbs did grow and flowers sweet,  
But now 'tis called Saint Georges Street.'

The place had been 'The Grotto,' and was advertised in 1760 as 'at the upper end of George's Street, the way through Bandy Leg Walk leading directly to the Gardens.' It is very amusing to compare an old and a modern map, and see the transformation of names.

Our forefathers not only called a spade a spade, but they sometimes did not mind leaving the dirt upon it. Rocque could not be read out in company; but Bandy Leg Walk, now Guildford Street, Dirty Lane, now Great Suffolk Street, Foul Lane, now York Street, Thieves Lane, now St. Thomas's Street, are comparatively refined specimens. In his map of 1746 Rocque shows chiefly gardens, tenter grounds, and bowling greens hereabout—among these the Grotto was placed. Southwark Bridge Road did not come into existence until long after—about 1825. The advertisement mentioned above offers, as an inducement to visit the Grotto gardens, that a boat may be had at any hour of the night at the Falcon, Blackfriars, or at Mason Stairs, Bankside. The coachway was by Blackman Street.

Most of these places of entertainment were associated with wells and gardens. The water of the wells was merely the filtered soakage of a supersaturated soil, and could be obtained almost anywhere in Southwark—some credulous or covetous local doctor and imagination did the rest. The health-restoring well was there; the people came to drink the waters, to be amused, and in fact to take part in all sorts of things, bad, good, and indifferent. Visitors not unfrequently had breakfast in the taverns at the 'wells,' by way of receiving the water at the best time—the early morning. By and by music was introduced, and then dancing. Then the gardens were illuminated, balls came into vogue, and occasionally there were fireworks. Not far off was 'Cuper's' euphemistically 'Cupid's Garden,' the decline of which pushed

into notice the Grotto. One Finch was the proprietor, and gave it the name of Finch's Grotto. He built a grotto over the 'Spring,' in the centre a fountain was made to play over artificial embankments, forming a cascade; the whole place was planted with shrubs and trees. The organ was made by Pike of Bloomsbury, the octagon room was decorated with paintings, and festoons of flowers hid the orchestra. One of Finch's waiters, then eighty years of age, who knew all about the place, was Wilkinson's informant, and old Mr. Griffiths of St. George's, known to me, completed the story. The gardens must have been attractive, and in a way respectable. Members for Southwark gave here annual dinners to their constituents; some of the Prince of Wales's<sup>1</sup> sons had their frolics here. The Borough assembly was held at the Grotto, and music and singing and card tables in another apartment. A lodge of Freemasons and a club of the most respectable people of the neighbourhood patronised the 'Grotto House.' Suett, the wonderful Dicky Suett, sang here; Handel's music was performed; Tom Weston of Drury Lane sang his song of 'Johnny Pringle's Pig.' Sheets of published music are now to be picked up, as 'sung with great applause at the Grotto Gardens.' With all these advantages, and the health-restoring waters, what more could be desired? But fate was too much for the gay place. The music-room was turned into a mill, and the Southwark Volunteers established here their armoury.

<sup>1</sup> Father of George III., referred to in a skit of the time—

'Here lies Fred

Who was alive and is dead.'



About 1778 the glory of the Grotto, even with the name changed to the Goldsmiths' Arms, having departed, and a new burying-ground being wanted by the St. Saviour's people, the trustees, under the Act 14 George III., purchased, as they thought, the fee-simple of 'messuage and lands known as the Grotto Gardens;' being in excess of the requirement for a burying-ground, a space of 84,141 feet was apportioned for a workhouse at a cost of £830, and of 34,131 feet for the burying-ground at the proportional cost of £337. The ground was consecrated by the Bishop of Rochester on behalf of the Bishop of Winchester, and so declared by Commissary Dr. George Harris in a tent on the ground. 1780, August 1.—The first burial, that of Richard Chapman, took place in the ground adjoining the workhouse, and the vestry minutes of St. Saviour's parish in 1786 show 'order as to burials and to prices in the New Grotto Burial-Ground.' The workhouse itself cost in building about £5000, and was sold in 1799 to Mr. Harris,<sup>1</sup> the noted hat manufacturer. Some costly mistakes seem to have been made in this transaction; the intended uses lapsed; probably the Bishop's leaseholds were, as had happened at the 'Cross Bones,' loosely confused with more permanent rights, the ruling powers of St. Saviour's, or rather the parishioners, being

<sup>1</sup> It became the residence and the hat manufactory of this gentleman, and unfortunately it was named Winchester House. I have had often to correct the mistake (arising out of the name), that it was the site of the palace of the Bishops of Winchester for hundreds of years. Mr. Harris had been chief warden of St. Saviour's, and was greatly esteemed. He was elected in 1830 as Member for Southwark together with the notable General Sir Robert Wilson, but he died from the excitement consequent on this triumphant election, before he could take his seat.

victimised, as they had been long before in the case of the Rectory,<sup>1</sup> and as they were in 1729 by Lade and his adherents. Now, in 1884, the spot is covered by a very showy pile of red buildings, the chief station of the London Fire Brigade. In digging the foundation for this building a remarkable quantity of human remains was found, thought at first to be one of the old plague pits—some known to be near at hand and others on some authority suspected. The facts against this supposition are, that the bodies were found laid in regular rows as in burial-places, and the certainty that this was the St. Saviour's Grotto burial-ground already referred to; but I think it was not long enough in use to account for the quantity of remains.

The neighbourhood of the Grotto was, we may suppose, not over nice, although it had been, as the tablet says, noted for sweet flowers. At the end of George's or St. George's Street was Hangman's acre; part let to the St. Saviour's vestry for base uses, part at the end of the last century occupied by a New Bride-well,<sup>2</sup> which in its turn has long since disappeared.

The Mint was at hand, and Dirty Lane and Higler's Lane, Melancholy Walk, balanced by Paradise Row, and so on. A short distance to the west in Melancholy Walk, the Surrey Row of recent maps, is a somewhat picturesque-looking inn of the last century, the old King's Arms. We give an illustration of it from a water-colour in the Gardner Collection without name or date. There is also a drawing by T. H. Shepherd, dated 1852, in the British

<sup>1</sup> *Temp.* James I.

<sup>2</sup> Horwood's Map, 1799.

Museum. The house is still standing, but the trees and bay windows have disappeared. A railway viaduct is within a few yards, and the surroundings are now in truth very depressing. It was at one end of Melancholy Walk, and 'Johnny Groats,' a similar house, was at the other end, with behind it extensive gardens for public enter-



OLD KING'S ARMS, SURREY ROW.

tainments. 'Slut's Well,' one of the parish boundary marks, was here also.

In 1664 was published a quaint little book, *The Aime for Archers of St. George's Fields*, to be sold at the sign of the Man in the Moon in Blackman Street, containing rules<sup>1</sup> for shooting with the long bow, and a list of butts and marks, as many as a hundred and eleven of

<sup>1</sup> Here is a specimen of the rules, whatever it may mean :—' If you have any mishap in nocking amiss, if you can reach your arrow with your bow you may shoot again, if it flee further it is a shoot.'

them with arbitrary names. One rangé was from 'Brownsmith's Butt to the Cock in the nine acres; then there was the Cat and Fiddle to the Gun; the Hartichock to the Cock; Noah's Flood to the Cock, both in nine acres,' and so on. The Newington 'butts' had been here of old; the name remains in the Postal Directory to this day. The fields were noted for all kinds of sports, some of them hardly deserving the name, as we shall see when we come to the Dog and Duck. In 'A farrago of nonsense,' we have the sign of the Barking Dogs in St. George's Fields, kept by Obadiah Borndrunk, and the father and mother of Susan at the sign of the Wooden Dishclout.<sup>1</sup>

About this time, 1630-60, the registers show what a rough place it was,—killed, slain in St. George's Fields, are frequent entries. There was a right of common and of pasture over St. George's Fields from time immemorial until 1772 and afterwards, when some acts of Parliament were passed for extinguishing this right. The fields abounded in 'Gardens,' where all sorts of people met to drink and smoke, and indeed to pass their time anyhow. From a handbill we learn that 'Mr. Shanks has a grinning match, and the blowzalindas are to run a race for an inner garment.' In a flaring caricature picture of the time, the last century, three of these blowzes are at full speed, with the beadle, and the parson in canonicals, represented as calmly seeing fair play. This assemblage of places of vicious amusement in the fields went by the name of the 'Surrey College of Crime,' much as the Bankside was known before as 'Bear's College.'

<sup>1</sup> Catalogue of Chap Books. J. O. Halliwell.

Apollo Road was the main thoroughfare from the Obelisk to the Orphan Asylum, and just where Maudsley's now is were the Apollo Gardens—in 1799 represented as 'degenerated, dissolute, shut up and suppressed.' At hand were the Restoration Gardens, so called from the 'spring.' According to an advertisement of 1733, it was 'a very fine chalybeate spring of the nature of Piermont water, but superior.' In truth it was never anything but the soakage of a swamp, and therefore permeated with unwholesome ingredients. 'The water could be had fresh daily at the Gardens, and at a cork-cutter's under Exeter Change in the Strand. *N.B.* These waters far exceed those at the Dog and Duck;' so the advertisement said. The fools were taken in by the knaves, century after century, and I have known worldly-wise people, and people of all religious persuasions, ready to vouch for like fictitious wares, to take the profit, and make light of the scandal. A tradesman's token of the Garden gives us—

*O.* WILL. HAGLEY. AT.  $\gamma^E$ . REST = HIS HALFE PENY  $\frac{1}{2}$   
*R.* ORATION.  $s^T$ . GEORGES. FEILDS = W. M. H

### Another

*O.* THOMAS. MICHELL. AT. THE = MYSIK HOYSE  $\frac{1}{2}$   
*R.* ST. GEORGES. FEILDES = HIS HALF PENY

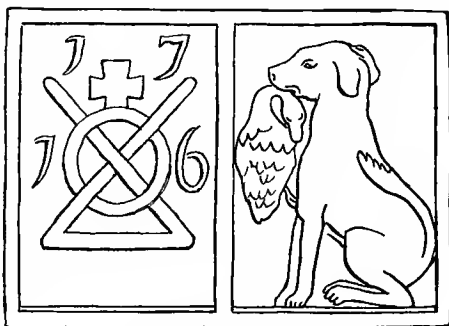
1714.—'At the new cock pit at the Restauration Spring Garden<sup>1</sup> in St. George's Fields there will be a great match of cock fighting, two guineas a battle, and twenty guineas the odd battle, all the week, beginning at 4 o'clock exactly. There are to be races and other diversions in St. George's Fields this day.' It was to the

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards the garden of Curtis the botanist.

Restoration that Austin's great pudding of 900 lbs. weight was to be brought, which was attacked on its way by hungry Minters and devoured. Anything big or strange, however absurd, drew the people; there was close by a kettle of huge size on wheels, and an attendant, who from the size of it might have lived in the spout. This curiosity was from Sheffield and was mainly 'for ladies.' An iron house on wheels was there, a milk shed presided over by a very fat woman, with a notice 'asses' milk sold here.' In my time about the circle of the obelisk were wooden houses on wheels, 'trying it on,' as I thought, by squatting long enough to obtain right of ground. One of these houses was a barber's, whose board outside had this inscription, 'Shave for a penny, hair cut for twopence, and a glass of gin into the bargain;' but that was before my shaving time—1818, as I seem to remember.

The Dog and Duck, the most notorious of these public-house tea-garden resorts of St. George's Fields, plays a somewhat important part in the social history of Southwark during the eighteenth century. To begin at the beginning. In the Parliamentary troubles of 1642 a fort of four bulwarks at the 'Dog and Duck' is mentioned, one of the many erected round London. A drawing by T. H. Shepherd, in the Crace Collection, is said to have been copied from one representing the Dog and Duck in 1646. It appears as an old-fashioned public-house with fields close at hand. No doubt it was frequented for years by Cockneys who indulged in the brutal amusement of duck-hunting. Places of this description were common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The print of the Dog and Duck in Carrington Street,

Mayfair, will show as well as another what they were like. An old wooden building, at the back a pond 200 feet square, round which was a gravel walk 10 feet wide, shaded by willows. The admission in 1748 was 2d., and visitors might bring their own dogs. The sport consisted in the duck diving to escape, and the dog continually barking and pursuing. The rude stone sign of the Dog and Duck in St. George's Fields (not probably of the original building) still remains, let into the garden-wall of Bethlehem Hospital. It is divided into two compartments, and shows on the right a



SIGN OF DOG AND DUCK.

spaniel squatting with a duck in its mouth ; on the left is the date 1716, and the mark of the Bridgehouse estate, used also, but without authority, for the Southwark Arms. We give an outline sketch of this relic of the past.

When the duck-hunting ceased is not recorded, but the place became a Spa about the middle of last century. A family of the name of Hedger appears to have been the first to sell the mineral water, and it is possible, considering the wide, and even the learned credulity prevailing, that they actually believed in their commodity. A writer, quoted by Larwood, says: 'It was a very small public-house till Hedger's mother took it, who had been a barmaid to a tavern-keeper in London, who left this house to her at his death. Her

son Hedger then was a postboy to a yard, I believe, at Epsom, and came to be master there. After making a good deal of money, he left the house to his nephew, one Miles, who was to allow him £1000 a year (though it still went in Hedger's name). It was he that allowed the house to acquire so bad a character that the licence for a time was taken away. I have this from one William Nelson, who was servant to old Mrs. Hedger. There never was any duck-hunting since he knew the gardens.' De Castro,<sup>1</sup> a good authority, calls the nephew Mills; he tells the story in this fashion—'Old Sampson, rider at the Three Hats, Islington, obliged to leave on account of the success of Saddler's Wells, erected a temporary circus in the field next to the rude hedge and roadside ale-house kept by Mrs. Hedger, mother of the noted and successful man known later as the King of the Fields; people swarmed, so she sent for her son from the country,' and he probably invented the waters.

Let us recall the Dog and Duck as a health resort. In this and other instances in connection with spas and springs we have a good deal of rascality and lamblike credulity coming out. *Now*, if we want to make a place pay, and draw the builders and the people, we first establish a church; so far very good: *then*, a health-restoring spring of water did the work. These could easily be managed; wherever they issued from the ground they contained something extremely nasty, and of course salubrious, as we shall see in the case of the Dog and Duck. Here is an advertisement showing the state

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of J. De Castro, Comedian*, by R. Humphreys. 1824.



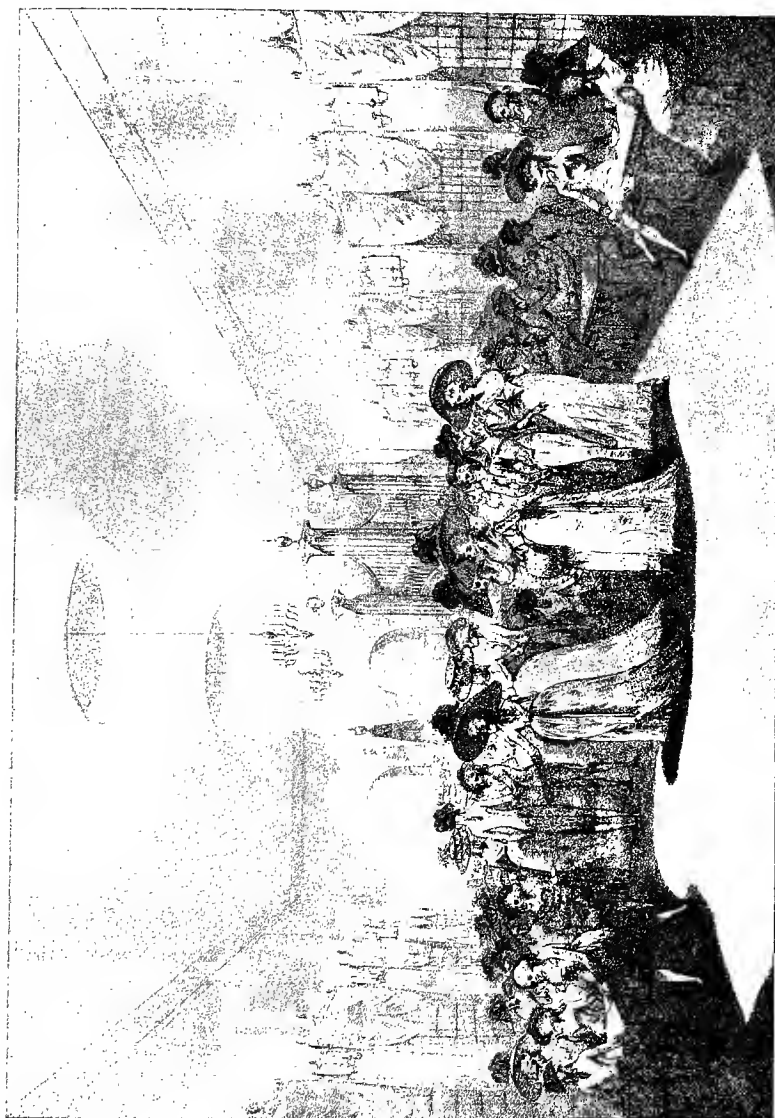
of things, which is worth preserving: '1754.—The water at the Dog and Duck Spaw is now in its full perfection, the long room is open as usual for the breakfasting of gentlemen and ladies,—the nobility and gentry may be supplied with these waters at the wells, they are sold at no warehouses, they are recommended by the most eminent physicians, and are in use by people of the highest distinction for various disorders, such as weak eyes, rheumatism, stone or gravel, scorbutic humours, decayed appetite,' and all the rest of it. '*N.B.*—All waters delivered from this place, St. George's Spaw, in St. George's Fields, known by the name of the Dog and Duck, are, if in bottle, sealed with the City Arms and Dog and Duck, unbottled at 6d. per gallon.' The water is 'aperient,'<sup>1</sup> and upon the principle that 'the pleasure is as great in being cheated as to cheat,' there was no fear that the transparent fraud would be recognised, every one being prepared to believe, and so it was naively announced that Epsom salts might be had on the premises at three-halfpence per oz. Doctors, such as they were, lent their presumed authority to these deceptions, rogues and fashionables, knaves and fools, self-indulgents and hypochondriacs, helped them on, and were themselves deceived. Urbanus Sylvan, in the *St.*

<sup>1</sup> Russell on Sea Water, p. 268, 1760, informs us of its contents—200 grains of solids to the gallon—and of its curative qualities in a number of diseases. He writes as a believer. 1856.—I procured an analysis of water from the superficial well here, formerly the medicinal spring of the Dog and Duck, and published it in my first report as officer of health to the parish of St. George's, Southwark. 'Impurities, as they are now called, 80 grains per gallon, chiefly consisting of alkaline chlorides, sulphates and nitrates, gypsum and carbonate of lime, with a little phosphoric acid. A decidedly unsafe water.'

*James's Chronicle*, 1761, asks as a matter not admitting denial, 'Does Tunbridge or Cheltenham or Buxton Wells come up to (*inter alia*) the Dog and Duck in St. George's Fields?' Miss Talbot writes from Lambeth to the wise Mrs. Carter in 1763, 'Could you find it in your heart to leave l'aimable Baronne Allemande? . . . I had still rather you could in conscience recommend the Dog and Duck just by us.' In 1769 the owner advertises thus—

'The bath is supplied by innumerable springs, which continually run to waste; the length of the bath is 200 feet, its breadth nearly 100, its depth from 3 feet 6 inches to 5 feet, and at 1 and 2 feet and a half for children. Every convenience and all necessary attendance will be furnished to make this place perfectly agreeable both for swimmers and those who want to learn, for which subscribers are to pay one guinea and half-a-crown, non-subscribers two shillings each time of bathing, the money to be allowed of the party subscribers within 15 days. Genteel lodgings to lett. Coffee, tea, hot rolls, etc., every afternoon. Dinners dress'd at the shortest notice. An ordinary every day, at half-past two.'

Notices in the newspapers during the latter part of the eighteenth century tell of breakfasts, dinners, concerts, assemblies, etc., at the Dog and Duck, frequently on Sunday, 'for the humane purpose of accommodating those whose business might otherwise deprive them of the benefit of the waters.' Towards the close of the century, however, it became a resort for the vilest people, and a public scandal. There is an exterior view as a background to a coarse caricature, 'Labour in vain, or Fatty in distress,' dated 1784. It represents a fat woman trying in vain to get through a narrow opening in a fence, while two men look on with amusement. Another well-known print, 'Old Silkey,' 1796, tells the tale more clearly.



INTERIOR OF DOG AND DUCK.

In a less vulgar way but equally suggestive is the stipple engraving of 1789 of which we give a copy. It shows us the interior of the Assembly Room,<sup>1</sup> with frail beauties and beaux or rakes in full pursuit of pleasure. A view of the outside, dated 1788, is in existence. The house at this time was a broad low building in three divisions. The time of misfortune, the 'be sure your sins will find you out' time is come. '1787, Sept. 12.—Tuesday last the magistrates took away the license of the famous or infamous place, and the adjacent porter and beer house.' The reason assigned was that people of loose character assembled there, 'the riff-raff and scum of the town,'<sup>2</sup> and that it was used as a place of assignation destructive of morality. Garrick puts it pleasantly enough—

'St. George's Fields with taste and fashion struck  
Display arcadia at the Dog and Duck ;  
And Drury misses, here in tawdry pride,  
Are there Pastoras by the fountain side.  
To frowsy bowers they reel through midnight damps  
With fauns half drunk, and dryads breaking lamps.'<sup>3</sup>

De Castro asserts that it was Mr. Barrett, proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens and likewise a magistrate for Surrey, who, being jealous of the Dog and Duck as a place of public amusement, had influence enough to get the license taken away. Hedger, however, who was doubtless still the real owner, was a

<sup>1</sup> This room had an organ at the end. Organs are said to have been first introduced into taverns, when they were banished from churches at the time of the Commonwealth.

<sup>2</sup> One Charlotte Shaftoe, an *habitué*, was said to have betrayed seven of her intimates to the gallows.

<sup>3</sup> Prologue to *Maid of the Oaks*. 1774.

man of resource and energy. The county magistrates had refused the license, but the City, the superior landlord of the Dog and Duck, having jurisdiction in Southwark, what could be easier than to apply for it to the City justices sitting in Southwark?<sup>1</sup> Accordingly two of these gentlemen acting as justices in Southwark on the 18th, seven days after the refusal, though they must have known the character of the place, nevertheless granted the license. This led to a suit at law, and to a weighty and important judgment, which destroyed the value of the house and discredited the City. Things in general had been getting outrageously bad, and an influential society for the prevention of vice and immorality had sprung up, and apparently had something to do with the downfall of the Dog and Duck. The license was renewed, but was made conditional with Sunday closing. The landlord, however, said he could have done better with a license for Sundays only, than for an open week without Sundays. Perforce the place became more respectable, as the following card of 1791, on behalf of the parish school of St. Thomas's, Southwark, implies: 'The invited person is desired to meet the parish (*sic*) of St. Thomas's, Southwark, at the Dog and Duck Tavern, St. George's Fields, Mathew Bloxham, Esqr., M.P., Simon Field, Esqr., stewards. Ticket 5s., which entitles to dinner and a bottle of wine,' and it adds that 'by this charity 321 children have been apprenticed. Dinner, half-past two.' On 26th May 1795 the owner is still advertising. We learn that the waters can be

<sup>1</sup> See Concanen and Morgan, *Antiquities of St. Saviour's*, for a full account.

drunk 'on the usual terms of 3d. each person,' and that the Bath and Bowling Green are also open to subscribers.

Mr. Hedger seems to have made a great deal of money by taking land in St. George's Fields at low rates from the City authorities on leases of twenty-one years. In the event of building he was to forfeit £500. This fine he immediately paid, and built over the whole or sublet it for building. De Castro says his income from this source alone was at one time more than £7000 a year. In 1812 the tavern, inn, public-house, and what not, was finally done with and taken down. Some years after, 9th September 1816, it was the subject for a play at the New Royal Circus,—Incledon the famous singer performed in Bickerstaff's burletta *The Recruiting Sergeant*, music by Charles Dibdin; the Comic Pantomime of the Dog and Duck, or Harlequin and the Obelisk, with appropriate scenery, coming after. In this piece Maria Tree,<sup>1</sup> the eldest sister of the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Charles Kean, was the graceful columbine, playing 'a solo on the flageolet,' and dancing 'a pas seul accompanied by herself on the Spanish guitar.' The scenes, painted by somewhat noted artists, whose names are on the circus bills, were Ruins of the Dog and Duck, by Wilson; Views from the Obelisk; View toward the Elephant; Interior of the Circus, and others, no doubt more or less faithful topographical representations of the places named. Let me repeat that other houses with the sign of the Dog and Duck existed on this side the river; the one already referred to at St.

<sup>1</sup> She retired from the stage in 1824 on her marriage with Quin of the *Morning Chronicle* Staff.

Saviour's Park Gate, and one in Grange Road, Bermondsey, marked in a plan of 1679, which was copied for Wilkinson's *Londina Illustrata*. Among stray notices, I observe the register of St. George's parish records a burial, perhaps more than one, 'from the Dog and Duck in the Fields.'

This part of St. George's Fields has, in the course of events, made some sort of atonement by the establishment of many noble charities upon the ground formerly covered by so many places of infamy. In the hard times, at the end of the last century, a public kitchen is shown in Horwood on a part of the site of the Dog and Duck. And there were others of a far wider usefulness: the Philanthropic, School for Indigent Blind, Orphan Asylum, Freemasons' Charity, and Magdalen, all close together; and now the noble and humane Bethlem Hospital crowns the whole.

## CHAPTER XIII

THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE—PLAYHOUSE AT NEWINGTON  
BUTTS—BULL, OLD KENT ROAD—LOCK HOSPITAL—  
SOUTHWARK BAR—LOCK BRIDGE—BRICKLAYERS' ARMS  
—ST. THOMAS A WATERING—BERMONDSEY SPA—  
JAMAICA HOUSE

I THOUGHT I had finished my self-imposed task with the Dog and Duck, but there are others which must not be passed over—of the outer circle so to speak. One of them is not strictly in Southwark, the Elephant and Castle,<sup>1</sup> on the borderland of Newington and Southwark. It has been seriously put forth in our chief local print that this may have been the Elephant of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, referred to, p. 327, but this is too absurd. A playhouse, however, that of Newington Butts, was close at hand, where, as Mr. Halliwell Phillipps tells us, at least two of Shakespeare's plays were first performed; namely in 1592, by Lord Strange's servants, what is now known as the First Part of *Henry VI.*, probably his earliest complete dramatic work, and in 1594, by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, *Titus Andronicus*; and,

<sup>1</sup> The sign was probably the crest of the Cutlers' Company, who had adopted it with reference to the ivory used in their trade. In mediæval illustrations the elephant is generally depicted with a castle on his back.



in the opinion of the best authorities, some other of his plays before he became famous. The ground upon which the Elephant and Castle now stands was in the time of the Commonwealth, 1658, a piece of waste, and was granted for building purposes. It was indeed a charitable donation to the poor of Newington parish; the grant was renewed and confirmed in 1673, the premises and appurtenances being then described as lately built. The parish wardens' accounts show the original rents as £5 per annum; in 1769 £8:10s.; in 1776 a lease was granted at £100; in 1797 at £190. About this time it was probably first named the Elephant and Castle; at all events, on the expiration of this lease in 1818, the whole was put up to auction in four lots, with this result: 'the house called the Elephant and Castle, used as a public-house, fell to Jane Fisher, for a term of 31 years, at an annual rent of £405 and an immediate outlay of £1200, the whole estate realising £623 a year.'<sup>1</sup> In 1868, as shown in Lord Robert Montagu's return to the Commons, the Elephant and Castle charity with its fourteen houses and Government stock yielded annually £1453:10s. I conclude that there may have been, and probably was, a wayside place of refreshment here in Shakespeare's time. Immediately west, on the opposite side of the way, the fishmongers built their handsome almshouses in 1619, removed in 1856 to Wandsworth Common. There are many views of this picturesque place, one in the *Mirror*, 11th April 1840, one in the *Illustrated London News*, 8th November 1879, from a drawing by Richardson, which shows the Elephant and Castle, 'the House of

<sup>1</sup> *Reports concerning Charities*, vol. xvi. pp. 379, 380.

God,' Joanna Southcott's place of worship, by the side of it, and the almshouses opposite. We give an illustration of the old building which was pulled down in 1824; it is from a drawing of 1786.

Close to the Elephant, in 1823, in the construction of a new sewer, some piles, posts, and rings, for mooring barges, were discovered. Maitland, a good authority,



ELEPHANT AND CASTLE INN.

considers this, with some doubt, however, to have been the course of Canute's trench, mapped out in Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, vol. iii. p. 657. Not long since, Dr. Iliff, medical officer of the parish, found within a few feet of the Elephant the remains of a youth or girl, apparently mutilated—possibly a burial of 200 years ago. The following from the registers at St. George's Church may throw some light upon the matter. '1666;—Abigall Smith, poisoned herself, buried in the highway near the

Fishmongers' Almshouses.' It was the custom then to bury suicides in the highway with a stake passed through the body. It appears quite probable that we have hit upon fragments of the skeleton of Abigall Smith; at all events a very sad story must be connected with these pitiful remains.

Proceeding almost due east the next house we come to along our outer circle is the Bull, or Black Bull, placed at the junction of the Old Kent Road and Great Dover Street—a pretentious modern erection. The Bull was built some years ago upon the site of a much more primitive inn, of the same sign, with, in the recollection of an old informant, a thatched roof; a pond flanked with posts being by the wayside in front. A generation ago a market-garden, especially famous for its radishes and asparagus, was close by. The chief interest of this place is in its older associations. A little to the south was an important burial-place, that of Deverell Street, out of which funeral urns containing calcined human bones, a mirror, a lachrymatory in the shape of a tear, and much else were taken.<sup>1</sup> At this spot, the south end of that which is now Bermondsey New Road, was a wayside cross indicating the road to Bermondsey Abbey, as at the end of the road north of Bermondsey Street was another, about the year 1542, directing to the same place. 'The Rood at Barmsey' was a favourite resort for pilgrims up to the sixteenth century. John Paston, in 1465, prays 'his mother to visit the

<sup>1</sup> A. J. Kempe in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1835-37; *Archæologia*, vol. xxvi. In vol. xvii. is noted as found not far off, in the Kent Road, a skeleton within a Roman stone coffin.

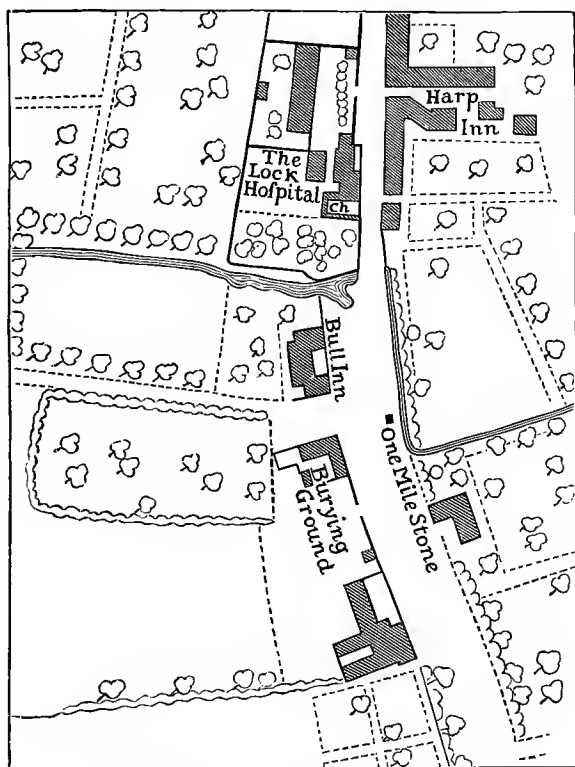
Rood of North door and St. Saviour at Bermondsey, and to take his sister Margery to pray for a good husband ere she come home again ;'<sup>1</sup> and other benefits might be obtained there by praying, and gifts to the monks.

A few steps north, or to speak more accurately, north-west of the Bull Inn, there was in 1421 an old hospital, 'The Loke,' for lepers, without St. George's Bars, dedicated to the Virgin, and St. Leonard the saint of captives without the bars, no lepers being allowed within the boundaries ; it belonged originally to the monks of Bermondsey. Probably this was the 'Stone House' to which Henry IV. came in 1412 'to be cured of the leprosie,' dying, however, the next year. The last hospital, shown in Wilkinson's *Londina*, was built in 1636, and had this inscription over the door: 'This chapel was built to the Honour of God and for the use of Poor, Infirm and Impotent People, Harboured Within this Hospital. Anno 1636.' Its interior arrangements are explained in an account preserved in the King's Library (B. M. xxvii., Maps and Plans). When leprosy was no longer common among us this hospital was, like some of the same kind, reserved for other loathsome diseases. Among the minutes of the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital are these entries to the point: 'July 1571.—John Hoode ys to be sent unto the locke, and to pay for hym weekly xxd.' 'April 1573.—It is ordered that Richard Prynce of westend, Syngingman, and Edward Prynce of London, gent, be bound to Edward Osborne<sup>2</sup> in xx

<sup>1</sup> *Paston Letters*, p. 191. Edition 1840.

<sup>2</sup> Treasurer, afterwards Sir Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor, and founder of the Leeds family.

mks, to pay v<sup>s</sup>. iiii<sup>d</sup>. monthly, during so long as Richard Prynce shall contynue in the lock, a lazar house. . . . To pay v<sup>s</sup>. iiii<sup>d</sup>. beforehand for one month.' The name Lock probably comes from loque, rags or fragments



MAP SHOWING SITE OF LOCK HOSPITAL, BULL INN, ETC.

applied to sores; or it may be from Loc, Loke, Saxon, to shut up or confine. Bermondsey Abbey itself was a place of some resort in sickness, as might be expected when the monks were in the main the doctors of their day; and their places were the hospitals and infirmaries to which people came, either as in or out

patients, for relief and cure. If the skill of the physician was wanting, faith and imagination and the influence of a shrine or healing water were spiritually invoked, and no doubt very great good was done.

Mr. Corner<sup>1</sup> tells us a great deal about the St. George's Bar hard by at the end of Kent Street, now transformed into Great Dover Street, and about a bridge here. The word bar, as in the cases of Smithfield Bar, Holborn Bars, etc., implied nothing more than posts and a chain indicating a boundary. In 3 Edward III. is a record of one Burford, dying seised of ten cottages at 'Southwark Bar.' In 1460 the Duke of Buckingham died possessed of an inn and seven cottages near 'St. George's Bar,' so that Buckenham Square, the name given to some late erections in the neighbourhood, is more appropriate than perhaps was known to those who gave it. Kent Street has not been monopolised altogether by broom-men and mumpers. It has been the scene of splendid cavalcades and processions, as must of course be supposed of the main way to and from Kent and the Continent. In 1522 the Emperor Charles V., with great state, accompanied our Henry VIII. into London, acting their diplomatic play, as it were, before the eyes of the people. About a mile from 'St. George's Bar' was a tent of cloth-of-gold put up, in which the royal folk reposed while the heralds marshalled the procession.

Near the site of the Bar by the Bull Inn is a strip of ground formerly known as the Toll Acre. Buckenham

<sup>1</sup> Journal, Archæological Association, vol. iii. *Notes and Queries*, July 1862.

Square now covers a part of it. This is incidentally noticed in the 'Decrees'<sup>1</sup> in connection with the great fire in Southwark, 1676. The Duke's Acre in St. George's Fields and this Toll Acre by the bridge in Kent Street had been demised by Lord Abergavenny to Thomas Knight.

In the time of Edward III. one of the de Warrennes, Earl of Surrey, had a third of the tolls of Southwark, and Mr. Corner thinks it probable that some were collected here, much as the octroi is now in some continental towns. The toll-place, removed in my own time, was probably on, or close to, the spot where the ancient 'bar' was. It is also probable, considering the proximity, that this toll was connected with the very handsome bridge that stood here.

This bridge was exposed to view when a new sewer was being made in the year 1848. It was at the end of Kent Street, nearly opposite to the Bull Inn. To quote the words of Mr. Corner, who described it in the *Journal* of the Archæological Association, it consisted of 'a single early pointed arch of stone with six ribs very similar to the oldest part of London Bridge,' and he judged it to be a building of the same date. It was about 20 feet wide, and had carried the great Kent Road over one of the many streams which intersected that low ground, and which there formed the boundary between the parish of St. George, Southwark, and Newington. The span of the arch was 9 feet; the height about 6 feet. The stream had been more recently arched over in brickwork up to each side of

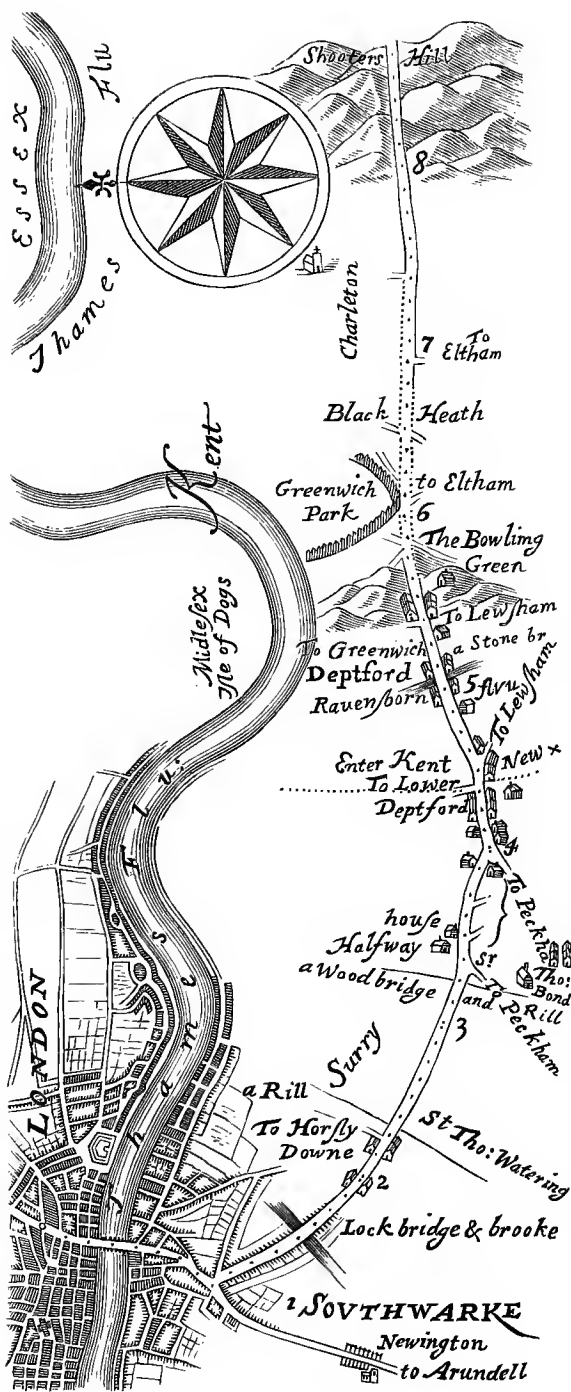
<sup>1</sup> Town Clerk's Office, Guildhall.

the bridge, which was thus made to form part of a sewer. A drawing of it was taken by the late Mr. Newman, architect. The ancient relic was not injured by the new work, but was necessarily covered up again and still exists below ground. The bridge was probably manorial, erected by the monks of Bermondsey, who were lords of that part of Southwark known as the Great Liberty Manor. Before quitting the subject, I note in a sewer presentment of 1640 this order: 'The Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of the City of London are to make up and amend the Bridge at the south end of Kent Street, also the bank of the sewar, east side of the way as far as their rules extend.' This would be as far as St. Thomas a Watering.

We give a plan of the neighbourhood from Rocque (1746). North of the 'one milestone' would be Kent Street, leading to St. George's Church; south, the Old Kent Road. An inn called the Harp is marked in this plan; I know nothing of it, however, except the name. The ancient burial-place of this plan is now planted with trees, and is to be laid out as a recreation ground by the vestry of St. George's parish, with the enlightened aid of the society headed by the Earl of Meath, better known as Lord Brabazon.

I am enabled to make clear within our limits the way usually taken by pilgrims from London Bridge along the now Old Kent Road. They went through Kent Street and by the Bars and the Lock. Mr. Furnivall has favoured me with a cast of a woodcut of the road, taken from the best authority of the time, John Ogilby, His Majesty's cosmographer, 1675. We are able, there-





fore, to append an additional illustration. On the north of the Thames a cross is observable—St. Paul's Church; the Tower of London is also conspicuous. In some other like maps by Ogilby, Southwark is shown with but very few more houses than are here indicated; we may therefore conclude that the Southwark of 1675 is fairly before us. The next turning east, after passing the bridge into Southwark, represents St. Olave's, *i.e.* Tooley Street; second to right in Tooley Street is Bermondsey Street, which, near its end, meets Long Lane; this lane runs westerly towards the high road to Newington. At the westerly end of Long Lane, Kent Street, forming the highway to Kent, runs off south-east. The stream called the Lock is shown running under the Lock Bridge, which forms part of the Kent Street highway; a cross streak or two between the second and third milestones shows the streamlet of St. Thomas a Watering, the first halting-place of Chaucer's Pilgrims.

On our way down the old Kent Road to St. Thomas a Watering, I cannot pass the Bricklayers' Arms. Once more for old acquaintance' sake I must have a few words of chat with the landlord. It is a good, honest, well-built, well-conducted house, kept by my esteemed friends the Sambrooks, may I say fifty years? Some time ago, in a letter which went the round of the newspapers,<sup>1</sup> this house was gifted with the honours of high antiquity. In all likelihood a place of refreshment must from early times have been at the corner of the way

<sup>1</sup> See *Times*, 28th April 1880, and refutation in *Notes and Queries*, 8th May 1880, signed Clarry.

toward Bermondsey Abbey, yet we have no knowledge of any very ancient inn here. Our inventive chronicler, however, tells of heroes of the fourteenth century,—of Warwick the kingmaker, of Ann of Cleves who waited here while her portrait was forwarded to Henry VIII.; after this came Drake, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Hood, Nelson, and so on, and so on! Touched only a little with the spirit of the chronicler, we have in the *Antiquary*, vol. ii. p. 129, a little later account,—there is chaff even in this, but there is wheat also. The landlord has kindly given me all the information I requested of him, and I have taken the liberty to correct these accounts for use here, as follows: ‘In a late excavation for the foundations of the present inn, then to be built on the site of the old Bricklayers’ Arms, at the corner of the Old Kent Road and Bermondsey New Road, some discoveries were made of value to lovers of antiquities. The site, which is the property of the Corporation of the City of London, has been occupied by an inn called the Bricklayers’ Arms for a little more than a century, and under some other name a house of entertainment may have existed, nobody can say how long before. It was at the corner of a footpath, or narrow road to Bermondsey Abbey and the Shrine of St. Saviour’s probably for centuries. Near at hand had been the wayside cross alluded to a few pages back. On sinking down, old foundations at four or five different levels were come at. It was needful to limit the depth for fear of tapping the water, the district being below the high-water mark of the Thames. At about 14 feet below the surface very substantial foundations of good solid brick-

work, in excellent preservation, were found, more than 5 feet thick in places ; the last house was built apparently upon old foundations, the present one a little outside that area.

The oldest building faced west or south-west instead of nearly due south, as in the case of the subsequent ones including the present inn. Under the solid foundation now referred to was a thick stratum of what appeared to be deer's antlers, some of large size, the horny substance gone, and as in other like cases, in Southwark Bridge Road, etc., only a sort of pith left ; there were also some bones. Later on, facing Old Kent Road, more old foundations were observed ; also a beautiful necklace, a small golden relic and coins, most of which had unfortunately disappeared before they could be critically examined ; a large number of bottles and jugs of very old-fashioned, if not archaic form, being of less value, came to hand. Imbedded in a sort of concrete was a fairly complete amphora, but nothing of it could be saved ; the one specimen of an ammonite—a prehistoric shell—discovered, might have been washed or swept in ; at any rate there it was. On one occasion when the wooden pipes, formerly used to convey water, were taken up close to the Bermondsey New Road side of the inn—a cross road be it remembered—the remains of a skeleton were disclosed, with what appeared a decayed stake through it. Certainly we have several authentic accounts of suicides and others staked and buried at specified cross roads about Southwark. My friend Mr. Sambrook tells me that there is, or was, at Holt near Westbury, an elm, credibly believed to be from

an elm stake that was used in this way for a criminal, which is indeed likely enough. I would remark upon the assertion that an inn named the Bricklayers' Arms has occupied the site for upwards of six hundred years;<sup>1</sup> that the Bricklayers' Gild, the very origin of the arms, was incorporated two hundred and fifty years after that. The sign therefore must be as apocryphal as a beam certified to be of prodigious age, which was, as the landlord said, perhaps in the eye of the observer, who rejoices in the initials A. G. H., and ought to be known as a leading inventor, at least in this line.

Our road plan illustration points the straight way to 'the waterynge of seint Thomas' beyond the second milestone on the road to Kent. Our modern inn at hand is the Green Man—a sign I take to be identical with the old Wodows or Wodys, a savage man or man of the woods. A book issued at a renowned press of Southwark has on the title-page, 'imprentyd at London in Southwarke by me, Peter Treueris, dwellynge in the sygne of the wodows, in the yere of our lorde god, MDXXV;' the illustration, a sort of Adam and Eve clothed in skins. At St. Thomas a Watering was a long-recognised place of execution. Taylor touches the subject in his usual way; the gibbet was with him

'Three trees, two rampant and the other crossant,  
One halter pendant, and a ladder passant,  
In a field Azure (clouded like the Skye).'

No doubt it was rough work; anybody was the hangman, and it was not uncommon for friends to give help by a pull at the legs! But the tragedy of it! common-

<sup>1</sup> *Antiquary*, vol. ii. p. 129.

place tragedy, too, as from its frequency and openness, it must have seemed then. A few of the executions may be noted: St. Thomas a Watering, 1526.—Lord Dacres lost his life on account of a poaching frolic. 1539.—The Vicar of Wandsworth and a friar's servant, for asserting belief in the Papal supremacy. 1553.—A 'gentleman.' 1556.—Lord Sand's son, an amateur Turpin, for robbing a cart from Beverley Fair of great riches. 1559.—A 'tal man' who went from the Marshalsea; I suppose he was difficult to hang from the length of him; at any rate, the rope breaking twice, he was not hanged the third time; six felons; a quarter of Sir Thomas Wyatt. 1560.—Five men for burglary; and cutpurses, one of them a 'gentleman.' 1569.—Romish priests, Jones, Rigby, and Pybush. 1578.—Edward Hallows; the usual street ballad gave a doleful discourse or sorrowful sonnet, made by himself, which was sung about to the tune of the 'Aged Man's Dump.' 1586.—'Bartholomew Baylye hanged for felony, his body was begged by the chirurgeons of London, to have made him an anatomy; so after he was dead to all men's thinking, he was cut down, stripped and laid forth naked in a chest, on a carre, and so brought from the place of execution, through the Borough of Southwark, over the bridge to the Hall. On opening the chest he was found alive, and lived to the 23rd.' 1610.—A similar case is recorded of 'Michael Banks who was executed out of the Bench, and did revive again;' he remained in the old vestry of St. George's in the Borough eight hours, and was afterwards carried back and executed a second time. 1593.—A noted divine and violent Marprelate writer,

John Penry, was conducted from the King's Bench through the High Street and Kent Street, and executed at St. Thomas a Watering; he is 'content with his untimely death,' but, as he touchingly says, 'he leaves behind him a friendless widow and four infants.' 1615.—Franklin, a 'gentleman' concerned in the Overbury murder, leaped into the cart, playfully tried to put the rope round the hangman's neck; exhorted to speak said, 'it was no place for that, but for execution, for which he came; he hoped to supp with Christ to nighte.'<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding the frequency of the executions, the ballads make a jest of it; one of 1610 says, 'The hangman works but half a day, He lives too much at ease.'<sup>2</sup>

We now pass towards the Thames to the Neckenger; probably a place of execution also, but for a more limited district. Gerard, the surgeon herbalist, Burleigh's servant, in a passage of his great book implies it; speaking of the wild willow herb, he says, 'It is found nigh the place of execution at St. Thomas a Watering; and by a stile on the Thames bank near to the Devil's Neckerchief on the way to Redriffe.' The 'Devol's Neckenger' is shown on a map of 1740, and in 1813, apparently at the same spot, a public-house called the Dead Tree. Neckenger is an old word for neckerchief, as muckenger is for a dirtied handkerchief. I have no doubt that the name Devol's Neckenger is a euphemism or slang for gallows, rope or hempen collar.

It seems clear to me how a place of execution came

<sup>1</sup> *Egerton Papers*. Camden Society.

<sup>2</sup> Collier, *Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 215.

to be here. The prior and monks of Bermondsey had their mills by St. Saviour's Dock, Dockhead—Mill Lane indicates the spot; it was near the river, outside and east of the immediate grounds of the priory, and as most of the tenants could have their corn ground at the manorial mills, it was necessarily a very busy neighbourhood. All the old charters gave to the monks of Bermondsey extensive rights, among the rest, Infangthef, the right to catch, judge, and punish a thief caught in their manor, and the punishment was most commonly the gallows. With scarcely a doubt I should say that the spot afterwards known as the Devil's Neckenger had been of old the place of execution for the extensive manor of Bermondsey. In the fourth roll of the charter, 4 Edward III. 57, the monks were confirmed in all their rights, and the King forbade any to intermeddle or do them wrong. Such being their powers, the power to judge and execute among them, a hanging-place would be a matter of course, and apparently we can now fix within a few yards the exact place where these things were done.

But to come down to more modern and less sanguinary times, we have of course a Spa in Bermondsey, now represented in name by the Spa Road. The Spa, 'a chalybeate spring,' was discovered or invented about 1770 by Thomas Keys, a still-life painter of some mark, of whom a critic wrote that 'Keyeses mutton showed how the painter had a strife with nature to outdo the life.' He was proprietor of the gardens from 1765;<sup>1</sup> they covered a space of about four acres. The Spa was

<sup>1</sup> Willis's *Current Notes*, p. 92. 1852. There seems to have been a public-house here before, called the Waterman's Arms.



passably prosperous for some time, but happily imposture does not last always, the unfortunate corollary being, however, that a something else of the same class usually takes its place. 1784.—The Spa was licensed for musical entertainments, and £4000 were laid out in decorations; it became a sort of Vauxhall or Surrey Gardens, as known by the last generation. Tokens were issued, of extremely coarse workmanship, probably used as tickets of admission—

- O.* Two keys, and between them . T . K . in monogram . Legend  
BERMONDSEY . SPA . GARDENS  
*R.* A group of musical instruments, and in the centre a flaming  
heart 1789.

Another has—

- O.* Inscription across the field . T . KEYS . BERMONDSEY . SPA GARDENS  
. 1796  
*R.* A group of musical instruments and in the centre a flaming  
heart.

An immense 'siege of Gibraltar' with fireworks and transparencies was shown, all constructed and arranged by the owner, the talented Keys himself. The *Public Advertiser*, 2d September 1786, stimulated the public thus: 'The proprietor of the Spa Gardens, Bermondsey, ever mindful of the many favours he has received from the nobility, gentry and others, takes the liberty to offer his sincere thanks,' etc. etc. He announces 'the representation of the storming of a fort, which, with the fortifications, cover three acres of ground, the "rock" being 50 feet high, and 200 feet long. Admission one shilling.' Again he advertises 'the Spa Gardens in Grange Road, Bermondsey, one mile from London

Bridge; for the security of the public, the road is lighted and watched by patrols every night, at the sole expense of the proprietor.' This did not prevent its declining, and its closure in 1805, after which the site was built upon. But Smith in his charming *Book for a Rainy Day* will give it to us from the life; I use his own words: '1795.—I went one July evening to Hungerford and engaged "Copper Holmes" to scull me to Pepper Alley Stairs; from thence I proceeded to the gardens. That once-famed place of recreation was most rapidly on the decline. I entered under a semicircular awning next to the proprietor's house, which I well remember was a large wooden-fronted building, consisting of long square divisions in imitation of scantlings of stone. My surprise was great, for no one appeared but three idle waiters, and they were clumped for want of a call. The space before the orchestra, which was about a quarter the size of that at Vauxhall, was in the centre, totally destitute of trees, the few that these gardens could then boast of being planted as a screen to prevent the public from overlooking the gardens. My attention was attracted by a board with a ruffled hand, within a sky-blue painted sleeve, pointing "to the Gallery of Paintings." In this room I at first considered myself the only spectator; and as the evening sun shone brilliantly, the refraction of the lights gave me a splendid and uninterrupted view of the numerous pictures, with which it was closely hung. When I had gone round the gallery, which, by the by, was oblong, and in size similar to that of the Academician J. M. W. Turner in Queen Anne Street, I voluntarily recommenced my view, but in stepping back to study the

picture of the Green-stall, I trod on some one's toes. "I ask pardon," said I. "Granted," replied a little thick-set man with a round face, arch look, and closely-curved wig, surmounted by a small three-cornered hat put very knowingly on one side, not unlike Hogarth's head in his print of the Gates of Calais. This was Keys, who painted all the objects in the room from nature and still-life. "Your Greengrocer's shop," said I to him, "is inimitable; the drops of water on that savoy appear as if just fallen from the elements. Van Huysum could not have pencilled them with greater delicacy."—"What do you think," said he, "of my Butcher's shop?"—"Your pluck is bleeding fresh, and your sweetbread is in a clean plate."—"How do you like my bull's eye?"—"Why, it would be a most excellent one for Adam or Dollond to lecture upon. Your knuckle of veal is the finest I ever saw."—"It's young meat," replied he; "any one who is a judge of meat can tell that from the blueness of its bone. Sir Joshua Reynolds," continued Mr. Keys, "paid me two visits; he asked me what white I had used, and when I told him, he observed, 'It is very extraordinary, sir, how it keeps so bright; I use the same.' Not at all, sir," I rejoined; "the doors of this gallery are open day and night, and the admission of fresh air will never suffer the white to turn yellow." The bell now rang for the singer; as soon as we had reached the orchestra she curtsied to us, for we were the only persons there, in the garden. "This is sad work," said he; "but the woman must sing according to our contract." I recollect that the singer was handsome, most dashingly dressed, immensely plumed, and villainously

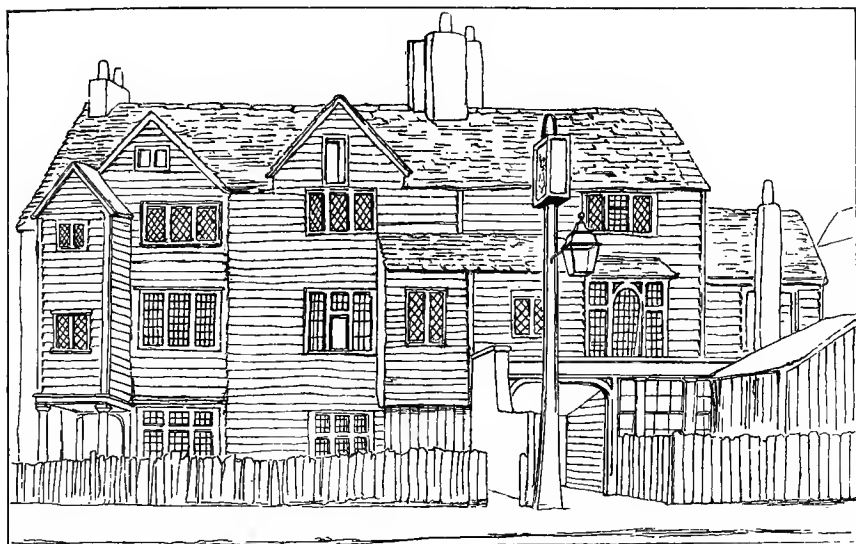
rouged; she smiled as she sang, but it was not the bewitching smile of Mrs. Wrighten then applauded by thousands at Vauxhall Gardens. As soon as the Spalady had ended her song,<sup>1</sup> Keys, after joining me in the applause, apologised for doing so, by observing that the people outside were listening, and they would make a bad report if they had not heard more than the clapping of one pair of hands. "I am sure you cannot expect fireworks," said he. However he politely asked me to partake of a bottle of Lisbon, which upon my refusing, he pressed me to accept of a catalogue of his pictures.' Our agreeable narrator, with this reminiscence in his mind, treats us some time after to a little gossip. 'In July (1828),' says Smith, 'I went to Hungerford Stairs to gain what information I could respecting "Copper Holmes." I asked a waterman, "How long has he been dead?"—"There sits his widow, at that window, mending her stockings," he replied. On approaching her, "How do you do?" said I; "your husband has often in my early days rowed me to Pepper Alley."—"He died, poor fellow," said the woman, "on the 3d of October 1821, and a better man never trod shoe-leather. I had been his wife two and twenty years; but he married me after he left the 'Ark.' His first wife lived in the 'Ark' with her children."—"What vessel had the 'Ark' been?"—"She had been a west-countryman, and it cost him altogether (with her fittings up with sheets of copper),

<sup>1</sup> Blewitt, who lived in Bermondsey Square, was the composer for the Spa establishment. The following verse is the first of his most admired composition—

'In lonely cot, by Humber's side,'

one hundred and fifty pounds, and that gave him the name of 'Copper Holmes.'''<sup>1</sup>

We include in our illustrations an old Bermondsey tavern, which, as far as I know, had nothing of interest about it but its picturesqueness. The old Cooper's Arms, Russell Street, has been drawn by Buckler in 1828.



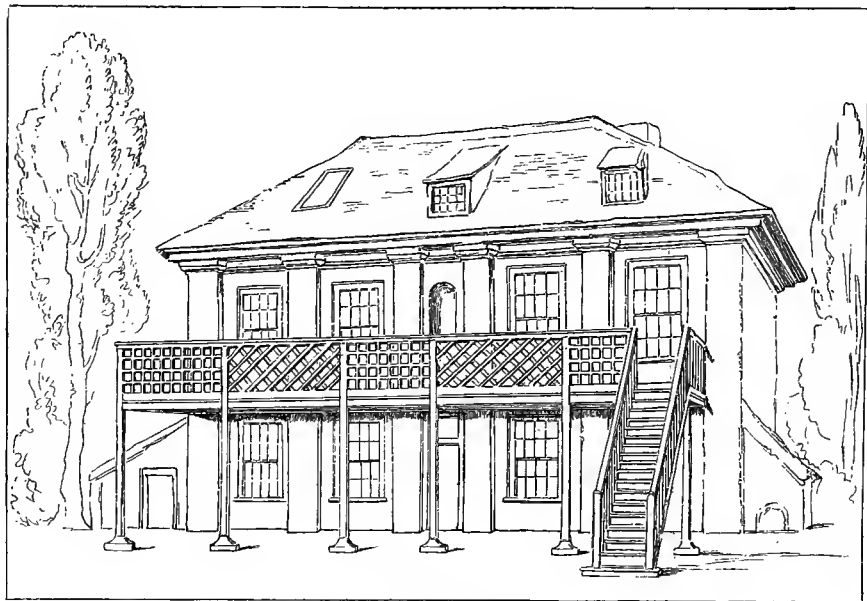
COOPER'S ARMS INN.

It was modernised some forty years ago. There was till recently a rather quaint Plough Inn close at hand.

Jamaica Road, Bermondsey, running eastward, in the direction of Rotherhithe, is so named from the Jamaica House and Tea-gardens, still existing in my time, of which we give an illustration; it is marked in Horwood at the end of Cherry Garden Street. More than two

<sup>1</sup> He lived in this vessel somewhere along the shore. The City brought an action to compel him to remove the obstruction. He was buried in the Waterman's Churchyard, on the south side of St. Martin's Church.

centuries ago the ubiquitous Pepys appears to have enjoyed himself here at a cheap rate ; he says under 14th April 1667—‘ Lord’s Day. Took out my wife and the two Mercers and two of our maids, Barker and Jane, and over the water to the Jamaica House, where I never was



JAMAICA HOUSE.

before, and there the girls did run for wagers over the bowling-green, and then with much pleasure spent little, and so home.’ Likely enough he came again ; it is perhaps the same that he calls elsewhere the Half-way House. This old Jamaica House was one of many, stated, but without much likelihood, to have been a residence of Oliver Cromwell. A writer of the year 1854, quoted by Larwood, says, ‘ The building, of which only a moiety now remains, and that very ruinous, the other having

been removed years ago to make room for modern erections, presents probably almost the same features as when tenanted by the Protector. The carved quatre-foils and flowers upon the staircase beams; the old-fashioned fastening of doors—bolts, locks and bars; the huge single gable (which in a modern house would be double); even the divided section imperfectly plastered over, patched here and there with planks, slates, and tiles to keep the wind and weather out, though it be very poorly, all are in keeping; and the glimmer of the gas, by which the old and ruinous kitchen, into which we strayed, was dimly lighted, seemed to “pale its ineffectual fires” in striving to illumine the old black settles and still older wainscot.’ After the Restoration the house became a tavern; it was one when Samuel Pepys visited it. With his name we fittingly close our volume.





## APPENDIX

### ST. SAVIOUR'S

#### PARISH FEASTS—SACRAMENTAL WINE—REGISTERS

SOME bills of parish feasts at St. Saviour's are before me, 1584 to 1636; the wines named are claret, sack, and white wine: for instance, 'a quart of sack and a pint of white' at one dinner; again, '4 vessels,' probably pottles, 'of claret, and 4 quarts of sack.' Other bills are smaller, but 'more for wyne' is apt to appear. One most interesting bill turns up—a year's supply of sacramental wine for St. Saviour's, 1593-94. I give it in full.

1593.	3 March.	4 qts.	Muscadell.	
	6 "	14 galls.	3 qts.	at 3/, and 1d for bread.
	30 "	13 "		and 1d for bread.
1594.	27 April.	13 "		
	19 May.	12 "	3 qts.	
	5 July.	11 "	2 "	
	1 Sept.		5 "	and 1d for bread.
	6 Oct.		3 "	
	5 Dec.		5 "	
	5 Jan.	3 pottles	1 "	
	2 Feb.		5 "	
				Summ £11: 1s.

Possibly, I will say not improbably, Shakespeare saw this very small mean scrap of paper; and the thought is forced upon me when I note gallons and quarts and 'a penny for bread' so

oddly repeated, that with this ringing in his ears, he wrote, 'O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.'

'Item, sack, 2 gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, bread, a half-penny.'

The play of *Henry IV.* seems to have been written in 1597. There were in former days scandalous statements that people 'indulged' upon sacramental wine, and this true bill seems to imply almost as much: 14 gallons 3 quarts, and 1d for bread!

I shall here take the liberty of giving a few interesting extracts from the registers of St. Saviour's, not connected with inns except by way of general illustration. B meaning burial, and C christening. They are mostly of the seventeenth century.

Horatio Vere, son of the Earl of Oxford	.	.	B.
Francis Vere	Do.	.	C.
A Gentilwoman, xxxs.	.	.	B.
Son of Nicholas Morton, our lecturer	.	.	C.
John Fletcher, a gentleman	.	.	B.
Robert Harvard and family, six deaths in six weeks.			B.
Roger Cole, the Bishop's registrar.	.	.	B.
Philip Henslowe.	.	.	B.
Venus, d. of the Bear Master, Thomas Godfrey	.		C.
The old man in durty lane	.	.	B.
Robert Bromfield	.	.	B.
Ann Delver, a quaker	.	.	B.
William Austen (of the gorgeous monument still at St. Saviour's)			B.
Ralph Flint, killed at the Bear Garden	.	.	B.
A man killed by the Bear Garden bull	.	.	B.
An aquavite stiller	.	.	B.
1582. One Dove a Kennell Raker	.	.	B.
1611. Symon, an officer in the powder house.	.	.	B.
1613. Thomas, the King's trumpeter	.	.	B.
A Mr. Busbadge pays for his daughter's wedding	.	.	M.
Thomas Richardson, schoolmaster and astrologer	.	.	B.

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Lancelot, Lord Bishop in the chancell . . . . .	B.
Nicholas Andrewes, the Bishop's brother . . . . .	B.
The lady Joyce Clarke, in the church . . . . .	B.
Philip Massenger in the church . . . . .	B.
Jane Woodyard, drowned, being distracted . . . . .	B.
Mary Banches, which hanged herself, <i>felo de se</i> . . . . .	B.

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### THE WILL OF JOHN MABB, 1578

This will, for the ready finding of which I am indebted to my friend Mr. Challener Smith, of the Probate Registry, Somerset House, is as follows. I commend its careful perusal as the utterance of a fine specimen of a noble, honest, and intelligent Englishman of the time of Elizabeth, whom, goldsmith and innkeeper as he was, I hesitate not to characterise with the same words as Chaucer used for his Poore Parson :—

‘ Ne makede him a spiced conscience,  
But Christes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve.’

I would note here for the better understanding of the will, as to the value of money then, the following by Mr. Halliwell Phillipps :—

‘ In balancing the Shakespearean and present currencies, the former may be roughly estimated from a twelfth to a twentieth of the latter in money, and from a twentieth to a thirtieth in landed or house property. Even these scales may be deceptively in favour of the older values, there having been in Shakespeare's days a relative and often a factitious importance attached to the precious metals, arising from their comparative scarcity and the limited appliances for dispensing with their use.’<sup>1</sup>

### THE WILL

In the name of god Amen. The seaventhe Daie of November in the yeare of oure Lorde god one Thousande fyve hundred threescore

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<sup>1</sup> *Outlines*, fifth edition, p. 21.

and eighteene, and in the Twentie yeare of thee raigne of oure soveraigne Ladye Elizabeth by the grace of god Queen of Englande, ffrance and Ireland, Defender of the faithe . . . I John Mabbthelder, Citizen and Goldsmythe of London, beinge of sownde and perfecte memorie, and also of good healtie in bodye withoute debilitie or trowble of syckenes (praised and magnified be the name of God therefore), Doe make, ordayne and declare this my presente Testament in manner and fourme followinge, that is to saie, ffrste and principallie I bequeathe my sowle into the handes of allmightie god, in hope and suer confidence of eternall lief in his everlastinge kingedome amoungest his holye Saintes and Angells. And that throughe thonlye merittes and desertes of myne alone Savioure Jhesus Christ, whereof I have certein assurents throughe the certificatt of his onelye spirite my comforter whiche testifieth and witnesseth the same to my sowle and conscience, By meance of whiche faithe, I have laied suer houlde of the mercye and favoure of God, three personnes distincte and one onelye Deitie. And I knowe that I shall enjoye the hope thereof, in whiche hope I commende my bodye to the earthe, knowinge that oure mercifull God will raise it agayne at the generall resurreccioun when I shall enjoye his presence bothe in bodye and soule. My funerall I leave to the discretioun of the overseers of this my Testament. And as for suche goods and cattells, debts, plate, monneye and Juells as are to me apperteyninge, or as God hathe lente mee in this miserable worlde, I give, will and dispose the same in manner and fourme followinge, that is to saye, ffirst I will that myne executrix whiche hereafter I doe name in theise presents to execute and fulfill this my p'sent Testament, shall well and truelye consente and paye All suche debts, dueties as of righte and consyence I shall happenn to owe to annye personne or personnes, as their severlye shal be due, to bee paide withowte anye further delaye or contraditioun. And after my debtes paide and funerall discharged, I will that all and singuler my goods, cattells, debtes, plate, monneye and Juells, shalbe equallie apportioned into three equall partes, accordinge to thauncient custome of this Citye of Londoun, one of whiche partes I doe gyve and bequeathe to Isabell my wel beloved wief, in the name of her parte and reasonable portioun of all my saide goods . . . and of all other the premisses by reason of the saide Custome to her to be due or belonginge. And one other parte of the saide Three partes I doe gyve and bequeathe to and amoungest my fyve sonnes and three

Daughters, that is to saye John, Rychard, Stephen, Robert, Edward, Marye, Suzan and Katherine, and to suche other mee children as I shall have hereafter, if it please god to send mee anye, to and amoungest theme equallye parte and parte like to be divided, accordinge to the custome aforesaide, And everie of their partes, whiche at the tyme of my deceasse shalbe under their full age of one and twentye yeares, to be delyvered unto theme severallye as theye shall accomlishe their severall age of one and twentye yeares, or daies of marriage so many as be daughters. And the Resydue which at the tyme of suche my deceasse shalbe of the saide full age, or shalbe then married, to have their severall partes to theme severallie delyvered, within the space of one halfe yeare next after my deceasse. And if it fortune annye of my saide childrenn to deceasse before thee accomlisheing the saide age of one and Twentye yeares or daye of marriage, Then I will that the saide parte of everie suche of my childrenn shall remayne and be equallye parte and parte lyke, to and amounge suche lawfull issue of ther bodyes begottenn as theye shall happen to leave in lyffe behinde theme, and if theie leave no such issue and or that leavinge suche issue all the same doe fortune to deceasse within the saide age and before marriage, Then I will that the saide parte of everie suche of my saide childrenn so deceassinge as aforesaid shall remayne to and amoungest the survivors or survivor of my saide childrenn toward theme equallye parte and parte like to be divided. And if annye of my saide childrenn and the saide issue of their bodyes doe fortune to deceasse under the saide age and before marriage as above-said, then I will that their saide partes and portions, so deceassinge shalbe disposed in three equall partes, in fourme followinge, That is to saye one parte to the mendinge of highe wayes where moste neede shalbe, one other parte thereof to thee marriages of poore maydens. And the third parte thereof shalbe disposed to the relieff of the widowe, ffatherlesse, and impotent at the discretioun of my sayde Overseere; and the thirde parte of all and singuler my sayde gooddes . . . and other the premisses I doe assigne, appointe, gyve, will and leave to my sayde executrix therewith the well and faithfullie to perfourme this my p'sente Testamente and last will. And firste I give and bequeathe to Katherine my daughter one hundred marckes of lawfull Englishe monney, and if the saide Katherine my daughter doe deceasse under the saide age and before marriage, Then I doe assigne, appointe, geve and bequeathe all the hundred marcks aforesaide to and amoungest all

the residue of my saide Childrenn survivinge (excepte allwaies John Mabb my eldest sonn, Rycharde Mabb my seconde sonne, and Marye my eldest daughter and Suzan my seconde daughter, whiche are now married alreadye and have hadd more preferment of my goods then anye other my childrenn), And as for Stephen my third sonne, although he be not as yet married yet I have gyvenn him in monneye ffyfte pounes. And therefore he to be as the other fflower before writtenn. Item I doe gyve and bequeathe to Robert and Edward my two youngest sonnes one hundred marckes in monneye, to and amoung theme equallye parte and parte lyke to be delyvered, and if anye of them do deceasse under thage aforesaid, I will that his parte of the saide hundred marcks shall remayne to the survivoure of the same my saide two sonnes. Item I geve and bequeathe toward the relieff of the poore childrenn remayning in Christ's hospitall in London fyve pounes, which fyve pounes I will to be paide to the severall governor of the same hospitall, chargeinge theme to see the same charitablie and faithfullie bestowed, accordinge to my trust reposed in theme, where as moste neede shalbe. Item I do appointe, assigne and gyve Tenne pounes in monneye to be distributed amoungest poore gouldsmythes of London and poore widdowes of gouldsmythes suche as be of honest behavioure and moste poore, to be distributed at the discretioun of the wardens of the same company. Item I doe gyve and bequeathe unto my brother Nicholas Mabb fyve pounes thirteene shillinges fower pence in monneye, and I doe by theise presents clearlye release unto him whatsoever hee oweth mee besyde. Item I gyve and bequeathe to my brother in Lawe Humphrey Collie ffyve pounes. Item I doe gyve and bequeathe unto my brother Rycharde Mabb his childrenn tenne pounes in monneye, forme followinge, that is to saie to his sonne Nicholas Mabb dwellinge with mee ffyve pounes and the reste to his other childrenn, And more, I gyve to my sister Margaret Mabb her childrenn ffyve pounes, and unto my sister Ann Mabb her childrenn fyve pounes thirteene shillinges fower pence over and besydes all suche monneye as her husband oweth mee, whiche I clerely remitte and forgyve him. And I gyve unto my syster Dorothe Mabb her childrenn fyve pounes, and unto my syster Joane Mabb and to her childrenn fyve pounes, and I will that my saide severall legacies above gyven to the saide childrenn of my saide brother Rycharde, and of my saide systers, shalbe to theire severall childrenn, severally divided parte and parte lyke, savinge Nicholas Mabb before expressed, and

that yf anny of theire severall childrenn doe deceasse before the receyvinge of theire partes of my sayde legacyes that then the parte of the so deceassing shall remayne to the survivours or survivor of the same childrenn amoungest whome such severall legacye is by me bequeathed as abovesaid.

Item I doe assigne, appointe, and gyve twentie poundes in monneye to be distributed in the Universitye of Cambridge amoungest poore scholers applyinge thare studye towards Divinitye, and havinge moste neede of helpe. Item I doe assigne, appointe, and gyve other twentie poundes in lyke manner to be gyven and distributed amoungest poore schollers applyinge towards the studye of Divinitye of Oxford. Item I will and bequeathe fyve poundes to amoungest the poore inhabitants within the p'ish of Chaytoun in Sussex where I was borne, and I doe gyve other fyve poundes towards the mendinge of the highe waies in the same parrishe, betweene the downes and St. Johnes, or thereabout, as moste neede shall require. Item I doe gyve and bequeathe to the poore prisoners<sup>1</sup> abydinge in the prisons of Ludgate, Newgate, and the two Compters in London, and in the Queenes Benche and the Marshalseye in Sowthwarke, thirtie poundes, that is to saye, to the prisoners of everie of the same prisons fyve poundes; to be distributed where moste neede shalbe at the discretoun of my saide Overseere.

Item I doe assigne, appointe, and gyve six poundes thirtene shillings fower pence to be disposed amoungest twentie poore widowes, and other six poundes thirteene shillings fower pence to be disposed to Twentie poore maydens mariage. That is to saie to everie of the same widowes and maydens six shillings eighte pence a peece wheare my saide Overseers shall think moste charitable and needefull. Item I doe gyve and bequeathe to Twelve poore menn Twelve gownes, to be worthe fyfteene shillings everie gowne. And I will that my water-bearer, Edwardes the Cobler, John Newtoun, and Anys husband (whiche Anys was sometime my servaunte), shall have fower of these gownes. Item I doe gyve unto Twelve poore women Twelve gownes, to be worthe Thirteene shillings fower pence everie gowne, whereof Anys sometime my servaunt before named to be one, and water-bearer

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<sup>1</sup> In those days and later the condition of prisoners was very horrible, little or no provision being made for them, except the basket sent round for broken food and the gifts of the charitable; so that death often came to them in the shape of famine fever, or, indeed, of sheer starvation.

his wieff for one other, and widdowe Laughlin also. I doe assigne, appointe, and gyve ffyvtie pounds in monneye to be distributed at the discretioun of my saide overseere amoung the poore, sycke, sore, lame and comfortles people inhabitinge within Cittie of Londonn. That is to saie to everie ward one equal portioun accordinge to the hignes or smalnes thereof and thee necessitie of the poore inhabitinge. Provided alwaies and my will is that no notorious Swearer, Adulterer, or Drunkard, shall have annye parte of this my legacie in annye wise. Item I will that myne executrix and overseere shall provide that Twelve Sermons be preached by godlye and learned preachers within the parrishe Church whereof I shall happenn to bee a Parishioner at the time of my deceasse, And that the preacher of everie suche Sermonn shall have sixe shillinges eighte pence of my guifte. And thereunto I doe gyve and bequeathe fower poundes. And my will is that three or fower of theise Sermons (yf yt maye convenientlye be obteyned) shal be preached by the righte Reverend ffather in god the Bishop of London, and Mr. Sandes, Mr. Nowell Dean of Poules, Doctor Mathewe, Doctor Squier, and Doctor Lawes, or such other the lyke as it shall please god to appoynte. Item I doe gyve and bequeathe to everie of my Servauntes, both menn and womenn, dwellynge with mee at the tyme of my deceasse, Thirtie shillinges a peece to buy theme a garmente of blacke withall. Item I gyve to my sayde overseers for their paines to be taken in assistinge of my executrix of this my present Testament, to everie of theme a Ringe of goulde with a Deathes head and my name in it, and the same to be worthe ffourtye shillinges a peece. And I gyve to everie of theme and to everie of their wyves one blacke gowne a peece or ffyve pounds in monneye to everie mann and his wife to buye it withall, Other blackes I will none to be gyven and namelye to the eiche [*sic*].<sup>1</sup>

The Resydue of all and singuler my goods, etc. etc., and readye monneye not before by mee in theise presents gyven, willed or bequeathed, I gyve and bequeathe unto Isabell my welbeloved wieff, whom I make, ordeyne and constitute the sole and onlye executrix of this my present Testament and last will. And I make and ordeyne overseere thereof my sonne John Mabb, my sonne in lawe John Dolman, my sonne Rychard Mabb, and my sonne in lawe William Ponyare, Desyringe theme to assiste my saide executrix with their

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<sup>1</sup> Probably this means only to each named and no other.



best advise and counsell, to the better performance of this my present Testament, willinge and chargeinge bothe my sayd executrix and overseers that all my goods and cattalls whatsoever that I shall have at the tyme of my deceasse, be not valued or sould w<sup>it</sup>he favoure or partialtie, but that they be justlye and trulye prized as they shalbe worthe, that my childrenn susteyne no wronge or injurie in their partes and portions to theme belonginge. And also my will is and I make my humble and hartie requeste to the righte honorable Lords maior of the Cytye of London whiche then shalbe, and to his wourshipfull bretheren thaldermenn, that everye suche personn or personnes as shall have annye parte or partes of anye of my sayd Childrenns portions in the tyme of their nonage, shall as well be bounde w<sup>it</sup>he their good and sufficient suretyes to gyve some reasonable yearlie portions towards the bringinge upp of suche child or childrenne, whose portionn or portions they shall have, (that suche my childe or childrenn may be broughte upp in vertue and learninge, and so be made more meete to serve God and this co'men wealthe). So also trulye to paye and satisfye everye suche portionn and portions to such as it belonge, accordinge to my will herein above declared and thauncient custome of this honourable cytye in that behalfe used. And I do clerely renounce, revoke and make void by theise presents all other former Testaments, wills and legacies whatsoever heretofore by me made or declared. And I denounce, declare, ratefy and establishe this to be myne onelye last will and testament. And in witnes thereof I have hereunto subscribed my name with myne owne hand, and thereunto have allso set my seale the daye and yere above written in the presence of theise witnesses, whome I have desyred also to subscribe their names.

By me JOHN MABB.

Witness Andrewe Palmer.

(Proved before the venerable man Master William Drury, 15th January, 1582, by Isabell, Relicte and Executrix.)

#### AN INSTANCE OF RELIEF GRANTED TO A DEBTOR IN THE MINT UNDER THE ACT OF 1723.

Surry ff. To all the Creditors of *Thomas Brown Late ye parish of St Giles without Cripplegate Lond<sup>n</sup> Cloathworker* now residing in a certain Place called Suffolk

Place or the Mint, or Limits

thereof in the said County,

These are to give notice that the said *Thomas*

Brown hath Petitioned me, one

of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Surry

to have the Benefit of a late Act of Parliament (entitled An

Act for more effectual execution of Justice in a pretended Pri-

viledged Place, in the Parish of St George in the County of Surry,

commonly called the Mint; and for bringing to speedy and exem-

plary Justice such Offenders as are therein mentioned; and for giving

Relief to such Persons as are proper Objects of Charity and Compas-

sion there. And that by Warrant under my Hand and Seal

I have ordered and appointed the said *Thos Brown*

to appear before the Justices at the

General Quarter Sessions of the Peace to be held for the Coun-

ty of Surry, next after the expiration of Thirty Days after the

Date hereof, in order to *his* being discharged, pursuant to

The Tenour and Direction of the said Act.

Given under my Hand and Seal the 2<sup>d</sup> Day of

*Decr.* 1723.

*Jas Isaacson.*

*N.B.* The words in italic are written, the rest printed.

## WINE AND THE VINTNERS IN SOUTHWARK

I have before me a list of Southwark taverns in the seventeenth century (Harleian MSS. 4716, no date): they are as follows. From Newington Church to London Bridge, the Hawke, Unicorn, Bush, Three Tuns, King's Arms, Ship, Bull Head, Crowne, Two Cocks, King Henry VIII.; in Tooley Street, the Ram's Head, Ship, Three Tuns; in Barnaby (Bermondsey) Street, the Christopher, King's Arms, Bunch of Grapes; in Mill Street, the Ox and Bell; in Redriff (Rotherhither), the Shepherd and Dog, and others; these, I suppose, are most of them not merely for the sale of wine. Playhouses have their vintners: for instance, Roger Bridge at the Hope, 1630; George White at the Globe, 1636. But we scarcely need selections; there were plenty of wineshops

about Southwark, not a few in the hands of Dutchmen. I have note of the Swan, a Rhenish winehouse in Gravel Lane, built by Stephen Van Wesendunck and belonging in 1647 to Abram Vanesse and his wife Jacomine. We have referred in the text to a poetaster calling himself 'Satirical Dick,' who, 'not finding good wine in the whole city thorough, thought perhaps he might find it at last in the Borough.' He meets with no success, but tells us his experiences in *The last Search after Claret in Southwark*, published by Hawkins, Cocker's successor. From him we learn how at the King's Bench, close by St. George's Church, 'Good Mr. Price stands at the door with his keys, to let visitants out, and keep in the fleas.' One landlord is made to say, 'My bowling-green brings me more coyne, and turns to a much better profit than wine.' Dick advertises ironically that, 'if any vintner, wine cooper, etc., has some tuns or hogsheads of old, rich, unadulterated claret, and will sell it (as the law directs) at sixpence a quart, he shall have more custom than half his profession, and his house be as full, from morning till night, as a conventicle.'

# EXTRACT FROM 'A NEW REVIEW OF LONDON.'

3D EDITION. 1728.

(Title-page)—'An exact and correct list of all the Stage Coaches, Waggons, and Carriers, where they inn at in London, and days they go out of town.'

(Heading of List)—'As it is above twenty years since a list was taken of the Stage Coaches, Waggons, and Carriers' Inns to which they come, in and about London, and the days they go out of town, so that several of their stations are now changed, we here present our readers with a new one collected to the year 1728.'

The following belong to Southwark :—

Inns.	Coach.	Carrier.	Waggon.	To	On
Falcon . .	...	1	...	Godstone . .	Fridays
George . .	...	1	...	Charley . .	Thursdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Endfield, Sussex	Do.
Do. . .	...	1	...	Goudhurst . .	Fridays
Do. . .	...	...	1	Hurst . .	Thursdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Lewes . .	Fridays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Shoreham . .	Thursdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Southborough .	Do. and Fridays
Greyhound .	...	1	...	East Greenstead	Tuesdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Flingwood . .	Fridays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Mayfield . .	Thursdays
Do. . .	1	...	...	Rye . .	Mons. and Fridays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Wegram . .	Tues. and Fridays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Endfield, Sussex	Thursdays
Half Moon .	...	1	...	Blechenley . .	Wednesdays
Do. . .	...	...	1	Croydon . .	Tues. and Thursdays
Do. . .	...	...	...	East Greenstead	Wednesdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Godstone . .	Fridays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Linfield . .	Wednesdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Ockstead . .	Fridays
Katherine Wheel	1	...	...	Ryegate . .	Weds. and Fridays
King's Arms .	...	1	...	Feversham . .	Thursdays
King's Head .	...	...	1	Dover . .	Thurs. and Fridays
Do. . .	...	...	1	Epsom . .	Do. and Tuesdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Godalmin . .	Thursdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Horsham . .	Mons. and Fridays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Maidstone . .	Thursdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Petersfield . .	Mons. and Thursdays
Do. . .	...	1	...	Stening . .	Thursdays
Do. . .	...	...	1	Tunbridge . .	Tues. and Fridays
Do. . .	1	1	...	Leatherhead .	Tues. and Thursdays
Do. . .	...	1	1	Petworth . .	Thursdays
Queen's Head .	...	...	...	Arundel . .	Mons. and Wednesdays

Inns.	Coach.	Carrier.	Waggon.	To	On
Queen's Head .	...	...	I	Guildford .	Tuesdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Pulborough	Fridays
Do. .	...	...	I	Tunbridge .	Tues. and Fri. (in summer)
Do. .	...	I	...	Waldron .	Tues. and Thursdays
Ship Inn .	...	I	...	Bromley .	Wednesdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Seal .	Weds. and Fridays
Spur Inn .	...	I	...	Battle	Thursdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Brasted	Tues. and Fridays
Do. .	I	...	...	Dartford .	Every day
Do. .	...	...	I	Epsom .	Tues. and Fridays
Do. .	...	I	...	Farningham .	Mon. Wed. and Fri.
Do. .	...	I	...	Hastings .	Thursdays
Do. .	...	...	I	Malden .	Wednesdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Penhurst .	Do.
Do. .	...	I	...	Sevenoak	
Do. .	...	I	...	Sunderidge	Tues. and Fridays
Do. .	...	I	...	Tenterden .	Thursdays
Talbot	...	I	...	Blackstone .	Wednesdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Brighthelmstone	Thursdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Cooksfield	Do.
Do. .	...	I	...	Cranbrook	Do.
Do. .	...	I	...	Flathing .	Do.
Do. .	I	...	...	Guildford	Tues. and Thursdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Itham .	Saturdays
Do. .	I	...	...	Lewis .	Thursdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Malling .	Weds. and Fridays
Do. .	I	...	...	Tunbridge	Do. and do.
White Hart .	...	I	...	Chichester .	Mon. Thurs. Fridays
Do. .	I	...	...	Dover .	Thursdays
Do. .	...	...	I	Guildford .	Tuesdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Haytham	Thursdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Horsham .	Thursdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Midhurst	Wednesdays
Do. .	...	I	...	Petworth .	Thursdays

Inns.	Coach.	Carrier.	Waggon.	To	On
White Hart .	1	...	...	Portsmouth .	Mons. and Thursdays
Do. .	...	1	...	Robetsbridge .	Thursdays
Do. .	1	...	...	Rye .	Do.
White Horse .	...	1	...	Eaton Bridge .	Do.
Total .	13	50	8		

### THE CROWNED KEYS AS AN ARMOURY.

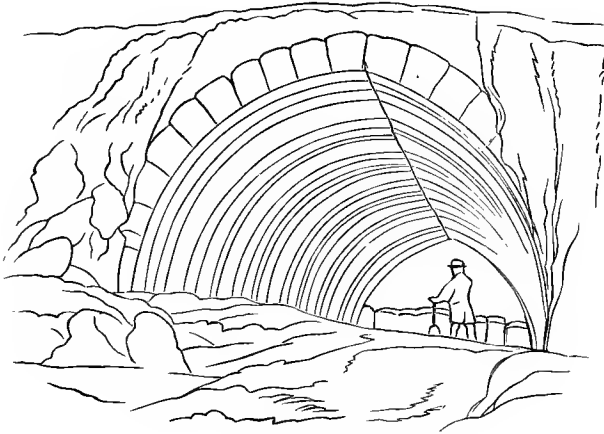
From an interesting paper by the Hon. H. A. Dillon, just published in the *Archæologia*, vol. li. part i., we learn that King Henry VIII. laid up large stores of arms and armour; also that German armourers worked for him and wore his livery at Greenwich and in Southwark. Thus: 1517, Sir Henry Guildford receives money for erecting two forges and for repairs at the armoury in Southwark; 1519, the wages of the Almain armourers at Southwark for twenty-eight days were £16:13;7, and besides 117s. 6d. paid to Sir Edward Guildford for stuff bought for the armourers at Greenwich and Southwark in April, Sir Edward received in May £27:4s., the yearly charge for the livery, and kersey for the hose of the Almain armourers.

Mr. Dillon tells us that in an inventory of 1547, arms are recorded as in store at Westminster, the Tower, and Greenwich, Windsor, Hampton Court, Bridewell, and Deptford, yet the armoury house and the Crowned Key at Southwark are neither of them mentioned. He thinks that perhaps the stores, which were for some time at those places, were, on the completion of the armoury house, Tilt Yard, etc., at Greenwich, removed thither.

### THREE CROWN SQUARE,

on the west side of the High Street, marks the site of an inn. By indenture, dated the 18th September 1617, Peter Humble

granted to the wardens of the parish church of St. Saviour, to the use of the poor of the said parish, one annuity or yearly rent of £3 : 4s., to be issuing out of a certain tenement, with the appurtenances, adjoining to the south side of the great gate of the inn, called the Three Crowns: and also the further annuity of 4s. to be issuing out of the said tenement for keeping his tomb clean. See Charity Commissioners' Report.



THE LOCK BRIDGE.





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